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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER SIX JUNE 1916 VOLUME XXXIV

UNCLE SAM—MEET RUSSIA

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

CARTOON BY W. J. ENRIGHT

"YOU Americans have no international sense," said a Scotchman in Petrograd to me.

He was sent out from England after the beginning of the war to make studies of future commercial opportunities in Russia, and he has worked so well his way into the confidence of official Russia that he is now an employee of the Russian Government in the work of collecting and arranging confidential economic statistics—almost a secret-service agent of commerce.

He thrust his hands into his

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pockets and stared out the window at the regiments of soldiers drilling on the public square beneath the gray skies. He went on: "I wonder whether you Americans will ever develop that sense. You receive more immigrants than any other nation, but you know nothing of the hearts and souls of the lands from which they come. The English are stubborn enough in their self-satisfied content with their own manners and language and customs, but they are skilled internationalists compared with you Yankees. And this is really *your* era. You can make more and better goods for the world markets—and for Russia—than any other nation in the world. Germany had the trade but lost it. The rest of us are crippled. Russia will bound forward after this war. She is the one country needing development—almost a virgin field. But whatever you may be at home, in world-salesmanship you are terrible duffers. Russia? My dear fellow, Russia is the Biggest Possibility in the World. But you won't see it. You Americans have no international intellect."

Have we?

The British have begun to see the vision of Russian resource. Officially and unofficially England has set in motion new machinery to develop trade with her present ally.

It is in the British and not in the American press and periodicals that one can find information in the English language about the new Russia.

It is in London and not in New York that organizations such as the Chamber of Commerce have instituted Russian Sections.

It is in the manufacturing centers of the British Isles and not in Pittsburgh or other industrial cities of the United States that manufacturers, even in the midst of war, have interested themselves in Russian export associations.

Everybody Awake but U. S.

WHEN I went through Norway and Sweden I met Danes who belonged to Russian societies in Copenhagen, going to Russia with something of the spirit in which men stampede toward a gold-strike on the Yukon. At Moscow I learned that in France a government committee had been formed to work out with Russia plans for building new international trade. Riding across the empire toward the Russian fighting-line, I met a group of Japanese. I thought at first they were artillery and ammunition experts going, as others have gone, to help with the military problems; in fact, they were merchants from Tokyo studying the possibilities of the Russian market.

In Petrograd I found that almost every one could direct me to the Russo-British Chamber of Commerce, which has branches in Odessa and Warsaw; no one knew of the feeble Russian-American association. In London there are now at least five banks the titles of which contain the name of the Czar's empire or its people. In Petrograd, Germany, England, and France all have been represented by banking institutions based upon international trade and its credits. I saw nothing indicative of progress in international commerce bearing the brand of the United States.

In short, I found in Russia that which any one with open eyes would find—a realization upon the part of all foreigners that the new, war-made Russia is to be the one biggest field of opportunity for investment and sales in the whole wide world.

But do they know this back home? Do Americans know that Russia will rise from this war a new Russia? Do they know that Russia, unlike any other country in Europe, is to be dependent upon foreign capital

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RUSSIANS LIKE BARTER, AND DRAG IT OUT TO WEARY LENGTHS.

during her period of young growth, just as the United States in its young growth was dependent upon foreign capital? Do they know that Russia is a continental space of territory, rich in soil, timber, and minerals, crying out for development, and peopled by more than one hundred and seventy millions, most of whom are white and yearning for progress, most of whom are capable of tireless work, and most of whom to-day are misapplying their energies—the greatest undeveloped labor supply under the sun? France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, England are developed; it is only Russia which has remained in the cold storage of Europe. Do the Americans back home know that Russia is the largest unopened mine of the future within the reach of finance and trade?

Alexander Guchov is one of the big men of the empire. He fought in the Boer War; he has intimate knowledge of international politics, particularly of those in southeastern Europe; he was President of the Third Duma; and at the time he spoke to me he was the head of the Russian national committee which has charge of mobilizing industry and commerce for the purposes of the war. He has the quality of international sense.

"If some one could make Americans understand the new Russia, it would be a fine thing for Russia," said he. There was something in his smile which suggested that he meant that it would be a fine thing for the United States.

Of course he was right. He is a Russian who knows Russia; and few Russians know it. Their perspective is blurred by politics, by war, by events and movements going on too close to their own noses; and, by a curious national characteristic of resistance to organized progress, their outlook is narrowed.

What We Don't Know About Russia.

NOT only do we know little about Russia, but what little we do know is so distorted. We know about spies and secret police, ballets, massacres, exiles to Siberia, the Jewish question, bureaucratic graft; and much of what we know is not so. We know a Yellow Russia. Most of our immigrants from Russia are not representatives of Russia. They are not even Slavs; and three-fourths of Russia is Slav. They are

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not friendly to Russia; but nine-tenths of the real Russians, few of whom come here, are so friendly to Russia that they are willing to call it "Holy Russia" and believe it. More than that, most of the Americans who go to Russia and come back to report are not representative of the United States: they are adventurous journalists seeking to find the sensational, mysterious Russia of the moving-picture scenario, and adventurous commercial agents who can not speak the Russian language, who are impatient because the Russian buyers can not understand, and because the middlemen to whom the business is so helplessly and foolishly entrusted take advantage of American inefficiency and of the lack of international sense and of our own unpreparedness in international trade.

First, we have not had the contact necessary to understanding.

Secondly, we have not to-day the machinery necessary to set up an efficient relationship with Russia.

"Oh, this Young Sleeping Giant!"

I SAW many times in Petrograd a roly-poly Cossack, short of stature, who is beyond the age of military service, whose passion is economics, and who is never met when not carrying a book under his arm. It will be difficult to forget this eager man running along beside one in the mists of the Nevsky Prospekt or crossing the snowy square between the Winter Palace and the red government buildings—returning ever, again and again, to one sentence. He meant that sentence to stick, and it did. This was it:

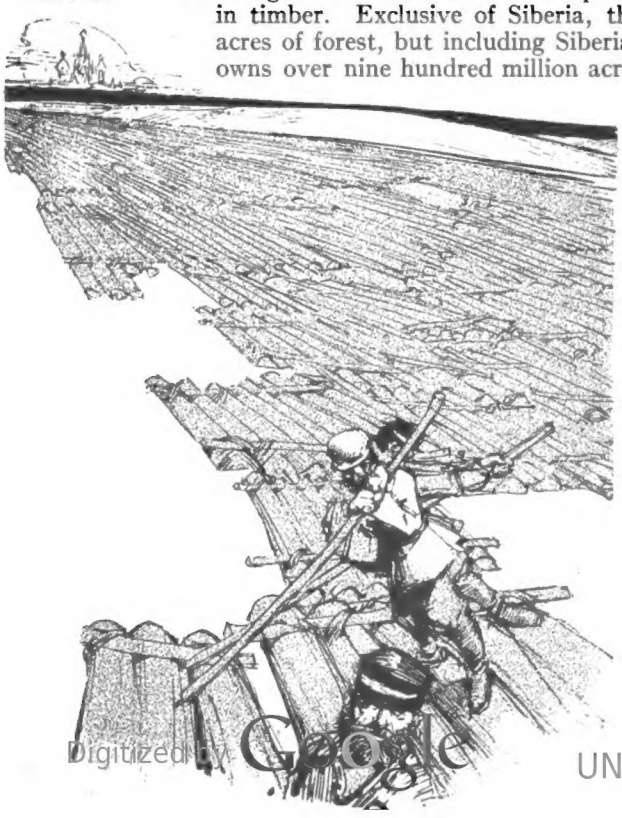
"Forget all else, I beg you; remember only that Russia is food for the world, wood for the world, human power for the world—oh, this young sleeping giant!"

Russia is not the Government of Russia, nor the cities of Russia, nor the Russia of the novels.

RUSSIA IS A WORLD'S TIMBER SUPPLY.

Russia, for one thing, is a world's timber supply.

Of its eight and a half million of square miles, thirty-nine per cent. is in timber. Exclusive of Siberia, there are more than five million acres of forest, but including Siberia the Russian Government itself owns over nine hundred million acres of woods.



Russia, developed, could feed the world. In 1915, while the war was in progress, the acreage in cultivation in European Russia was not diminished but increased; the empire had over three hundred million acres in active agriculture. Generally speaking, modern methods of agriculture, extensive and intensive, are not in use. There is land enough; in the United States there are thirty persons for every square mile, but in Russia there are only eighteen, and yet the population of Russia is almost twice that of the United States. In the United States almost half the people live in towns; in Russia

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less than fifteen per cent. live in towns. The people are on the soil, and yet the soil in its extent and richness is almost untouched.

Russia's soil hides some of the richest mineral deposits on the globe. It is estimated that Russia owns coal deposits of more than 250,000,000,000 tons. She has copper to spare. The iron ore of the empire scarcely has been touched.

The story of the ways of communication in Russia tells how undeveloped she is. There are one hundred and eighty square miles of territory for every running mile of railroad, and nearly three-fourths has been built within thirty years. Russia is indeed young.

Russia Awaking!

AND the war will not more than scratch her resources.

Moreover, the war has awakened Russia. Over and over again I have marked the new national spirit. The war has made Russians feel Russian. Every day it brings movement to a motionless people. Out of the isolated villages come reservists going to the front; back they go to tell of Russia, and not only of the unrealized Russia, but of a Russia related to the outer world. The village mind thinks no longer in terms of Zemstvo, or local self-government districts, but in terms of the Slav civilization, and the Slav resource, and the Slav's relation to the nations.

In one of the small towns a little shopkeeper said to my interpreter: "The war has brought the world in to us. The Japanese War began it. Soldiers returned to talk. But now the mouths of the people are full of questions and answers. The world has come to us! If we had not had the war you would not be here. Is it true that Roosevelt is leading an army division in France? In America do you care only for money? So we are told. But Russia is strong in many ways; you shall see it."

A Russian Red Cross nurse went down to Vitebsk on our troop-train. "I live in the Tver district," said she in French. "I went to the Woman's College in Petrograd and I have taught in our schools. Our people are sadly ignorant, but the war has sharpened their appetites for knowledge. Perhaps this will make a new Russia for us all. Education has been growing fast, but it has seemed so slow! After the war we may have it provided for us more and more until all Russia is educated. A single new generation may change wholly our present state."

Team Work: a Lesson to Learn.

A STRONG sense of human equality and a marked ability to feel in oneself, and to respect in others, an individuality, are deeply characteristic of Russians.

"There is an accursed difficulty with this strong individualism," said one of Prince Oldenberg's assistants in the War Relief work to me. "I see it every day. We Russians are so strongly individuals that we can't act together. The war is teaching us that we will have to do that. It is not sufficient to have human affection for each other and for Russia; we must learn cooperative human action. The ordinary Russian thirsts for it, but hardly knows how to play a part in it."

No wonder! A people living outside of towns and in a land without much industrial life must be unpractised in organization. A bureaucracy jealous or fearful of the power of people acting together, for years has frowned upon the words "meeting, organization, society, association, cooperation, assembly."

"Lack of organization and yet practise in organization has shown itself everywhere," said a professor and Duma member. "In politics we know

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not how to combine for definite ends. We factionalize ourselves. We split and resplit."

That is Russia's weakness. It can not be emphasized too often for those who would know Russia and do business with her.

"Team-work, as you suggest, is not in their phrase-book," I was told by an English journalist of long residence. "But you Americans believe the Russians are individually inefficient. Don't you believe it. A Russian will absorb more education in ten months than your colleges can pump into your boys in ten years. If there is any kind of work he can do alone he is efficient as sin. And when he begins to theorize about social matters he goes forward in leaps. But how to play the game with any one else he knows not. There are thousands of societies and associations, and none of them *works*. There is no team-play in the land."

But mark it well. The war will teach more organization principles to the Russian people than twenty years of peace.

Prohibition and the Savings Banks.

THE prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquor and the closing of the Government vodka monopoly is something to be mentioned by itself in considering the development of a new Russia with which to do business. It has been reflected with astonishing clearness already, both in the productive efficiency of the people and in their savings. The State savings-bank in its statement of monthly deposits shows that the average monthly deposits during 1913 were a little over three million roubles; in the first seven months of 1914 the withdrawals were larger than the deposits. The prohibition measures came; then in the last five months of 1914 the average monthly deposits were over twenty-three million roubles, and in the first seven months of 1915 the average was over fifty million roubles!

These changes of spirit and experience are the promise of Russia as a new opportunity for our trade and our friendship. But make no mistake—the opportunity will not come to the door of the stupid, nor cry at nights beneath the windows of a people without capacity for international sense. Others will seek for Russian trade, Russian markets, Russian investment; the chance will not be served up to Uncle Sam sitting in an easy chair.

Uncle Sam—meet Russia!

What must we require of our own Government and of our own energy and commercial practise?

What must we require of Russia and of the change in her business manners and customs?

Russians Think Us Money-mad.

WE NEED in Russia from now on, if we need it anywhere, *a pungent diplomatic representation*. The light of intelligence about the necessity of picking men of force with some visions of commercial possibilities and of affirmative, active international friendship in distinction to negative, passive, puttering international palaver, must soon dawn upon the American people. If present and future representatives measure up to that standard, neither they nor those who procured their appointment need worry; if they do not, it will be a serious matter for Americans, and no patriotic American will keep silent about visible delinquencies.

We need diplomatic and commercial representation in Russia of a standard of excellence which can eradicate a growing suspicion of our sordidness.

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"It is easy for Russians to conceive the United States as a country smutted from one end to the other with factory smoke and with New York as the office at the front door," said a French attaché to me in Petrograd. "Idealism? Pah! They believe you are all money-mad."

I told this man that when I was in Mohilef, at the headquarters of the General Staff of the Russian Army, the only touch of the United States I found was a Russian soldier who knew only four English words—"Too proud to fight."

"Oh, they do not think that," said he politely, trying to reassure me. "They suspect not that Americans are too proud, but that they are too busy and too sly."

None of the newspaper men attached to the Petrograd dailies with whom I came in contact would believe that the Ford expedition was not a forerunner of a systematic American commercial advertising campaign, to be launched along with other misfortunes at the belligerent countries. And in spite of the fact that many Russians cling to the idea that the Peace of Portsmouth was forced upon Russia, I do not know how many said to me: "Roosevelt is different." It was a Russian banker who added: "There is one among you who rises above the dollar."

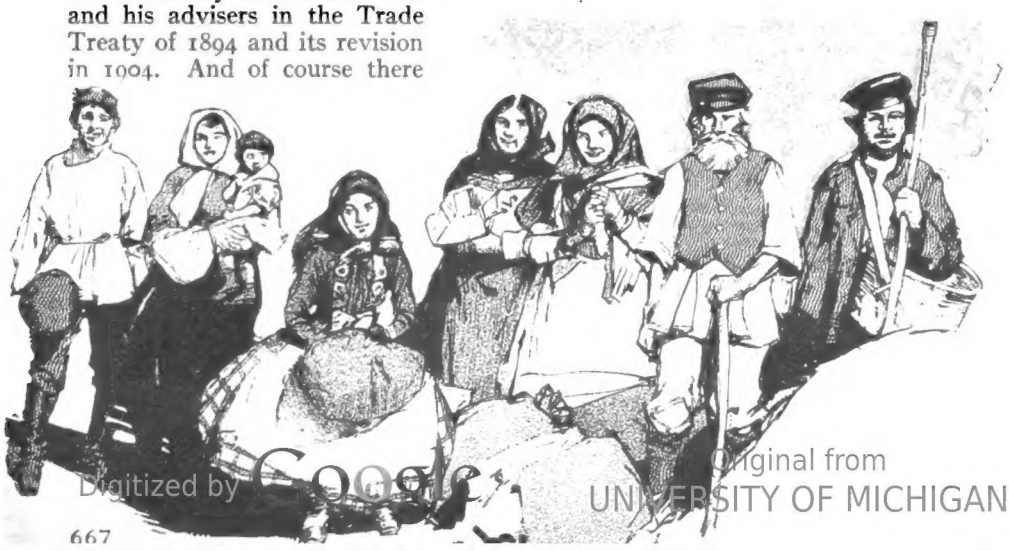
NINE-TENTHS OF THE REAL RUSSIANS, FEW OF WHOM COME HERE, ARE SO FRIENDLY TO RUSSIA THAT THEY CALL IT "HOLY RUSSIA" AND BELIEVE IT.

So long as the idea of American sordidness and lack of idealism is suffered to remain in Russia, there can not be an international warmth.

We need the proper official representation, also, because at the end of the war we must strive to make a commercial treaty with Russia. Our former treaty of 1832 lapsed in 1912, and the old tariffs continue to be applied "until rescinded."

I asked how in the future the tariff would treat German goods. I asked this early and late. The answer from sources of intelligence was always the same:

"The Government can not distinguish against German goods after the war. Oh, we know that hasty English and Americans would have expected this. But the Government can not, after a final peace is made, prolong the war by tariff any more than by cannon. No, no. Of course Germany will lose her tariff *favors*. Many of us think that Germany tricked the Czar and his advisers in the Trade Treaty of 1894 and its revision in 1904. And of course there



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is no doubt that in the past there has been a strong German influence in the Court and bureaucratic circles. It will never come back to its former power, by which, with a grip on our vitals, it exploited our country. German goods will return to our markets. But the Russian people are filled with hate. Germans will have a different situation to face after the war, and the principal obstacle for them to overcome will be the anti-German prejudice of our people."

Germany before the war had about half the trade of Russia and a firm grip upon the sources of special privilege. She overreached herself. Her commercial invasion of Russia had begun to be the object of the resentment of the Russian people. Between government and government it began to be plain that Germany was always seeking a little more than she gave. That the United States must not overreach, is the first lesson we may draw from the German experience.

The Lesson of German Efficiency.

THE second lesson is the lesson of German shrewdness and efficiency carried on outside the official channels. This lesson will be enough to show that all the trade treaties we can sign and all the commercial possibilities which Russia offers can not by themselves bring to us the Russian market, with its promising increase of purchasing power or the opportunity to invest in the coming development of Russia.

I have done what I could within a limited time in the empire to trace the story of the German trade invasion of Russia, and I believe no man can look at the assembled facts without admiration.

"There were necessary things to be done," a Russian consulting engineer who had been educated in England and France said to me. "Well, Germany did them. That is the whole story. She was efficient and patient, and you Americans will find you need patience. Our business men are not comfortable for your business men—they gaze into the smoke of their cigarettes and delay and dream. They will even sacrifice a little profit for a little complacency."

The Russians know that in business they are not wide-awake. There is something primitive and Oriental in their trading. They even use a counting-board with sliding beads like those which we have seen in Chinese laundries. They like barter, and drag it out to weary, unprofitable lengths. They pose. "To-morrow," they say. "To-morrow, to-morrow," as if they were above being hurried by vulgar business.

"Curse them!" cried out an American in Petrograd who is seeking war orders. "Even the styles in crowbars would change before these Russians grew tired of considering the sample."

Doing business with the Russian Government bureaus, just as doing any business in Russia, may be irritating to the American business man and at times will reach the point of blank absurdity; it is something to be overcome only by firmness and patience. Not long ago an American agent who had for sale a manufactured article for war purposes came to Petrograd, convinced that he could make a sale at once. He knew his goods were needed badly, and he was prepared to sell them without asking for an unjustifiable profit. With his letters of introduction he went to one of the bureaus; he received only an invitation to dinner. He was referred to other

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departments, and in them was offered many cigarettes and much tea. He discussed the war and national ideals. A week went by.

"Look here, the Russian way may be to engage in all this airy persiflage and delay," said he to the bureaucrat whose word would be final. "I will indulge in it if you wish, but the American way is to charge the cost of production and sales to the price of the goods. My time is worth now several hundred dollars a day. My expenses are large, and there are other charges to be made. Each day from now on I will add these charges to the price."

He went back to his hotel feeling that he had lost all chance of making his sale, but hoping against hope that by some good luck he would receive the order. Ten days later he announced to his friends that he had the contract; the price paid him by the Russian Government had increased at the rate of over $400 a day, since the day he delivered his ultimatum.

Not only does this slipshod and Oriental attitude attach itself to Russian business men, sometimes to a ludicrous degree, but it is reflected in the Russian fairs, which are just beginning to show signs of feebleness. I wanted to see one of the large fairs at which the flavor of the Eastern caravan still persists, and to some of which come traders from Khiva, Persia, Afghanistan, and the Caucasus. There are more than fifteen thousand annual fairs in Russia, and the turnover is nearly $500,000,000. The turnovers at the two great fairs—at Nizhni Novgorod and Irbit—according to our commercial attaché, range from fifty thousand dollars to more than half a million. Furs, hides, glass, plated ware, cotton, enameled utensils, and formerly boots and shoes made in Poland, are some of the goods bartered. I asked a young Russian attached to the Russia Tariff Commission why the fairs were losing their importance.

"Because Russia is beginning to learn how to deal in samples!" he said.

But the persistence of these fairs is another call for patience, just as the petty graft, too much of which runs in the veins of Russian business, will be a draft upon the courage, endurance, and patience of the American salesman.

A rascal of a middleman who is now vulturing American agents in Petrograd told me with a shrug of his shoulders: "Graft is not a Russian word. I think it was put in the American dictionary as a name for something you knew first in America, eh? Ah, but what is the other name—grease? Well, grease is needed in Russian business and in official business. Not too much—a pinch, so!—a little grease!" Even his manner had grease in it.

This, like the Jewish question, is something for the American to meet and overcome.

Russia's Pet Prejudice.

"TO BE frank with you, the Jewish question will give you trouble," said a merchant from Moscow. "I fear that you will be displeased that I should mention this. But facts are facts, and we do not like the Jew. If America is to do business with us she must recognize our prejudices. They are our own to do with as we please, and we do not choose to deal with Jewish representatives. You would not ask us to-day to associate with a Prussian in order to do business with you. You would recognize the sense of letting us choose at least a part of the conditions under which to establish pleasant relations, eh? You would not try to argue us out of our feeling? That would be a poor way to begin international friendship. Tell Americans, then, to be tolerant of our intolerance."

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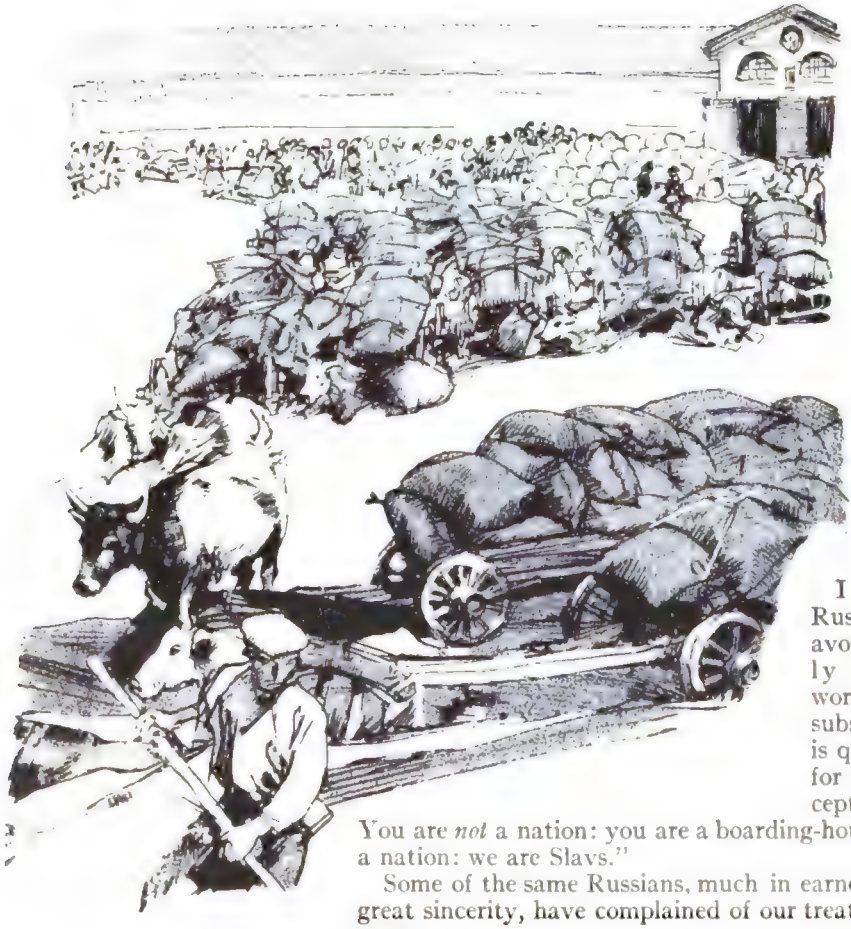

RUSSIAN FAIRS—THOUSANDS OF THEM EVERY YEAR—SHOW THE ORIENTAL ATTITUDE OF RUSSIAN BUSINESS.

I have heard Russians who, avoiding politely the blunt words, said in substance, "It is quite all right for you to accept the Jews. You are *not* a nation: you are a boarding-house. We *are* a nation: we are Slavs."

Some of the same Russians, much in earnest and with great sincerity, have complained of our treatment of the negro.

These are matters in which perhaps Russia must in the end meet Uncle Sam. But in many ways Uncle Sam must meet Russia.

I know of nothing more important to commercial relations with Russia than that *our representatives sent to Russia should speak the language*. "An office-boy who could talk the jargon or even read the letters of the confounded alphabet would be a captain of commerce compared to me," said a president of an American corporation. "At least he could call on a Russian official and find out whether he was in or out. Yesterday I went to find an iron manufacturer from the Ural, and after a half-hour I found I was in the wrong apartment, trying to talk business with a portrait painter."

But this is also the advice of all the Russian business men who are consulted. "There is much that is irritating in the Englishman's and the American's satisfaction with his own tongue," wrote one who was kind enough to answer my interrogations. "I know of case after case of letters and circulars in English flooding the waste-baskets of Russia. Even when a Russian knows a little English—and in these days of strife there are many of us who are learning—we have no time to practise reading on circulars and catalogues and price-lists. I prefer Shakespeare myself. To be

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sure, German was made a commercial language in the cities; but to reach all of Russia and to make business worth doing, please write and talk Russian. Furthermore, as we have questions and want to tell what our requirements are, please send responsible representatives.

"Turn the affair around, if you please. I have been in New York and I can not imagine a store on Fifth Avenue ordering from Moscow Russian embroidery because a circular in Russian comes in the mail; but even if it were translated into English, would the shopkeeper be satisfied? Would not he want to talk and ask questions? Perhaps he will want to ask, 'Do these goods keep their color if washed?' To write and ask—bah! That is six weeks wasted. So he would say, and it is no different with us."

The Germans had the sense to meet the Russians in these matters. They introduced the German language, but it was by being able to talk Russian. They sent out their mail in Russian. They had personal representatives in Russia; before the war, in one year as many as 50,000 Germans came into Russia on business. Some German business houses had twenty, forty, fifty men traveling about Russia in preliminary campaigns. It was the Germans who knew that a soap-pedler who could talk Russian and had acquaintance with Russian character was a better salesman of goods from cradles to tombstones than the head of a sales department who could not talk and who did not know how to make a contract of any kind.

I had personal experience of American stupidity in Russian salesmanship. I wished to purchase in one of the cities a simple drug that is used as an eye-wash. In several drug-stores I sought to find an apothecary who could speak and read English, because I did not wish to take any chances of applying the wrong liquid to my eyes. In one of these pharmacies I found a line of drug products bearing the name of an American company, but the labels and catalogues were all in the Russian language. At last, in another small shop, I found a remote shelf of drugs of a second American company with the labels in English. Of course I was pleased, because this allowed me to find what I wanted; but a conversation with the apothecary conducted in words squeezed from three languages, together with a letter from the American house, brought out the fact that the line of drugs had been sent as samples several years ago.

Too Much Eagle.

THE druggist laughed when he had managed to convey to my understanding the fact that he had never sold a single bottle. He was not favorably impressed with the idea of trying to sell drugs the labels of which no customer could read, and why he had kept these bottles he could not explain. The American company had written in their letter an elaborate apology for the labels and a more elaborate explanation of their plans to remedy the difficulty in case an order should be given. But the druggist could not read this letter and only understood its general contents; it was in English!

One Russian merchant complained of the American practise of quoting prices to merchants in the Russian interior F. O. B. in New York, or even at the factory, say in Ohio. How can a Russian merchant in Tver, who is just cutting his teeth in American-made goods, know anything of the processes and exporting companies and lines of ships and rates and commissions and routes which lie between his store and the factory at Ashtabula? The Germans *delivered* the goods.

More than that, the Germans delivered the goods the Russians wanted! They did not make goods and take them over the Russian frontier and say:

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"Here is our product. Take it or leave it!" That is much more the English and the American way. The German nation said to the Russian: "Tell us what you want. We can make anything." To that fact is due the hold Germany had on the Russian market. We Americans, unused to detailed studies of foreign markets, will probably do what we are used to doing at home—we will try to create a demand for the particular thing we make. That is good. Business comes from this process of creating a demand; it will come in Russia as it comes anywhere; but the nation that will get this demand-created business is the nation which will find its toehold, not by telling Russians what they ought to have, but by asking them at the beginning what they want.

In several peasants' barns in Russia I saw hanging iron-tooth rakes made with short handles. My American instinct would have been to bring long-handled rakes to these peasants and rely upon their good sense to see how many steps the long handle would save laborers. But when I looked more closely I saw that the handles had been cut to make the rakes short! I came to the conclusion that "the Russian had a reason." A man who came along with short-handled rakes upon which the price could be cut a little too, could walk away with the iron-tooth-rake business for that district. Later on, if he invented a rake which would revolutionize raking he would be in a position of advantage to create a demand for it. The example is a homely one, but it illustrates a principle upon which Uncle Sam and his business men must act if they want the Russian market.

Russian banking—a "nuisance," to be studied.

FINALLY, Uncle Sam must study the Russian banking and the Russian credit system.

"Briefly, this country is no checks and all paper," said my friend the Scotchman who is studying Russian economics for England's benefit. "The Russian of the cities uses banks for deposits, but country-wide the old stocking, the mattress, and the money-belt are still in vogue. The checking system is not used as it is in other countries. Collections and payments are made by traveling agents. On the other hand, the credits of Russia are abnormal, and renewals and discounts are the watchwords of the Russian system. It is a nuisance."

But the Germans accepted the nuisance and the Germans were capturing the business. Germans were planted in banks all over Russia to inform German trading associations as to the credits of Russian merchants.

One can not long make inquiries in Russia without hearing the name of the famous Schimmelpfennig in Berlin. His office was an inquiry office with branches in Russian cities and even at the Russian fairs; from Schimmelpfennig could be obtained the last word on the credit of the most obscure merchants in Russia. Before the war this bureau was being used by Russian banks and Russian sellers. Behold, the very seat of authority on Russian credits was not in Russia, but in Berlin!

Germany not only invaded the Russian market with the patience and efficiency of her individual manufacturers and selling

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agencies, but she did more—she *organized* for the Russian business.

It is a lesson for Americans. Not only do we want an adequate official representation of our government possessed of some international commercial vision, but we need sense in the campaign of our individual business houses. And yet something more is needed—it is the organization of the exporting interests of the United States.

A Russian-American Chamber of Commerce was formed not many weeks ago, and has offices at 60 Broadway, New York City. It is a beginning. If it succeeds in becoming representative of American business and does work well, it will plant active branches in Petrograd and Moscow and put in charge of these offices well-paid and vigorous men. They must be such men as will be able to build up without any subsidies even a better service than the Russo-British Chamber of Commerce now gives with the help of a small subsidy from the Russian Government.

NOT to see the opportunity in Russia is to be blind wilfully.
The war has awakened Russia.
She has infinite resource, and deserves, as a nation, long credit.
She can not manufacture all that she needs to-day.
Nor to-morrow.
Before she develops her own industries she will need to go outside of Russia to buy many things.
We can make them.
In the development of her own industries she will need capital.
We have it.

Decoration by James H. Daugherty

WHAT THE CITY SAID

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

BE NOT afraid, for if you are,—you die!
Of coward lives I daily take my toll;
And only he who bravely scorns to fly
Perceives the godlike will of me, the soul.
The craven whimpers, "Lo! Four million men
And each one turns to me a face of stone."
If he but knew, he might take heart again,
For even they feel pity-starved, alone.

Be not afraid; for if you are,—you die!
The giants, ribbed of steel, that stretch their hands
To grasp the stars, disdain an earth-born sigh;
Each mammoth pile the tomb of weaklings stands!
But if, you trembling manikin, you're bold,
Then—open sesame—there gleams revealed
The wealth of Ali Baba's treasure hold,
A robber store of gems and gold concealed!

Be not afraid; for if you are,—you die!
They call me Bagdad! Mark! The Calif's knife
Will stroke your neck before you dare to cry
To Allah that he spare your worthless life.
Ah! Hear the Calif's rage, his angry stamp;
He lowers dark at you, he means to kill.
You laugh at him? He brings Aladin's lamp.
Salaam to you! What is my master's will?

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SIGHT UNSEEN

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "K," "The Street of the Seven Stars," "The Case of Jennie Brice," etc.

HIS is the first instalment of a three-part mystery serial by one of the best-known writers in America, who "needs no introduction" to EVERYBODY'S audience. It is a mystery story—as tense in interest as "The Case of Jennie Brice." And we'll tell you this one thing about the solution—it's very hard to guess!—THE EDITOR.

THE rather extraordinary story of the experiments made by the Neighborhood Club is not yet a matter of any but private record. But it seems to me, as an active participant in these experiments, that they should be given to the public, not only as adding to the existing data of psychical research, but as another exploration into that uncharted territory, the mind.

For, after long debate and much tension, the Club came to the conclusion that its dealings had been with the mind, not the soul. They were a matter of the supernormal, rather than the supernatural. We had discovered no new laws, but had delved into laws as old as the inhabited world. And perhaps Sperry is right. There may be a dying sixth sense in the race. Frankly, I do not know.

This is a record of the strange case of Arthur Wells, as investigated by six earnest people who called themselves the Neighborhood Club.

The Club was organized in my house. It was too small really to be called a club, but women have a way these days of conferring a titular dignity on their activities, and it is not so bad, after all. The Neighborhood Club it really was, composed of four of our neighbors, my wife, and myself.

We had drifted into the habit of dining together on Monday evenings, at the different houses. There were Herbert Robinson and his sister Alice—not a young woman, as such things go, but clever, alert, and very alive. There was Sperry, the well-known heart specialist, a bachelor still in spite of much feminine activity. And there was old Mrs. Dane, hopelessly crippled as to the knees with rheumatism, but one of those glowing and kindly souls that have a way of being a neighborhood nucleus. It was around her that we first gathered. Sympathy, I dare say. But she did not want our sympathy. We were her contact-points with life, she always declared. And she gave us more than we gave her.

AFTER a year or two we had a runway made for her wheel-chair at the side entrance of the house, and the rumble of the chair wheels, followed by the ring of her attendant, was one of our most welcome sounds.

It was our policy to take up different subjects for these neighborhood dinners. Sperry was a reformer in his way, and on his nights we generally took up civic questions. He was particularly interested in the responsibility of the state to the sick poor. My wife and I had "political" evenings. Not really politics, except in their relation to life. I am a lawyer by profession, and dabble a bit in city government. The Robinsons had literature.

Don't misunderstand me. We had no papers, no set programs. On the

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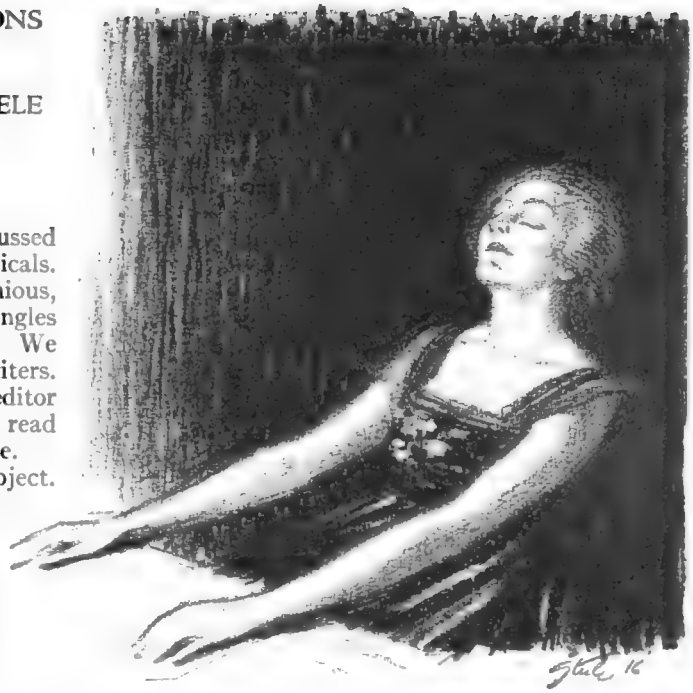
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
FREDERIC DORR STEELE



MISS JEREMY CAME OUT OF HER TRANCE WEAK AND LOOKING EXTREMELY ILL.

Robinson evenings we discussed editorials, current periodicals. We were frequently acrimonious, I fear, but our small wrangles ended with the evening. We talked about books and writers. Robinson was the literary editor of a paper, and his sister read for a large publishing house.

Mrs. Dane had no set subject. She was a free-lance. "Give me that privilege," she begged. "At least, until you find my evenings dull. It gives me, during all the week before you come, a sort of thrilling feeling that the world is mine to choose from." The result was never dull. She led us all the way from moving-pictures to modern dress. She led us even further, as you will see.

On consulting my note-book I find that the first evening which directly concerns the Arthur Wells case was Monday, November the second of last year.

It was a curious day, to begin with. There come days, now and then, that bring with them a strange sort of mental excitement. I have never analyzed them. With me on this occasion it took the form of nervous irritability, and something of apprehension. My wife, I remember, complained of headache, and one of the stenographers had a fainting attack.

I have often wondered since how much of what happened to Arthur Wells the day was responsible for. There are days when the world is a place for love and play and laughter. And then there are sinister days, when the earth is a hideous place, when immortality becomes a dream and life itself a burden, when all that is riotous and unlawful comes forth and bares itself to the light.

This was such a day.

I am fond of my friends, but I found no pleasure in the thought of meeting them that evening. I remembered the odious squeak in the wheels of Mrs. Dane's chair. I resented the way Sperry would clear his throat. I read in the morning paper Herbert Robinson's review of a book I had liked, and disagreed with him. Disagreed violently. I wanted to call him on the telephone and tell him that he was a fool. I even decided that he had been subsidized by the publishers, and that I would tell him so.

I felt old, although I am only fifty-three, old and bitter, and tired.

I was not alone in my mood. There was bitterness and hatred and unbridled violence in the air. I can see it all, looking back.

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With the fall twilight, things changed somewhat. I was more passive. Wretchedness encompassed me, but I was not wretched. There was violence in the air, but I was not violent. And with a bath and my evening clothes I put away the horrors of the day.

My wife was better, but the cook had given notice.

"There has been quarreling in the house all day," my wife said. "I wish I could go and live on a desert island."

We have no children, and my wife, for lack of other interests, finds her housekeeping an engrossing and serious matter. She is in the habit of bringing her domestic difficulties to me when I reach home in the evenings.

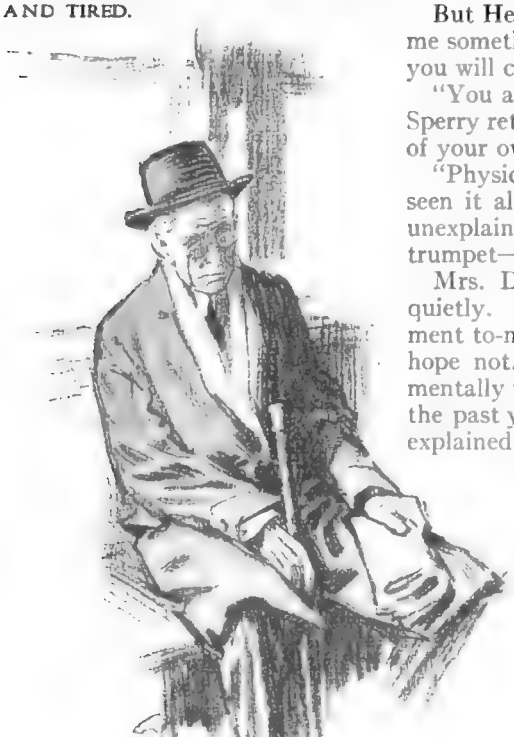
The oasis of calmness in the sea of distraction that evening was Mrs. Dane. It struck me as unusual that she received us in the library. It was her custom to have her chair wheeled into the drawing-room, and to surround her evenings with some of the formalities that ours, for instance, and the Robinsons' lacked. The door into the drawing-room was closed, however, and over the entire house hung an air of mystery. Afterward my wife suggested that it was probably because all the lights were lowered.

It was Mrs. Dane's custom to announce during dinner the subject for the evening. I recall that one evening she chose "peanuts," and as most of the women were quite certain that they grew on bushes, and Herbert Robinson asserted with equal firmness that they grew in paper bags, the argument was heated.

On this particular evening, however, she announced no subject for discussion, and dinner passed with only desultory small talk. She sat in her chair at the head of the table, and watched us all with keen, half-closed eyes.

Looking back, I can not recall how the conversation turned to the supernatural. I am sure she had nothing to do with it. Sperry told a ghost-story—a fearful thing that set the women to looking over their shoulders into the darkened room beyond the zone of candle-light. I myself dropped into line with a confession that I hated the dark.

I FELT OLD AND BITTER AND TIRED.



But Herbert Robinson remained the cynic. "Show me something that I can not explain," he said, "and you will convince me."

"You are of the type that can not be convinced," Sperry retorted. "You would forswear the evidence of your own senses."

"Physical phenomena!" scoffed the cynic. "I've seen it all—objects moving without visible hands, unexplained currents of cold air, voices through a trumpet—I know the whole rotten mess."

Mrs. Dane only smiled. "I wonder!" she said quietly. "Friends, I am going to make an experiment to-night. Herbert may be right. I'm sure I hope not. But here are six of us, intelligent and mentally well-poised. One way and another, during the past year, we have touched on many things and explained them. It occurred to me that it would be a novelty to try something we could not explain, or, at least, not explain easily."

The general move from the dining-room prevented further explanation. We grouped around her chair as she was

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wheeled out, but once in the corridor beyond the butler's ears, she went on.

"Servants are curious," she said, with her twinkling eyes snapping. "They would desert in a body if they knew. To the drawing-room, Clara."

Outside the drawing-room door she dismissed the companion who was always at her elbow. "Go for a walk, Clara," she said kindly. "In an hour I may need you." And, as the girl departed, "Now, doctor, will you take me into the drawing-room?"

Mrs. Dane's drawing-room is generally rather painful. Kindly soul that she is, she has considered it necessary to preserve and exhibit there the many gifts of a long lifetime. Photographs long outgrown, onyx tables, a clutter of odd chairs and groups of discordant bric-à-brac usually make the progress of her chair through it a precarious and perilous matter. We paused in the doorway, startled.

The room had been dismantled. It opened before us, walls and chimney-piece bare, rugs gone from the floor, even curtains taken from the windows. To emphasize the change, in the center stood a common pine table, surrounded by seven plain chairs. All the lights were out save one, a corner bracket, which was screened with a red-paper shade.

MRS. DANE — CRIPPLED, BUT A GLOWING, KINDLY SOUL.

She watched our faces with keen satisfaction. "Such a time I had doing it!" she said. "The servants again, of course. They think I have gone mad. All except Clara. I told her. She's a sensible girl."

"I see," Herbert said. "A *séance*. Well, bring on your ghosts."

I eyed my wife. She is a nervous woman, and I remembered her headache. But her eyes were shining. "How lovely!" she said gaily. "Are we to move the table, or what? I've always wanted to try moving a table."

It is strange to remember the gay little party that stood just inside the door of Mrs. Dane's drawing-room and viewed almost hilariously the red-covered light, the table and chairs that constituted its entire furnishing. Strange, in view of what followed.

This is not a ghost-story. It is, as I said at the beginning, a story of the supernormal, not the supernatural. It took us, before a week was over, through some bad hours, and brought us in contact with things which our ordered lives had so far chosen to ignore. But at no time, although incredible things happened, did any one of us glimpse that strange world of the spirit that seemed so often almost within our range of vision.

Of the physical phenomena we have had no adequate explanation. They occurred. We saw and heard them. Of what transpired regarding the death of Arthur Wells, we have solved the mystery. We know now why and when. We know the method by which it was solved. To say that we know *how* it was solved is only partially accurate.

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EXCEPT FOR A NERVOUS TRICK OF PUTTING HER HAND TO HER FOREHEAD, THE MEDIUM SEEMED LIKE A PERFECTLY NORMAL YOUNG WOMAN.

It was I who suggested keeping a record of what happened. If anything, I am a methodical person, and although, as it developed, I did not keep the record myself, I have every reason to believe that it is entirely accurate. It has, as a matter of fact, been read and passed on by the Neighborhood Club, and such parts of it as I have chosen for publication are exactly as recorded. The only eliminations, in fact, are the various oaths which were scattered through the replies to our questions, and which could have no bearing on the evidence. These, and the scattered, unrelated words with which many of the statements terminated, I have cut. For instance, at the end of the sentence, "Just above the ear," came a number of rhymes to the final word, "dear, near, fear, rear, cheer, three cheers." These I cut, naturally.

"The medium is to be here at eight-thirty," our hostess explained. "She is not a professional, and I am asked to say that she promises nothing."

"A medium, of course!" Herbert scoffed. "Here we are, six intelligent people, ready to sit down and prepare ourselves for anything that may come, our minds receptive and keen. But no, we must have all the hanky-panky. A woman, I dare say, with an Indian control, who will go through the usual contortions. I warn you, Mrs. Dane, I am a skeptic."

"You may be as skeptical as you please, if you will only be fair, Herbert."

"And by that you mean——"

"During the sitting keep an open mind and a closed mouth," she replied cheerfully.

There was still a half hour until the medium's arrival. At Mrs. Dane's direction we employed it in searching the room. It was the ordinary rectangular drawing-room, occupying a corner of the house. Two windows at the end faced on the street, with a patch of railed-in lawn beneath them. A fireplace with a dying fire and flanked by two other windows, occupied the long side opposite the door into the hall. These windows, opening on a garden, were closed by outside shutters, now bolted. The third side was a blank wall, beyond which lay the library. On the fourth side were the double doors into the hall.

As, although the results we obtained were far beyond any expectations, the purely physical phenomena were relatively insignificant, it is not necessary to go further into the detail of the room. Robinson has done that, anyhow, for the Society for Psychical Research, and I am told they intend to publish the entire case soon in pamphlet form.

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To satisfy Mrs. Dane we examined the walls and floor-boards carefully, and Sperry, armed with a candle, went down to the cellar and investigated from below. There was no paneling on the walls of the room, which was smoothly papered, and the baseboard was firm and unbroken.

Whether the weather had changed again, or the situation was responsible, I can not tell. But when the examination was over, and we consulted our watches by the red-shaded light, I was conscious of a return of the afternoon's wild impulses. The feeling came over me like a wave, and, looking up as I put away my watch, I met Sperry's eye. It seemed to echo all that I was struggling with. But all he said was:

"Nice lot of fools we must look." It seemed to me that his eyes were almost furtive.

It was eight-twenty.

My wife assisted Mrs. Dane into one of the straight chairs at the table, and Robinson, sent out by her, returned with a darkish bundle in his arms, and carrying a light bamboo rod. Mrs. Dane eyed them whimsically.

"Don't ask me what they are for," she said. "Miss Jeremy sent them up. Properties, I suppose. And now suppose we sit down and compose ourselves. She is very anxious that we be composed."

In the next ten minutes I dare say I thought over the surface of many things. I can not recall. I knew I should be mentally calm, almost inert. But I had never been more alive. And suddenly Arthur Wells came into my mind. I had not thought of him for weeks. Perhaps it was because he fitted into the day, a sullen man, given to strange outbursts of rage, and frantically jealous of his young wife.

I remember that, and that Sperry took a digestive tablet, to my serious annoyance. He even passed the box containing them around the table, with a jocular remark about the salad. Then the medium came in.

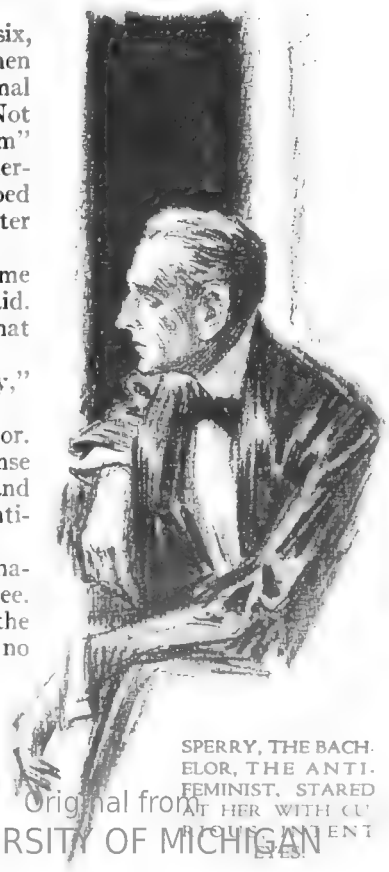
She was not at all what we had expected. Twenty-six, I should say, and in a black dinner dress. The women took to her at once. She seemed like a perfectly normal young woman, attractive in a fragile, delicate way. Not much personality, perhaps. The very word "medium" precludes that. A "sensitive," I think she called herself. We were presented to her, and but for the stripped and bare room, it might have been any evening after any dinner, with bridge waiting instead of—what?

When she shook hands with me she looked at me keenly. "What a strange day it has been!" she said. "I have been very nervous. I only hope I can do what you want this evening."

"I am not at all sure what we *do* want, Miss Jeremy," I replied.

She smiled, a quick smile that was not without humor. Somehow I had never thought of a medium with a sense of humor. I liked her at once. We all liked her, and Sperry, Sperry, the bachelor, the iconoclast, the anti-feminist, was staring at her with curious, intent eyes.

Now, for a part of what follows I have an explanation, although both Sperry and Herbert disagree. Herbert, by the way, has gone over to the camp of the believers. But for a part I have no explanation, no



SPERRY, THE BACHELOR, THE ANTI-FEMINIST, STARED AT HER WITH CURIOUS, INTENT EYES

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"HOLD MY HANDS VERY TIGHT." HER VOICE SOUNDED FAINT AND FAR AWAY.

theory. It happened, I will swear to that, happened in Mrs. Dane's drawing-room, with all the windows closed and shuttered, and with Mrs. Dane's wheeled chair set across the bolted door.

Miss Jeremy asked for a small table and two extra chairs. These were brought in. "Where do you wish me to sit?" she asked. Except that she had a nervous trick of putting her hand to her forehead, again we might have been arranging chairs for bridge.

"Suppose you take the end of the table, my dear," said Mrs. Dane. "And would you like cushions?"

She did not wish cushions. She directed Sperry and myself to place the extra stand and two chairs behind her, some two feet away, and then to take the black cloth from the table and hang it over the bamboo rod, which was laid across the backs of the chairs. Thus arranged, the curtain formed a screen behind her, with the small table beyond it. On this table we placed,

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at her order, various articles from our pockets—I a fountain-pen, Sperry a knife; and my wife contributed a gold bracelet.

We all felt, I fancy, rather absurd. Herbert's smile in the dim light became a grin. "The same old thing!" he whispered to me. "Watch her closely. They're tricky, these people."

It roused in me a fierce resentment that even now I do not understand.

But it was, at the beginning, the usual thing after all. For twenty minutes we sat around the table, fingers touching. Sperry was at the medium's right, Herbert at her left. We were not silent. She had said that it was not necessary. We talked quietly, but the general theme was the thing we were testing. I had put my opened watch on the table before me, a night watch with a luminous dial. At five minutes after nine I felt the top of the table waver under my fingers, a curious, fluid-like motion.

"The table is going to move," I said quietly.

Herbert laughed, a dry little chuckle. "Sure it is," he said. "When we all get to acting together, it will probably do considerable moving. I feel what you feel. It's flowing under my fingers."

"Blood," said Sperry. "You fellows feel the blood moving through the ends of your fingers. That's all."

However, curiously enough, the table did not move. Instead, my watch, before my eyes, slid to the edge of the table and dropped to the floor, and almost instantly an object, which we recognized later as the knife, was flung over the curtain and struck the wall behind Mrs. Dane violently.

ONE of the women screamed, ending in a hysterical giggle. Then we heard rhythmic beating on the top of the stand behind the medium. Startling as it was at the beginning, increasing as it did from a slow beat to an incredibly rapid drumming, when the initial shock was over Herbert commenced to gibe.

"Your fountain-pen, Horace," he said to me. "Making out a statement for services rendered, by its eagerness!"

The answer to that was the cap of the pen, aimed at him with apparent accuracy, and followed by an outcry for him.

"Here, stop it!" he said. "I've got ink all over me!"

We laughed consumedly. The sitting had taken on all the attributes of practical joking. The table no longer quivered under my hands.

"Please be sure you are holding my hands tight. Hold them very tight," said Miss Jeremy. Her voice sounded faint and far away. Her head was drooped forward on her chest.

"We ought to have a record of all this," Mrs. Dane said eagerly. "We believe it now, but to-morrow—suppose I send for Clara."

There was some demur to this. Things were happening, and breaking the circle might be serious. Miss Jeremy, appealed to, did not reply. She had sagged down in her chair, and her hands, Sperry and Herbert reported, were very cold. Sperry felt her pulse and pronounced it slow.

There were no further demonstrations from behind the low black curtain. I remember how silent everything was for a moment, and how the lights of an automobile, turning on the street, threw bars of slatted white through the shutters and sent them moving along the walls.

"Now, while everything is quiet, will some one please call Clara?" Mrs. Dane asked. "You do it, Horace. And ask her to bring her letter-book."

The butler was in the hall, and a few moments after Mrs. Dane's companion-secretary came in. She showed no surprise, but went quietly to a

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"HE WAS CRUEL TO HER. SULLEN."

position near the shaded light, and stood waiting, pencil in hand.

"Take down everything that happens, Clara, and all we say." Mrs. Dane's voice was low but very distinct. "In case you can not see how we are sitting—" She pointed us out with quick jerks of her head. Her hands were still on the table.

I had taken up my position again, and the circle was unbroken.

The medium was in a trance. It dawned on us rather slowly. We were all pure novices, and my wife suggested a cup of hot tea for her. "I'm afraid she's ill, poor thing!" she said.

Then, suddenly, somebody spoke. It was not Miss Jeremy's voice. It was a deep tone, almost a bass, but it came from the medium.

"Great Scott, it's a dark night," said the voice.

Mrs. Dane eyed us with a triumph that even the twilight did not conceal. "That's her control," she said. "Please be careful of this, Clara. If you need more light, turn it up. She says light does not bother her under these conditions."

"The knee is very bad. It aches," said the voice, with sudden sharpness. "Knee-knee-knee. A bad knee."

"Horace!" my wife cried. "I'm frightened! Whatever it is knows about my knee." She had slipped the winter before, and her knee had given her considerable trouble.

"Perhaps you mean my wife," I said, feeling rather idiotic.

"Arnica is a good thing. It's only a knock. It doesn't matter." My wife threw her chin up. Her knee is considered rather a serious matter at home.

Then, suddenly, what had been burlesque became drama. "If the key is on the nail——

"Dead! Good God!"

There was a sort of horror-struck pause. Then:

"Who is dead?" Sperry asked, his voice drawn a little thin.

"Just above the ear—a bullet. There is very little blood. Almost none. Only that one spot on the carpet. Water will take that out—not hot water. Cold. Hot sets the stain."

"Look here," Herbert said, looking around the table, "I don't like this. It's darned grisly."

"Oh, fudge!" Sperry put in irreverently. "Let her rave, or it, or whatever it is. Do you mean that a man is dead?"—to the medium.

"Very dead. The woman has the revolver. She needn't cry so. He was cruel to her. He was a beast. Sullen."

"Can you see the woman?" I asked.

"Certainly. Very pretty and young. She's wearing a yellow kimono."

"Are you getting this, Clara?" Mrs. Dane asked sharply. "Don't miss a word. Who knows what this may develop into?"

I looked at the secretary. Her pencil was flying, but I saw that she was

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terrified. I got up and took my chair to her. Coming back, I picked up my watch. It was still going, and the hands marked nine-thirty.

"Now then," Sperry said in a businesslike voice, "you see a dead man, and a young woman with him. Can you describe the room?"

"A small room, his dressing-room. He was shaving. There is still lather on his face."

"And the woman killed him?"

"She has the revolver. They were always quarreling, always——"

"The woman fired a shot while he was shaving?"

"Two. One is in the ceiling, beside the chandelier." Then—"library paste."

"What has library paste to do with it?"

"The hole in the ceiling is filled with library paste."

"Who did that?"

But instead of replying the medium fell to groaning. "He is so heavy," she muttered, and writhed in the chair. Then: "I want to go out," she said. "I want air. If I could only go to sleep and forget it. The drawing-room furniture is scattered over the house."

This last sentence she repeated over and over. It got on our nerves, ragged already.

"Can you tell us about the house?"

There was a distinct pause. Then: "Certainly. A brick house. There is a garden around it. The servants' entrance is locked, but the key is on a nail, among the vines. All the drawing-room furniture is scattered through the house."

"She must mean the furniture of this room," Mrs. Dane whispered.

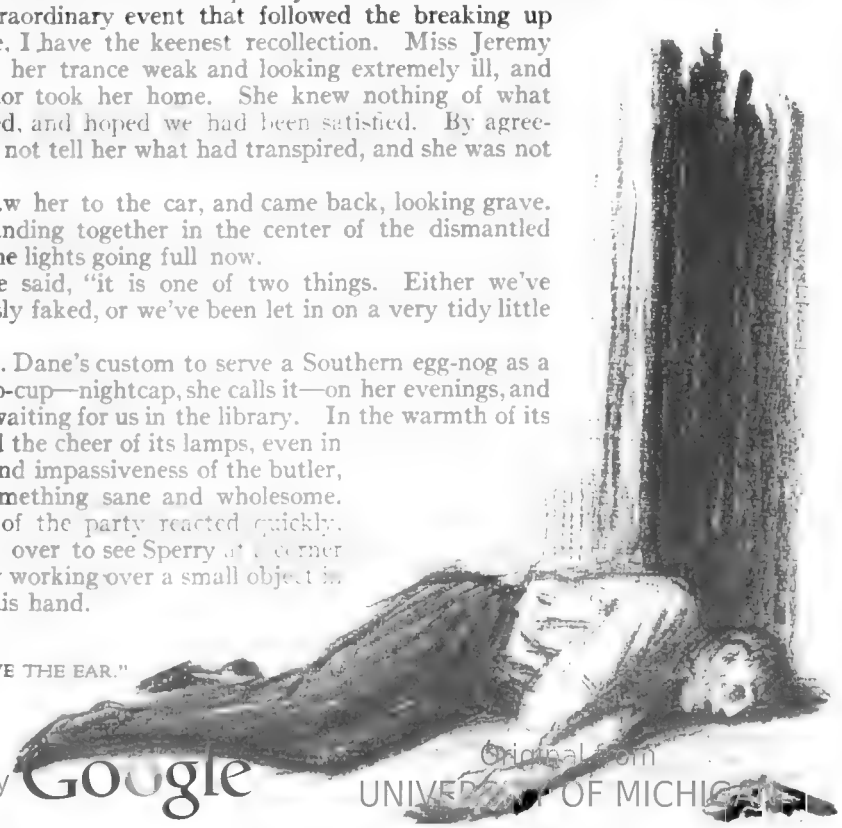
The remainder of the sitting was chaotic. The secretary's notes consist of unrelated words and much profanity. On going over the notes the next day, when the stenographic record had been copied on a typewriter, Sperry and I found that one word recurred frequently. The word was "curtain."

Of the extraordinary event that followed the breaking up of the séance, I have the keenest recollection. Miss Jeremy came out of her trance weak and looking extremely ill, and Sperry's motor took her home. She knew nothing of what had happened, and hoped we had been satisfied. By agreement, we did not tell her what had transpired, and she was not curious.

Herbert saw her to the car, and came back, looking grave. We were standing together in the center of the dismantled room, with the lights going full now.

"Well," he said, "it is one of two things. Either we've been gloriously faked, or we've been let in on a very tidy little crime."

It was Mrs. Dane's custom to serve a Southern egg-nog as a sort of stirrup-cup—nightcap, she calls it—on her evenings, and we found it waiting for us in the library. In the warmth of its open fire, and the cheer of its lamps, even in the dignity and impassiveness of the butler, there was something sane and wholesome. The women of the party reacted quickly, but I looked over to see Sperry at a corner desk, intently working over a small object in the palm of his hand.



"JUST ABOVE THE EAR."

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He started when he heard me, then laughed and held out his hand.

"Library paste!" he said. "It rolls into a soft, malleable ball. It could quite easily be used to fill a small hole in plaster. The paper would paste down over it, too."

"Then you think——?"

"I'm not thinking at all. The thing she described may have taken place in Timbuctoo. May have happened ten years ago. May be the plot of some book she has read."

"On the other hand," I replied, "it is just possible that it was here, in this neighborhood, while we were sitting in that room."

"Have you any idea of the time?"

"I know exactly. It was half-past nine."

CHAPTER TWO

AT MIDNIGHT, shortly after we reached home, Sperry called me on the 'phone. "Be careful, Horace," he said. "Don't let Mrs. Horace think anything has happened. I want to see you at once. Suppose you say I have a patient in a bad way, and a will to be drawn."

I listened to sounds from up-stairs. I heard my wife go into her room and close the door.

"Tell me something about it," I urged.

"Just this. Arthur Wells killed himself to-night, shot himself in the head. I want you to go there with me."

"At what time?"

"At nine-thirty."

As I hung up the receiver I was conscious that my hand shook. What if there was something in that evening's events after all? What if, around that table in Mrs. Dane's quiet house, we had yet been present, through the medium, at Arthur Wells's death? The house the medium had described was the Wells' house. But it was, also, a thousand other houses in the city. A sullen man, she had said, given to brooding. That would be Arthur.

What was the significance of it all? Was there, after all, a spirit-world that surrounded us, cognizant of all that we did, touching but intangible, sentient but tuned above our common senses?

I stood by the prosaic telephone instrument and looked into the darkened recesses of the passage. It seemed to my disordered nerves that back of the coats and wraps that hung on the rack, beyond the heavy curtains, in every corner, there lurked vague and shadowy forms, invisible when I stared, but advancing a trifle from their obscurity when, by turning my head and looking ahead, they impinged on the extreme right or left of my field of vision.

My wife accepted my excuse coldly. She dislikes intensely the occasional outside calls of my profession. She merely observed, however, that she would leave all the lights on until my return. "I should think you could arrange things better, Horace," she added. "It's perfectly idiotic the way people die at night. And to-night, of all nights!"

I shall have to confess that through all of the thirty years of our married life my wife has clung to the belief that I am a bit of a dog. Thirty years of exemplary living has not affected this conviction. She watched me put on my overcoat without further comment. When I kissed her good night, however, she turned her cheek.

The street, with its open spaces, was a relief after the dark hall. I started

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for Sperry's house, my head bent against the wind, my mind on the news I had just heard.

We had known the Wells' very well. Not intimately. They belonged to the young married set, while ours was the older, more settled crowd. At large functions, of course, we ran into them frequently, but my wife had not exactly approved of them. They were of the cigarette-smoking, dancing, skating, high-ball-drinking crowd. Supposed to be living beyond their means, too.

AT MIDNIGHT SPERRY CALLED ME. "ARTHUR WELLS KILLED HIMSELF TONIGHT."

Of the two, I myself had preferred Arthur. His faults were on the surface. He drank hard, gambled, and could not always pay his gambling debts. But underneath it all there had always been something boyish about him. He had played rather sullenly, it is true, through most of the thirty years that now marked his whole life.

Elinor Wells was different. Tall, blonde, with pale-blue eyes and masses of yellow hair, she was of a type that I detest. Calculating, ambitious, even avaricious, her marriage, while bringing her into prominence with the "smart" younger set, had disappointed her in a monetary way. Wells, with every opportunity to succeed, had lived beyond his means, had golfed and motored while business appointments hung fire. The end of their third year had found them quarreling bitterly, and a new complication, in the shape of another man, had arisen.

Into this triangle it was that the peaceful Neighborhood Club found itself so suddenly thrust.

It was of the other man that I thought as I walked toward Sperry's house that cold night in November of last year. I knew him slightly. An older man than Arthur, but at that probably less than thirty-five, his infatuation for Elinor Wells had long passed the stage of precaution and become reckless. He had a great deal of money, too. The women of the Neighborhood Club, discussing the affair that very evening while taking off their wraps at Mrs. Dane's had, my wife informed me later, concluded that it was Elinor's plan to divorce Arthur and to marry the other man. In the meantime, the verdict was that Elinor was too clever and too cold to let the affair pass certain bounds.

And now, I reflected, poor Arthur Wells was dead. All Elinor's calculations had failed to keep the mantle of decency over the wreck she had made of his life. It occurred to me that perhaps she had told him that night that she was leaving him. There was even a chance that she had told him of the other man. She was cold enough. And instead of his taking himself out of the way, as she may have hoped, he had killed himself.

In my regret, and my attempt to solve the psychology of the woman who had caused the tragedy, I forgot for a time the strange part we ourselves had taken, not in it, but in its revelation, that evening.

For as I went along, I knew, with one of those intuitive flashes that are supposed to be purely feminine, that the house the medium had described that night was the Wells house; that the woman she had seen had been Elinor Wells; that the dead man was Arthur. To accept that was to accept the rest, the revolver, the yellow kimono, the lathered face of the man on the floor.

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That brought me up with a turn. Would a man stop shaving to kill himself? If he did, why a revolver? Why not the razor in his hand? But there was something else. Shaving is an automatic process. It completes itself. My wife has an irritated conviction that if the house caught fire while I was in the midst of the process, I would complete it and rinse the soap from my face before I caught up the fire-extinguisher.

Had he killed himself, or had Elinor killed him? Before me rose a picture of Elinor as I had seen her so often, cold, inscrutable, very well dressed. There are women whose coldness covers depths of unfathomed and hidden passion. Was she one of those? I thought not. She was too selfish, too calculating. Her pale eyes showed no flashes. Even her rage would be cold. She was incapable of an impassioned crime.

Sperry was waiting on his door-step, and we went on to the Wells house. What with the magnitude of the thing that had happened, and our own involuntary share in it, we were rather silent. Sperry asked one question, however. "Are you certain about the time when Miss Jeremy saw what looks like this thing?"

"Certainly. My watch had been knocked off the table. I picked it up. It was still going. It was nine-thirty."

"At nine-thirty-five the Wells' nursery governess telephoned for me. As you know, my man keeps a record of the time of all calls."

Sperry is a heart specialist, I think I have said, with offices in his house.

And, a block or so farther on: "I suppose it was bound to come. To tell the truth, I didn't think the boy had the courage."

Although the Wells house was brilliantly lighted when we reached it, we had difficulty in gaining admission. Whoever were in the house were up-stairs, and the bell evidently rang in the deserted kitchen or a neighboring pantry.

"We might try the servants' entrance," Sperry said. "If—perhaps the key is on a nail among the vines!"

I confess to a nervous tightening of my muscles as we made our way around the house. If the key was there, we were on the track of a revelation that might revolutionize much that we had held fundamental in science and in our knowledge of life itself. If, sitting in Mrs. Dane's quiet room, a woman could tell us what was happening in a house a mile or so away, it opened up a new earth. Almost a new heaven.

I STOPPED and touched Sperry's arm. "This Miss Jeremy—did she know Arthur, or Elinor? If she knew the house, and the situation between them, isn't it barely possible that she anticipated this thing?"

"I think not. Mrs. Dane said she was a newcomer. But it's a good point. We can take it up later."

Sperry had a pocket flash, and when we found the door locked, we proceeded with our search for the key. The porch had been covered with heavy vines, now dead of the November frosts, and showing, here and there, dead and dried leaves that crackled as we touched them. In the darkness something leaped against me, and I almost cried out. It was, however, only a collie dog, eager for the warmth of his place by the kitchen fire.

"Here's the key," Sperry said, and held it out. The flash wavered in his hand, and his voice was strained.

"So far, so good," I replied, and was conscious that my own voice rang strange in my ears.

We admitted ourselves, and the dog, bounding past us, gave a sharp yelp of gratitude and ran into the kitchen.

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"Look here, Sperry," I said, as we stood inside the door, "they don't want me here. You're a friend of Elinor's people, but I'm the most casual sort of an acquaintance. I feel like an intruder."

That struck him too. We had both been so obsessed with the scene at Mrs. Dane's that we had not thought of anything else.

"Suppose you sit down in the library," he said. "The chances are against Elinor's coming down, and the servants don't matter."

As a matter of fact, we learned later that all the servants were out, except the nursery governess. There were two small children. There was a servants' ball somewhere, and with the exception of the butler, it was after two before they commenced to straggle in. Also, I need not have been disturbed about the family. Arthur Wells' home was in the South and Elinor's people were abroad. Except two plain-clothes men from the central office, a physician who was with Elinor in her room, and the governess, there was no one else in the house but the children, asleep in the nursery.

SPERRY HAD A POCKET FLASH, AND WE SEARCHED FOR THE KEY.

The men from the office left shortly after we got there. Sperry came down with them. They walked on their toes, with their shoes creaking and their voices lowered, and one of them said: "Bad business, doctor."

"Very sad indeed," was Sperry's comment, as he let them out.

"Now come up here, Horace," he said from the doorway. "The room is empty."

The house was perfectly silent. But in some strange fashion it had apparently taken on the attributes of the deed that had preceded the silence. It was sinister, mysterious, dark. Its immediate effect on my active imagination was apprehension—almost terror. Murder or suicide, here among the shadows a soul, an indestructible thing, had been recently violently wrenched from its body. The body lay in the room overhead. But what of the spirit? Did it watch our slow progress with formless eyes from some black corner? Unable to speak, did it cry for vengeance through the lips of the "sensitive" in Mrs. Dane's drawing-room?

Then why, if these thoughts of mine, not formulated at the time, were true, should this spirit, in its most terrible hour, insist that it had hurt its knee, and observed that Mrs. Dane's overfilled drawing-room had had its furniture

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scattered over the house? Why, in every contact the material world apparently achieved with the spiritual, should there be these absurd incongruities?

Sperry opened a door, and we were in the room where the death had occurred. He stood aside, and together we surveyed it. It was a dressing-room, as Miss Jeremy had described. A wardrobe, a table with books and magazines in disorder, two chairs, and a single mahogany bed, constituted the furnishing. Beyond was a bathroom. On a chair by a window the dead man's evening clothes were neatly laid out, his shoes beneath. His top hat and folded gloves were on the table.

Arthur Wells lay on the bed. A sheet had been drawn over his body, and above it his face showed, in every peaceful line, the restfulness of the long sleep.

"The detective and I put him on the bed. He was here," said Sperry. And showed a place on the floor midway of the room.

I roused myself to my customary manner. "Where was his head lying?" I asked.

"Here."

I stooped and examined the carpet. It was a dark Oriental, with much red in it. I touched it. It was wet under my fingers, but not with blood. I took a clean folded handkerchief and rubbed it over the spot. It came up moist but not colored.

"Cold water," Sperry said laconically. "Hot would set the stain. Who do you suppose said that, Horace? And to whom?"

"Elinor says she was alone with him?"

"Yes."

"Leaving all that aside," I said, almost irritably, "why wash up the stain? I don't understand. It's—it's idiotic."

"Certainly," said Sperry. "But there's a lot about the whole thing that isn't quite sane, you know. Our being here, for instance, under these circumstances."

He walked across to the bathroom and surveyed it from the doorway. I followed him. It was as orderly as the other room. On a glass shelf over the wash-stand were his razors, a safety and, beside it, in a black case, an assortment of the other sort, long bladed and gleaming. The towels were folded and in place. If the dead man had been shaving there was nothing but the orderly array of razors to show it.

Sperry gave an exclamation of disgust. "Everything cleared up, of course!" he said. "It's rather extraordinary, if Elinor's story is true, that a wild impulse toward tidiness should seize her at such a time."

He had got Elinor's story from the policeman. It was a connected and reasonable account of her husband's suicide. They had been going to a ball that night. The servants had all gone out immediately after dinner, and the governess had gone for a walk. She was to return at nine-thirty to fasten Elinor's gown and to be with the children.

Arthur, she said, had been depressed for several days, and at dinner had hardly spoken at all. He had not, however, objected to the ball. He had indeed, seemed strangely determined to go, although she had pled a headache. At nine o'clock he went up-stairs, apparently to dress.

She was in her room, with the door shut, when she heard a shot. She ran in and found him lying on the floor, with his revolver behind him. The governess was still out. The shot had roused the children, and they had come down from the nursery above. She was frantic, but she had to soothe them.

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The governess, however, came in almost immediately, and she had sent her to the telephone to summon help.

I listened carefully. It sounded rather forlorn. His own recital had impressed Sperry with the pathos of the situation.

"Poor girl," he said. "Alone with all that!"

But I was hardly listening, just then. I had caught a glimpse of something behind the bathtub. It was beyond my reach, and I got a walking-stick from a corner of the dressing-room and ran it down behind the tub. I fished out a leather razor-strop, dry and cracked from disuse, and a bath-sponge, stained with blood to a yellowish-brown.

"A very pathetic story," I said to Sperry, "if it happened to be true. It is not true, Sperry. I'm sorry for Elinor, but—she's lying. The boy was shaving when it happened, as certainly as we found the key among the vines. I don't believe he fell where you found him."

"Why?"

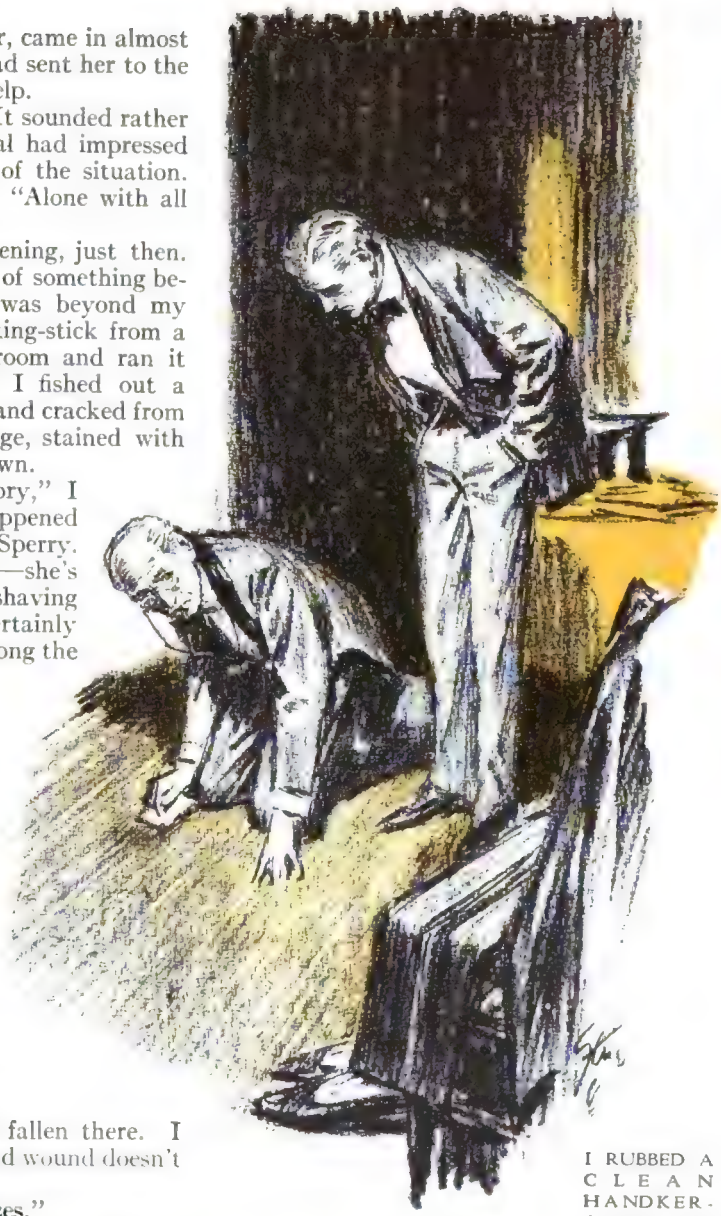
"Look at the sponge. There were stains elsewhere, stains that would invalidate the suicide story, or why were they washed up?"

"I see. But why wash up the one here, where I found the body?"

"Excitement. Some one was overzealous. He may have fallen there. I rather think not. A head wound doesn't bleed much, does it?"

"Not rapidly. It oozes."

"Then he fell somewhere else," I said, with conviction. "In the bathroom, possibly. Even probably, if he killed himself. But if, for instance, he fell outside the door there, in the hallway, it would show clearly enough that it was not suicide."



I RUBBED A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF OVER THE SPOT. IT CAME UP MOIST BUT NOT COLORED.

Sperry went out, and with his flash examined the carpet in the hall. He even stooped, and ran his hand over it here and there.

"Nothing there," he said, when he returned. "At least, nothing to see."

In looking back I realize how much of what looked like clear reasoning at

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the time was dependent on what the medium had said. "He is so heavy," she had muttered. Who was so heavy? If it was Arthur Wells, who was it had found him heavy?

"He fell somewhere else, Sperry," I said. "And he was dragged to where the police found him."

"Who moved him? Elinor could not have done it."

"I am not sure, if she was desperate. But how do we know she was alone?"

With the speech I felt a sudden conviction. There had been somebody else in the house. Possibly the governess. But in that case what was the necessity for secrecy? The truth was that there was too much plausibility about the whole story Elinor told. It was too simple, too uninvolved—though it would have imposed on us both, as it had on the police, but for Miss Jeremy. And there was too much caution. People neither think nor act quite rationally in great crises. They overact, overdo. The very fact that whoever had washed up the incriminating blood-stains had been overzealous, also hidden the sponge, was irrational and suspicious.

Sperry and I stared at each other. The strop and the sponge lay between us, on the floor. Suddenly he turned on his heel and went back into the room, and a moment later he called me, quietly.

"You're right," he said. "The poor devil was shaving. He had it half done. Come and look."

But I did not go. There was a carafe of water in the bathroom, and I took a drink from it. My hands were shaking.

CHAPTER THREE

THE governess came into the room. I was glad of it. It distracted Sperry's attention from me. I have a totally unearned reputation for calmness and poise, and I was just then neither calm nor poised.

She knew Sperry, but the glance she threw me was one of suspicion. I learned afterward that she thought I belonged to the police.

"This is very terrible, Miss Reiff!" Sperry said.

"Very terrible." She spoke excellent English, with a slight German accent. She was very pale, and had evidently been crying.

"You were not in the house when—it happened?"

"No, doctor. I had gone out for a walk." But she was watching me while she answered him.

"What time did you come in?"

"At something after nine—perhaps a quarter past."

"Would you mind telling us how things were when you came?"

"He was on the floor there. The revolver was beside him."

"And Mrs. Wells was with him?"

"Yes. At least I suppose so. She heard me and called down to me to telephone for you, that Mr. Wells had shot himself."

"I came as soon as I got the message. You might tell her that I am here."

She went out at once, and came back with word that Elinor would see him. When Sperry had gone to Elinor's room, however, she remained with me. She was on guard, I thought. On guard and antagonistic.

"I should think this is a case for the coroner, not for the police," she said, as Sperry closed the door behind him.

I saw then that she thought I was of the police, and took my cue. "It is a coroner's case, certainly," I said. "But I would like to ask you a few questions."

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She did not dare to refuse, but she eyed me distrustfully. "Well?"

"You are sure there was no one in the house but Mrs. Wells and her husband?"

"The children."

"Mr. Wells was shaving, I believe, when the—er—impulse overtook him?"

There was no doubt as to her surprise. "Shaving? I think not."

"What sort of a razor did he ordinarily use?"

"A safety razor always. At least I have never seen any others around."

"There is a case of old-fashioned razors in the bathroom."

She glanced toward the room and shrugged her shoulders. "Possibly he used others. I have not seen any."

"Did you wash any stain from the carpet?"

"No. I do not think there was much blood. I do not know. The sight of blood makes me sick."

"Do you know where Mr. Wells kept his revolver?"

"When I first came it was in the drawer of that table. I suggested that it be placed beyond the children's reach. I do not know where it was put."

"Do you recall how you left the front door when you went out? I mean, was it locked?"

"No. The servants were out, and I knew there would be no one to admit me. I left it unfastened."

But it was evident that she had broken a rule of the house by doing so, for she added: "I am afraid to use the servants' entrance. It is dark there."

"The key is always hung on the nail when they are out?"

"Yes. If any one of them is out it is left there. There is only one key. The family is out a great deal, and it saves bringing some one down from the servants' room at the top of the house."

But she distrusted my knowledge of the key as she distrusted everything about me. And I was less confident than I had been. If it was a common practise to leave the key there, Miss Jeremy might have happened on the knowledge in some perfectly natural manner. Herbert Robinson's words came back to me—that mediums were tricky.

For instance, it was 9:30 when we learned of Arthur Wells's death in Mrs. Dane's drawing-room. The governess said it had been before she came in, at 9:15. Was it then possible that the crime or suicide or whatever it was, had taken place earlier than we knew, that the governess had known it, and had gone out on some secret errand; that, on her way, she had encountered Miss Jeremy, and told her?

Absurd as it seemed, it was barely possible. To admit the possibility was to admit the whole séance a sham and a fraud. The only thing was to show it impossible. Miss Jeremy had arrived at Mrs. Dane's house at half-past eight.

THE BUTLER'S FACE WAS GRAVE AS HE TURNED TOWARD US.

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"What time did you leave the house?"

"At eight o'clock."

"You are sure of the time?"

"It was five minutes after eight."

"Do you mind telling me where you went when you were out?"

It did not occur to me until later that I was being impertinent without any license to be. By profession I am a lawyer, and long years of cross-examining witnesses has cured me of squeamishness. But her expression rather brought me to my senses, and in a moment, I dare say, I would have apologized. However, she did not give me time. She had accepted my authority without question, and I believe there was another element. She was beginning to feel that the situation was more complicated than she had thought, and was anxious to clear her own skirts.

"I can prove where I was," she said with a touch of excitement in her voice. "I went to a pharmacy and telephoned. The clerk will remember, I am sure."

My old habit of examining testimony asserted itself. "You went out to telephone when there is a telephone in the house?"

But here again, as once or twice before, a veil dropped between us. She avoided my eyes. "There are things one does not want the family to hear," she muttered. Then, having determined on a course of action, she followed it. "I am looking for another position. I do not like it here. The children are spoiled. I only came for a month's trial."

"And the pharmacy?"

"Elliott's, at the corner of State Avenue and McKee Street."

SPERRY and the doctor who had been called in, had left Elinor's room, and were talking at the head of the stairs. She muttered something about not leaving Mrs. Wells alone, and went out.

She knew something or suspected something. She was frightened. She had proved, or left us to prove, that she had not been in the house when Arthur Wells shot himself, or was shot. But she had done it reluctantly, as a choice between two evils.

I made a mental note to follow up the telephone call.

Sperry's first move on returning to the room was to examine the revolver. Only one chamber was empty. "She says positively that only one shot was fired," he said. "This looks like it. But if our friend at Mrs. Dane's was right, as she seems to have been so far, there's the ceiling to investigate."

"I have looked. There is nothing there."

It was covered with a ceiling paper of small design, and search as we would, we could find no trace of a bullet-hole. It was difficult, of course. The house was an old one, and in the center of the high ceiling a plaster ornament surrounded the chandelier.

Sperry drew a chair beneath it and examined it carefully, without result.

"With a ladder we might find something," he said at last. "But that's out of the question to-night. Do you recall what color Miss Jeremy said the kimono of the woman was?"

"Yellow."

"That's another mistake," he said, with a worried air. "It is a sort of bluish-green. She's still wearing it." And later, as we went out into the hall and closed the door into the room where the dead man lay: "It's odd, the whole thing. Damned odd. A pretty girl like Miss Jeremy to see a horror like this and describe it! She ought to stop it. It's wearing her out.

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If I had my way—why, her pulse was only about forty and thin."

It seemed to me that his interest was not entirely professional.

The butler had returned, and was closing the door after letting the other doctor out. His face was grave as he turned toward us. Sperry knew him. "I'm sorry you were out, Hawkins," he said.

"I am sorry, doctor. I was uneasy—I don't know why. I came back before the others."

"When did you get in?"

"I met the detectives going out. They told me."

BUT I saw that his eyes were on something Sperry held. His white face seemed to go even whiter, and he recoiled a step or two.

"I'm taking this walking-stick, Hawkins. It has been freezing hard, and I'm not very sure-footed."

"Yes, sir," said the butler impassively. But I fancied that he took a step after us as we started off, and that he only restrained himself from speech by a violent effort.

"I wonder just what that man has stumbled on," I observed, as we reached a corner and stood waiting for a street-car.

"Stumbled on?"

"He gave me the impression of holding back. He spoke too carefully. And he is frightened."

"You'd be scared of your life under the same circumstances; and the fellow is out of a job. He knows that," Sperry observed. "We've got to face a situation, Horace, and face it squarely. This is either a murder or a suicide. Elinor is bound to suffer, in any case. She has never been really popular, and the affair with young Ellingham will hurt a lot. Whether poor Arthur Wells put himself out of the way, or whether she did it, in a struggle or cold-bloodedly, a certain number of people will always think that she killed him. She knows that, too. Socially, she's dead. She'll close the house and go away. She'll have to."

It seemed to me that Elinor's social death was a minor consideration. Living quietly, as my wife and I did, on the borderland of society, we had never felt the urge of social ambition. But, of course, Elinor was different.

Once on the street-car, the murder or suicide, whichever it was, gave way in importance in our minds to the strange fact that at the time it was occurring, or a few minutes later, Miss Jeremy had described it.

Sperry, I could see, was much impressed. "We have been going along," he said, "all smug and contented—three meals a day and a bed at night, a few friends, a business or a profession. Then, now and then something like this crops up, and destroys in a moment the illusion that we have fathomed the secrets of the universe."

"THIS 'control' business, Sperry," I said, "somehow I dislike it. It's a sort of Aladdin and the Spirit of the Lamp affair. I can not imagine anything more terrible than dying—'going over,' as our friends the spiritualists term it—and then being obliged to fetch and carry for all the Miss Jeremys of the earth."

"Miss Jeremy is a very fine girl. And an honorable one," he said. "There might be worse things. At least it spells activity. The thought of an inert eternity is much worse."

The physical force which had thrown the objects over the screen also came up for discussion. I mentioned a theory, Lombroso's, I believe—at least, I

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claimed it as his—by which the medium in a trance state develops an aura with certain physical qualities, so clearly defined that a scale shows a loss of weight.

"Such an aura," I said, "could doubtless, at the volition of the person in trance, produce phenomena of the sort we saw."

But Sperry was off on the fourth dimension by that time. He said he could visualize it quite clearly as the hyper-cube, and talked learnedly of a cone passed apex downward through a plane.

"It's perfectly clear," he said. "It is necessary, of course, to use motion as a translator of time into space or space into time."

AS IN the days that followed there were many such discussions among the members of the Neighborhood Club, and I have gone into it at some length, I shall not again find it necessary. This narrative will limit itself to the two sittings which followed the initial one, to the independent investigations made by Sperry and myself in the intervals, and to the solution of the mystery, which we finally achieved.

The streets were dark and deserted. But as the car stopped at a corner I saw the lighted windows of a pharmacy, and signaled the conductor.

"Elliott's," I explained to Sperry. "At least we can find if the governess telephoned from here, and when."

So far Sperry had taken the initiative. It was now my turn. With what I now feel was an entirely childish sense of importance—the whole evening had been one of distorted values—I led the way into the pharmacy.

The night-clerk was in the prescription-room behind the shop. He had fixed himself comfortably on two chairs, with an old table-cover over his knee and a half-empty bottle of beer on a wooden box beside him. He did not waken until I spoke to him.

"Sorry to rouse you, old man," I said.

He flung off the cover and jumped up, upsetting the beer, which trickled in a stale stream to the floor. "Oh, that's all right. I wasn't asleep, anyhow."

We let that go, and I went at once to the object of our visit. Yes, he remembered the governess, knew her, as a matter of fact. The Wells' bought a good many things there. Asked as to her telephoning, he thought it was about nine o'clock, maybe earlier. But questioned as to what she had telephoned about, he drew himself up.

"Oh, see here," he said. "I can't very well tell you that, can I? This business has got ethics, all sorts of ethics."

He enlarged on that. The secrets of the city, he maintained loftily, were in the hands of the pharmacies. It was a trust that they kept. "Every trouble from dope to drink, and then some," he boasted.

BUT he knew Sperry, and was divided between fear of antagonizing the city's leading specialist and anxiety. When I told him that Arthur Wells was dead his jaw dropped, but there was no more argument in him. He knew very well the number the governess had called.

"She's done it several times," he said. "I'll be frank with you. I got curious after the third evening, and called it myself. You know the trick. I found out it was the Ellingham house, up State Street."

"What was the nature of the conversations?"

"Oh, she was very careful. It's an open phone and any one could hear

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her. Once she said somebody was not to come. Another time she just said, "This is Julia. Nine-thirty, please."

"And to-night?"

"That the family was going out—not to call."

He was full of curiosity, and Sperry told him something. Very little, however.

"Suicide!" he said. "Well, we've all got our downhearted times. It's pretty cold to-night. You gentlemen'd better have something to warm you up before you go out."

I WAS chilled through, to tell the truth, and although I rarely drink anything, I went back with him and took an ounce or so of villainous whisky, poured out of a jug into a graduated glass. Sperry did not take anything. When I went back to him he was making notes in his professional memorandum-book.

"The thing to be careful of," he commented, as we started home, "is not to confuse the essentials with the inessentials. The governess lied; but, after all, what has that to do with poor Arthur Wells?"

But the rot-gut I had taken on an empty and chilled stomach, following the nervous strain of the day and evening, was already having its effect on me. Sperry was obliged to give me an arm home.

This is a truthful narrative, but it is with deep humiliation of spirit I record that a housemaid, coming into my library at seven o'clock the next morning, found me, in top hat and overcoat, asleep on the library couch.

I had, however, removed my collar and tie, and my watch, carefully wound, was on the smoking-stand beside me.

The investigation of the Neighborhood Club into the strange death of Arthur Wells and the medium's stranger knowledge of it will be continued in the July number.

"SORRY TO ROUSE YOU, OLD MAN," I SAID.

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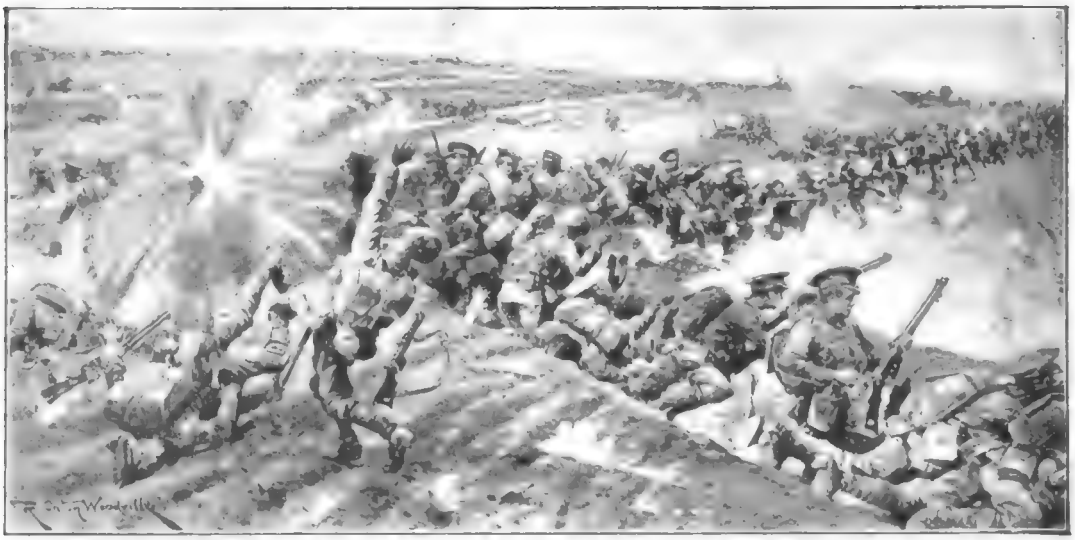

THE BATTLE OF MONS

Copyright, 1916, by A. Conan Doyle.

IN THE face of repeated disaster to the British arms, and the increasing discussion of Britain's military policies and leadership, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's interpretation of the British fighting in France has at this time a special value. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will publish several articles by Doyle which give the first authoritative account of the British share in the western campaign. "The Battle of Mons" is the first.—THE EDITOR.

Foreword.

THE time has now come when, owing to the long period which has elapsed, the particulars of the doings of the regiments of the British Army in France and in Flanders can be given with some approach to accurate detail. From the first days of the war the author has devoted his time to the accumulation of evidence from first-hand sources as to the various happenings of these great days. He has built up his narrative from letters, diaries, and interviews, from the hand or lips of men who have been leaders in our glorious armies, whose deeds it was his ambition to understand and to chronicle. In many cases he has been privileged to submit his descriptions of the principal incidents to prominent actors in them, and to receive their corrections or endorsement.

It is not to be supposed that all is here set down, for it will be many years before so great a story is unfolded; but the chronicler would wish to impress one fact upon the public, which is, that he has nowhere found need of suppression, that there are no facts to conceal, and that the record of heroic endeavors has never, so far as his researches go, sunk below the very highest which the nation could demand. In this record our temporary setbacks have been treated as frankly as our successes, and there has been no attempt to flinch from the truth.

How great the scope is for such a history may readily be judged by the reader who asks himself what does the public really know of the Battle of Mons, the first occasion in history in which the German and the Briton stood

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, DUDLEY TENNANT AND MICHAEL, OF ENGLAND.

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By A. CONAN DOYLE

face to face as enemies? What does it know of the details of the famous retreat, one of the most remarkable withdrawals, in the face of a valiant and energetic enemy, that has ever been known in military history? What does it know of the first Battle of Ypres, when the immortal regular army was so worn that some famous regiments were no greater than platoons, though they still barred the German passage to the coast?

The true record of these and of subsequent events will be found in this record, so far as it is now possible to collect and arrange them.

[*The first chapters of Sir Arthur's history, dealing with the events which led up to the war, are here omitted, and the narrative begins with the actual campaign.*]

The Landing of the British in France.

THE bulk of the British Expeditionary Force passed over to France under the cover of darkness on the nights of August 12th and 13th, 1914. The movement, which included the greater part of three army corps and a cavalry division, necessitated the transportation of approximately one hundred thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, and four hundred guns. It is doubtful if so large a host has ever been moved by water in so short a time in all the annals of military history.

There was drama in the secrecy and celerity of the affair. Two canvas walls, converging into a funnel, screened the approaches to Southampton Dock. All beyond was darkness and mystery. Down this fatal funnel passed the flower of the youth of Britain, and their folk saw them no more. They had embarked upon the great adventure of the German War. The crowds in the streets saw the last serried files vanish into the darkness of the docks, heard the measured tramp upon the stone quays dying farther away in the silence of the night, until at last all was still, and the great steamers were pushing out into the darkness.

No finer force for technical efficiency, and no body of men more

AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES BRITON AND TEUTON FACED EACH OTHER AT LAST FOR THE TEST OF BATTLE.*

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hot-hearted in their keen desire to serve their country, have ever left the shores of Britain. It is a conservative estimate to say that within four months half of their number were either dead or in the hospitals. They were destined for great glory, and for that great loss which is the measure of their glory.

Belated pedestrians, upon the beaches of the southern towns, have recorded their impression of that amazing spectacle. In the clear summer night the wall of transports seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon. Guardian war-ships flanked the mighty column, while swift lights, shooting across the surface of the sea, showed where the torpedo-boats and submarines were nosing and ferreting for any possible enemy. But far away, hundreds of miles to the north, lay the real protection of the flotilla, where the smooth waters of the Heligoland bight were broken by the sudden rise and dip of the blockading periscopes.

THIS was the first army which set forth to France. Prussian bravery, capacity, and organizing power had a high reputation among us, and yet we awaited the result with every confidence, if the odds of numbers were not overwhelming. It was generally known that during the period of Sir John French's command the training of the troops had greatly progressed, and many of the men, with nearly all the senior officers, had had experience in the arduous campaign of South Africa. They could also claim those advantages which volunteer troops may hope to have over conscripts. At the same time there was no tendency to underrate the earnest patriotism of our opponents, and we were well aware that even the numerous Socialists who filled their ranks were persuaded, incredible as it may seem, that the Fatherland was really attacked, and were whole-hearted in its defense.

The crossing was safely effected. It has always been the traditional privilege of the British public to grumble at their public servants, and to speak of "muddling through" to victory. No doubt the criticism has often been deserved. But on this occasion the supervising general in command, the British War Office, and the Naval Transport Department all rose to a supreme degree of excellence. The details were meticulously correct. Without the loss of man, horse, or gun, the soldiers who had seen the sun set in Hampshire saw it rise in Picardy or in Normandy.

Boulogne and Havre were the chief ports of disembarkation, but many, including the cavalry, went up the Seine and came ashore at Rouen. The soldiers everywhere received a rapturous welcome from the populace, which they returned by a cheerful sobriety of behavior. The admirable precepts as to wine and women, set forth in Lord Kitchener's parting orders to the Army, seem to have been most scrupulously observed. It is no slight upon the gallantry of France—the very home of gallantry—if it be said that she profited greatly at this strained, over-anxious time by the arrival of these boisterous oversea Allies. The tradition of British solemnity has been forever killed by these jovial invaders. The dusty, poplar-lined roads resounded with their songs, and the quiet Picardy villages reechoed their thunderous assurances as to the state of their hearts.

All France broke into a smile at the sight of them, and it was at a moment when a smile meant much to France.

The general plan of campaign was naturally in the hands of General Joffre, since he was in command of far the greater portion of the Allied Force. It has been admitted in France that the original dispositions might be open to criticism, since a number of the French troops had engaged

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AT THE NIMY BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT MAURICE DEASE, FIVE TIMES WOUNDED, WORKED HIS MACHINE GUN TO THE END, AND EVERY MAN OF HIS DETACHMENT WAS HIT

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themselves in Alsace and Lorraine to the weakening of the line of battle in the north, where the fate of Paris was to be decided. It is small profit to a nation to injure its rival ever so grievously in the toe when it is itself in imminent danger of being stabbed to the heart.

A further change in plan had been caused by the intense sympathy felt both by the French and the British for the gallant Belgians, who had done so much and gained so many valuable days for the Allies. It was felt that it would be unchivalrous not to advance and do what was possible to relieve the intolerable pressure which was crushing them.

It was resolved, therefore, to abandon the plan which had been formed, by which the Germans should be led as far as possible from their base, and to attack them at once.

For this purpose the French army changed its whole dispositions, which had been formed on the idea of an attack from the east, and advanced over the Belgian frontier, getting into touch with the enemy at Namur and Charleroi, so as to secure the passages of the Sambre. It was in fulfilling its part as the left of the Allied line that on August 18th and 19th the British troops began to move northward into Belgium.

On the morning of Sunday, August 23d, all the troops were in position. The Fifth Brigade of Cavalry (Chetwode's) lay out upon the right front at Binche, but the remainder of the cavalry was brought to a point about five miles behind the center of the line, so as to be able to reinforce either flank. The first blood of the land campaign had been drawn upon August 22d, outside Soignies, when a reconnoitering squadron of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, under Captain Hornby, charged and overthrew a body of the Fourth German Cuirassiers, bringing back some prisoners. The Twentieth Hussars had enjoyed a similar experience. It was a small but happy omen.

The Advance to Mons.

THE forces which now awaited the German attack numbered about eighty-six thousand men, who may be roughly divided into seventy-six thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve guns.

Sir John French was preparing for an attack upon his right flank. From all his information the enemy was to the north and to the east of him, so that if they set about turning his position it must be from the Charleroi direction. Hence his right wing was laid back at an angle to the rest of his line, and the only cavalry which he kept in advance was thrown out to Binche, in front of this flank. The rest of the cavalry was on the day of battle drawn in behind the center of the army; but as danger began to develop upon the left flank it was sent across in that direction, so that on the morning of the 24th it was at Thulin, at the westward end of the line.

The line of the canal was a most tempting position to defend from Condé to Mons, for it ran as straight as a Roman road across the path of an invader. But it was very different at Mons itself. Here it formed a most awkward loop. A glance at the diagram [see page 701] will show this formation. It was impossible to leave it undefended, and yet troops who held it were evidently subjected to a flanking artillery fire from each side. The canal here was also crossed by at least three substantial road bridges and one railway bridge. This section of the defense was under the immediate direction of General Smith-Dorrien.

Having reached their ground, the troops, with no realization of immediate danger, proceeded to make shallow trenches. Their bands had not been brought to the front, but the universal singing from one end of the line to

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the other showed that the men were in excellent spirits. Cheering news had come in from the cavalry, detachments of which, as already stated, had ridden out as far as Soignies, meeting advance patrols of the enemy and coming back with prisoners and trophies. The guns were drawn up in concealed positions within half a mile of the line of battle.

All was now ready, and officers could be seen on every elevation peering northward through their glasses for the first sign of the enemy. It was a broken country, with large patches of woodland and green spaces between. There were numerous slag-heaps from old mines, with here and there a factory, and here and there a private dwelling, but the sappers had endeavored in the short time to clear a field of fire for the infantry.

Thrilling with anticipation, the men waited for their own first entrance upon the stupendous drama. They were already weary and footsore, for they had all done at least two days of forced marching, and the burden of the pack, the rifle, and the hundred and fifty rounds per man was no light one. They lay snugly in their trenches under the warm August sun and waited. It was a Sunday, and more than one have recorded in their letters how, in that hour of tension, their thoughts turned to the old home church and the mellow call of the village bells.

A hovering aeroplane had just slid down with the news that the roads from the north were alive with the advancing Germans, but the estimate of the aviator placed them at two corps and a division of cavalry. This coincided roughly with the accounts brought in by the scouts, and, what was more important, with the forecast of General Joffre.

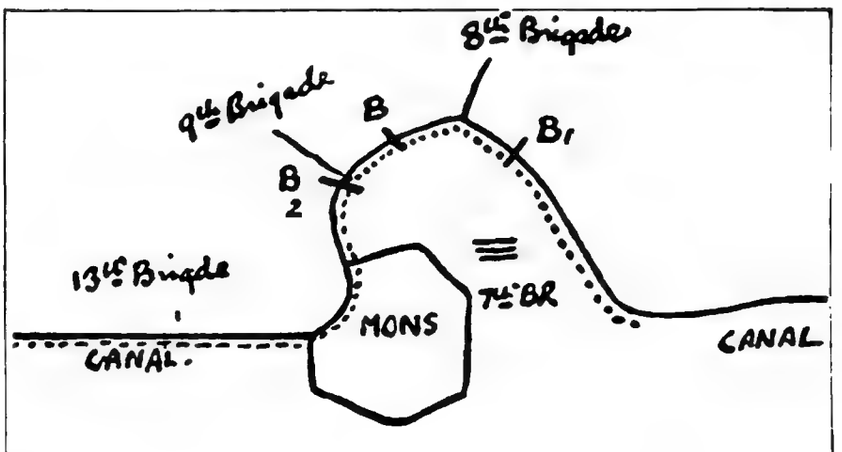
Secure in the belief that he was flanked upon one side by the 5th French army, and on the other by a screen of French cavalry, while his front was approached by a force not appreciably larger than his own, General French had no cause for uneasiness. Had his airmen taken a wider sweep to the north and west, *or had the French commander, among his many pressing preoccupations, been able to give an earlier warning to his British colleague, the trenches would, no doubt, have been abandoned before a gray coat had appeared, and the whole army brought swiftly to a position of strategical safety.

Even now, as they waited expectantly for the enemy, a vast steel trap was closing up for their destruction.

Let us take a glance at what was going on over that northern horizon. A day or two earlier, the American Powell had seen something of the mighty right swing which was to end the combat. Invited to a conference with a German general who was pursuing the national policy of soothing the United States until her own turn should come round, Mr. Powell left Brussels, and chanced to meet von Kluck's legions upon their western and southerly trek. He describes with great force the effect upon his mind of those endless gray columns, all flowing in the same direction, double files of infantry on either side of the road, and endless guns, motor-cars, cavalry, and transport between.

The men, as he describes them, were all in the prime

*An American correspondent, Mr. Harding Davis, actually saw a shattered British aeroplane upon the ground in this region. Its destruction may have been of great strategic importance. This aviator was probably the first British victim in the war.



Curve of the Canal at Mons.
B1. Aubrey Bridge
B2. Nimy Bridge.

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of life, and equipped with everything which years of forethought could devise. He was dazed and awed by the tremendous procession, its majesty and its self-evident efficiency. It is no wonder, for he was looking at the chosen legions of the most wonderful army that the world had ever seen—an army which represented the last possible word on the material and mechanical side of war.

High in the van a Taube aeroplane pointed the path for the German hordes.

A day or two before, two American correspondents, Mr. Irvin Cobb and Mr. Harding Davis, had seen the same great army as it streamed westward through Louvain and Brussels. They graphically describe how for three consecutive days and the greater part of three nights they poured past, giving the impression of unconquerable energy and efficiency, young, enthusiastic, wonderfully equipped.

"Either we shall go forward or we die. We do not expect to fall back ever. If the generals would let them, the men would run to Paris instead

THE GERMANS STAGGERED ON BRAVELY UNDER THE LEADEN SLEET.

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of walking there." So spoke one of the leaders of that huge invading host, the main part of which was now heading straight for the British line.

A second part, unseen and unsuspected, were working round by Tournai to the west, hurrying hard to strike in upon the British flank and rear. The German is a great marcher as well as a great fighter, and the average rate of progress was not less than thirty miles a day.

It was after ten o'clock when scouting cavalry was observed falling back. Then the distant sound of a gun was heard, and a few seconds later a shell burst some hundreds of yards behind the British lines. The British guns one by one roared into action. A cloud of smoke rose along the line of the woods in front from the bursting shrapnel, but nothing could be seen of the German gunners. The defending guns were also well concealed. Here and there, from observation points upon buildings and slag-heaps, the controllers of the batteries were able to indicate targets and register hits unseen by the gunners themselves. The fire grew warmer and warmer as fresh batteries dashed up and unlimbered on either side. The noise was horrible,

THEN THEY HALTED, VACILLATED, AND FINALLY SHREDDED OUT.

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but no enemy had been seen by the infantry, and little damage done.

But now an ill-omened bird flew over the British lines. Far aloft across the deep blue sky skimmed the dark Taube, curved, turned, and sailed northward again. It had marked the shells bursting beyond the trenches. In an instant, by some devilish cantrip of signal or wireless, it had set the range right. A rain of shells roared and crashed along the lines of the shallow trenches.

The injuries were not yet numerous, but they were inexpressibly ghastly. Men who had hardly seen worse than a cut finger in their lives gazed with horror at the gross mutilations around them. "One dared not look sideways," said one of them. Stretcher-bearers bent and heaved while wet, limp forms were hoisted upward by their comrades. Officers gave short, sharp words of encouragement or advice.

THE minutes seemed very long, and still the shells came raining down. The men shoved the five-fold clips down into their magazines and waited with weary patience. A senior officer, peering over the end of a trench, leaned tensely forward and rested his glasses upon the grassy edge. "They're coming!" he whispered to his neighbor. It ran from lip to lip along the line of crouching men. Heads were poked up here and there above the line of broken earth. Soon, in spite of the crashing shells overhead, there was a fringe of peering faces.

And there at last, in front of them, was the German enemy. After all these centuries, Briton and Teuton faced each other at last for the test of battle.

A stylist among letter-writers had described that oncoming swarm as gray clouds drifting over green fields. They had deployed under cover while the batteries were preparing their path, and now over an extended front to the northwest of Mons they were breaking out from the woods and coming rapidly onward. The men fidgeted with their triggers, but no order came to fire. The officers were gazing with professional interest and surprise at the German formations.

Were these the tactics of the army which had claimed to be the most scientific in Europe?

British observers had seen it in peace time, and had conjectured that it was a screen for some elaborate tactics held up for the day of battle. Yet here they were, advancing in what in old Soudan days used to be described as the twenty-acre formation, against the best riflemen in Europe. It was not even a shoulder-to-shoulder column, but a mere crowd shredding out in the front and dense to the rear. There was nothing of the swiftly-weaving lines, the rushes of alternate companies, the twinkle and flicker of a modern attack. It was medieval, and yet it was impressive, also, in its immediate display of numbers and the ponderous insistence of its onward flow.

The men, still fingering their triggers, gazed expectantly at their officers, who measured intently the distance of the approaching swarms. The Germans had already begun to fire in a desultory fashion. Shrapnel was bursting thickly along the head of their column, but they were coming steadily onward. Suddenly a rolling wave of independent firing broke out from the British position. At some portions of the line the enemy were at eight hundred, at others at one thousand yards. The men, happy in having something definite to do, snuggled down earnestly to their work and fired swiftly but deliberately into the approaching mass. Rifles, machine guns, and field-pieces were all roaring together, while the incessant crash of the

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shells overhead added to the infernal uproar. Men lost all sense of time as they thrust clip after clip into their rifles.

The German swarms staggered on bravely under the leaden sleet. Then they halted, vacillated, and finally thinned, shredded out, and drifted backward like a gray fog torn by a gale. The woods absorbed them once again, while the rain of shells upon the British trenches became thicker and more deadly.

There was a lull in the infantry attack, and the British, peering from their shelters, surveyed with a grim satisfaction the patches and smudges of gray which showed the effect of their fire. But the rest was not a long one. With fine courage the German battalions reformed under the shelter of the trees, while fresh troops from the rear pushed forward to stiffen the shaken lines.

"Hold your fire!" was the order that ran down the ranks. With the confidence bred of experience, the men waited and still waited, till the very features of the Germans could be distinguished. Then once more the deadly fire rippled down the line, the masses shredded and dissolved, and the fugitives hurried to the woods. Then came the pause under shell-fire, and then once again the emergence of the infantry, the attack, the check, and the recoil. Such were the general characteristics of the action at Mons over a large portion of the British line—that portion which extended along the actual course of the canal.

It is not to be supposed, however, that there was a monotony of attack and defense over the whole of the British position. A large part of the force, including the whole of the First Army Corps, was threatened rather than seriously engaged, while the opposite end of the line was also out of the main track of the storm. It beat most dangerously, as had been foreseen, upon the troops to the immediate west and north of Mons, and especially upon those which defended the impossible peninsula formed by the loop of the canal. It has also been already explained that the German artillery could enfilade the peninsula from each side, making the defense most difficult.

The first rush of German troops came between eleven and twelve o'clock, across the Aubourg Station Bridge (B-1 in diagram). It was so screened up to the moment of the advance that neither the rifles nor the machine guns of the Middlesex could stop it. It is an undoubted fact that this rush was preceded by a great crowd of women and children, through which the leading files of the Germans could hardly be seen.

At the same time, or very shortly afterward, the other two bridges were forced in a similar manner, but the Germans in all three cases, as they reached the farther side, were unable to make any rapid headway against the British fire, though they made the position untenable for the troops in trenches between the bridges.

The Fateful Telegram.

BY THE late afternoon of August 23d the general position was grave, but not critical. The enemy had lost very heavily, while the men in the trenches were in comparison unscathed. Here and there, as we have seen, the Germans had obtained a lodgment in the British position, especially at the salient which had always appeared to be impossible to hold, but, on the other hand, the greater part of the army, including the whole First Corps, had not yet been seriously engaged, and there were reserve brigades in the immediate rear of the fighting line who could be trusted to make good any gap in the ranks before them. The German artillery fire was heavy and well-directed, but the British batteries had held their own.

Such was the position when, about five P. M., a telegram from General

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Joffre was put into Sir John French's hand, which must have brought a pang to his heart. From it he learned that all his work had been in vain, and that far from contending for victory he would be fortunate if he saved himself from utter defeat.

There were two pieces of information in this fatal message, and each was disastrous. The first announced that instead of the two German corps who, he had reason to think, were in front of him, there were four—the third, fourth, seventh, and fourth reserve corps—forming, with the second and fourth cavalry divisions, a force of nearly two hundred thousand men, while the second corps were bringing another forty thousand round his left flank from the direction of Tournai.

The second item was even more serious. Instead of being buttressed up with French troops on either side of him, he learned that the Germans had burst the line of the Sambre, and that the French armies on his right were already in full retreat, while nothing substantial lay upon his left. It was a most perilous position. The British force lay exposed and unsupported amid converging foes who far outnumbered it in men and guns.

WHAT was the profit of one day of successful defense if the morrow might dawn upon a British Sedan? There was only one course of action, and Sir John decided upon it in the instant, bitter as the decision must have been. The army must be extricated from the battle and fall back until it resumed touch with its Allies.

But it is no easy matter to disengage so large an army which is actually in action and hard-pressed by a numerous and enterprising enemy. The front was extensive, and the lines of retreat were limited. That the operation was carried out in an orderly fashion is a testimony to the skill of the general, the talents of the commanders, and the discipline of the units. If it had been done at once and simultaneously, it would certainly have been the signal for a vigorous German advance and a possible disaster. The positions were therefore held, though no efforts were made to retake those points where the enemy had effected a lodgment. There was no possible use in wasting troops in regaining positions which would in no case be held. As dusk fell, a dusk which was lightened by the glare of burning villages, some of the regiments began slowly to draw off to the rear. In the early morning of the 24th the definite order to retire was conveyed to the corps commanders, while immediate measures were taken to withdraw the impedimenta and to clear the roads.

Thus began that retreat in which a small army successfully shook itself clear from the long and close pursuit of a remarkably gallant, mobile, and numerous enemy—a retreat which will surely live in military history as a remarkable example of an army retaining its cohesion and *morale* in the presence of an overpowering adversary, who could never either cut them off or break in their rear guard.

The action of Mons upon August 23d, interesting for its own sake, is more so as being the first clash between the British and German armies. Each army had for the first time an opportunity of forming a critical estimate of the other. German officers have admitted with soldierly frankness that the efficiency of the British came to them as a revelation. On the other hand, the British bore away a very clear conviction of the excellence of the German artillery and of the plodding bravery of the German infantry, together with a great reassurance as to their own capacity to hold their own at any reasonable odds.

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"CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!"

by Alice Garland Steele

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

AS HE stood above his trunk, sorting his ties, little Withers, who had gobbled up every honor possible to the class, brought him a letter and a package. Little Withers was whistling cheerfully. He was going, in a few days, as interne into one of the big city hospitals, and he was dwelling on white ducks, and a swinging seat on the ambulance, and frightful accident cases, with the delight of the very young and still untried M. D.

"From some little town in Ohio," sang Withers. "Bet it's from your best girl who couldn't come on for the grad!"

Neal Burridge glanced at the postmark, then he went on sorting ties; he did not attempt to open up his mail till Withers had disappeared down the corridor.

It was two days after Commencement, and it was June. The world seemed set, like a huge garlanded stage, for holiday. The short, clipped green of the campus lay in geometric squares just underneath his window. His roommate had already left, and his own trunk, except for its brief top layer, was full. Burridge realized that as to clothes, he was going to fall short. One can not go among women, at the invitation of a man like Glendenning, without looking "fit." Glendenning's people were frightfully

"BET IT'S FROM YOUR BEST GIRL!"

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rich. Burridge had felt supremely flattered at the invitation of this chap, who was a leader, to "come and hang around our shack at Lake Placid for the rest of the summer." The "shack," he understood, was a rather impressive country house; and there was a butler; also they dressed every night for dinner.

Burridge, frowning above the scant top layer, wondered if they would note the shiny places on the elbows of his dress suit, and reflected that, as they were to do some shooting, he ought somehow to have provided "tweeds."

He fished out his wallet and looked at its contents ruefully. He made up his mind he would go down to Vetter's and invest in a couple of silk shirts. The bare possibility that there might be a check in his letter made him suddenly tear it across. There *was* a check, for twenty-five dollars, signed with his father's rather shaky signature. The letter was from his mother, and tender with epithets:

MY DEAR ONE:

This will reach you a little after Graduation Day. We so wanted to come on! But your father has been, for the past year, frankly too feeble to think of journeys—all he can manage is to get about the village and look after his sick. Last week he had two funerals, old Mrs. Beldon, and John McGee, that inveterate drunkard, who for ten months has kept straight. Your father was with him at the end; he died blessing him.

We are looking, dear heart, every day for your coming. I have had new wall-paper put in your room. Your father helped me with the border! He is sending you a check for your fare, and a gift. Oh, Neal, to think you are really a physician! That you can heal the sick body as your father has been privileged all his life to heal sick souls! My darling, my heart is full—I can not speak for joy and foolish pride that brims my eyes. I am glad now that I have only one son to keep up my prayers for.

Your father sends his love. He is now getting ready his sermon for Sunday morning, and has selected such a beautiful text—"For mine eyes have seen thy salvation." I know what he means, Neal—he is thinking, as I am, of our boy! If you will let me know your train, I will meet you. Wheatly, the grocer, very kindly loans us his surrey when we have any distance to go.

You can not guess the interest of this place in "the Dominie's son." They have an intense pride in you, and old Dr. Bennett says he'll take you right into his office. Isn't that wonderful? A practise ready made! He says he doesn't care whether you are an "eclectic" or any other "durned new school"; he's willing to bet on you and give you your chance. Oh, Neal, your chance—it is our chance, too. It is the chance of the world—when brave young hearts take up the burden! God seems to me to-day to be so much in His world!

Can you get home by Wednesday? The James girls are planning a picnic for you.

MOTHER.

Burridge curved his fine lips into a smile. The James girls! He wondered what they would have looked like at the Senior Prom! And, gee—his chance with that old fossil, Bennett! It nettled him that his mother seemed so willing to confine him to that foot-ruled village—to the blankness of its prospect; to its unspeakable limitations. He frowned again as he tossed the letter into the top tray and placed the check in his wallet. He felt irritated at the thought that he must disappoint them, and—guilty! Somehow it hurt him to read of that newly papered room; to think they had done it with their own hands. It was like—borrowing the grocer's surrey!

He *had* to disappoint them. He was going into the Argentine with Glendenning. Glendenning did not want to practise, either. There was nothing in it unless you specialized, and it took years. But South America was different. They had cooked up a scheme together that showed brilliant on their penciled map. It was to be a company—"Glendenning Co.,"

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with Burridge as manager—a sort of man Friday, little Withers had put it; and Burridge had wanted to annihilate little Withers!

Of course he hated to disappoint his folks! He hadn't seen them in two years—going back was expensive. They would feel sore about it, and his mother would probably—shed tears. To her he was a pretty big proposition. And he loved *them*. But all the same, he was going into the Argentine.

And he was going to Lake Placid. It wouldn't do to turn the thing down—his whole future might hinge on it, *did* hinge! So he just hoped his mother and father would see it that way. He had already written them his plans, and they probably knew now just how fine a chance luck was flinging him. He would run down in September for a week before he sailed. This squared things with his conscience. He drew a slow breath, and curiously picked up the package. He had no idea, as he cut the string, what his father's gift could be. When he realized what the flat leather case held, he stood a long time staring at it, open in his hand. His father's gold watch and chain!

It was an old watch. He remembered its fascination for him as a child, its magnificence! Now it was just—a watch. The case, worn and a trifle clumsy, had been repolished, probably by the village jeweler, Hendrickson. On the inside the inscription still stood that his father had been so proud of—"For work well done." It had been the gift, early in his father's ministry, of some mining town where he had labored. Now his father had not troubled to erase the line; but below it, in conscientiously etched letters, his own initials had been added, and the date of his graduation! There was also, at the end of the long chain, a fat, revolving locket. Burridge knew that it held a lock of his mother's hair—not gray, as he knew it, but gold color.

HELEN ANNESLEY FITTED PERFECTLY INTO THE SCENERY.

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He suddenly snapped the case shut and whirled on his heels, walking abruptly to the window. It affected him, this watch of his father's, in some profound and intensely irritating way. He had, for instance, a smarting sensation in his eyes. He could see the dear old duffer pegging along with it down to the post-office, his head slightly bent. He could hear him telling the postmaster that he was to take special care——!

Burridge did not go on with the picture. It had cost his father something to give up that watch—that his son would be ashamed to carry! He fancied himself on Glendenning's veranda with a classic shirt-front, and this expanse of chain! But of course he would keep it—at the bottom of his trunk. It had been his father's.

He faced back into the dismantled room and went obstinately on with his packing. Later, just before he joined Glendenning and little Withers for dinner, he sent a brief despatch to a small town in Ohio:

Heartily appreciate your gift. Have written detailed plans. See you in September if feasible. Love. NEAL.

ON THE trellised veranda, at the round end, where tea was always served, Miss Helen Annesley sat with her tennis-racket across her knees. Burridge sat opposite. He was in a suit of Glendenning's flannels, and he fitted, as Miss Annesley did, perfectly into the scenery. He had just won two straight sets of "doubles" with Miss Annesley as his partner, and he felt rather exalted and adequate.

"You are the most elusive person," said Miss Annesley; "one seems to know you through and through, and then one hopes—one doesn't."

"You object, then, to a—closer acquaintance?" He said it with light badinage, as he rolled another cigarette, but all the same he was beginning to care, desperately, what this girl thought of him.

"Yes, if it's all like—the surface—" she was flushing charmingly; "but, honestly, I think there are—depths."

"Ah, sort of unexplored territory—darkest Africa, etc.?"

"No. I believe they would be—illuminated places, once you really turned on the light."

"Well, *turn* on the light!"

She said something with a sudden straight gaze from her blue eyes. "What is the definite aim in going into the Argentine? I mean—*your* definite aim?"

He could answer that straight off the bat. "To make money!"

"It is a very—universal business," she conceded. "A lot of people I know are doing it, and they all look perfectly sleek and well-fed, though some of them are growing bald!"

He looked at her. Her cheeks were still delicately flushed. He thought he had never seen eyes so earnest. She *was* turning on the light!

"You are trying to tell me," he said slowly, "that I ought to be thinking of something—bigger!"

She drew a sudden breath. "Yes!" For a moment her eyes flashed to his with an appeal in them that made his heart beat quickly.

"What would you have me do?" he asked with a sudden hushed bitterness. "Practise medicine in a little one-horse town? Oh, I have, I assure you, a chance at that! But the office of a country doctor and a reputation for covering ground in a buggy, does not strike me as appealing. It's why I'm going to beat it with Glendenning!"

She refused to argue the point. "Somebody told me yesterday," she

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"I DO CARE. I THINK YOU COULD BE VERY FINE IF—YOU WANTED TO BE!"

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said, "that your father was a clergyman, a very noted one, somewhere in Ohio. You see, I'm really pumping you. Is it true?"

He stirred. He had kept the facts about his meager life so carefully hidden. "Yes—it's true," he said, with a certain high color that was compounded of both shame and pride; "but you haven't got it quite straight. He is not noted. He—is just a country theologue in the little one-horse town I spoke of."

She was not looking at him now. Her expression had taken on a certain sweetness. "Tell me about him," she said.

He gave a hard little laugh. "There is nothing to tell. He is a good man, and—poor. Children hang to his coat when he walks down Main Street. The church is threadbare. He began his work in a mining town, and he is ending it in a village. The years between are full of sermons and death-beds and weddings."

She said something, still with that sweet earnestness: "That is a real ministry, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," he said briefly. "It's a rotten way of making a living!" All the pinched years crowded past him, jostled his voice into harsh feeling. "My father has been just good material wasted!"

"I don't agree with you," she said simply. "I think that epitaph will be truer of his son!"

She was standing now, her brown head slightly ruffled in the breeze that stirred the vines. She looked, for all her simple tennis toggery, just what she was, a girl used to luxuries that he could only guess at; and yet, somehow, she had come down to his father's world, approved it!

She turned, swinging her racket with a slight smile, to go indoors, but with a sudden word he stopped her. "Just why—did you say that?" He spoke with some difficulty. He was on his feet now, towering above her.

She smiled still. "It was rude, wasn't it?"

"It was brutal," he said savagely. "And yet—I love you for it, because you seem to—care!"

She grew faintly tremulous. "I do care. I don't want to see you fail. I think you could be very fine if—you wanted to be!"

HE STUDIED her with moody, dark eyes. She had backed up against the railing, and she stood framed in a lace-work of vines. He wanted all at once to crush her to him, to kiss her little red mouth that was framing its preposterous judgment! Here he was—learning what love was, and he in borrowed flannels, with scarcely a second shirt to his back! A blind bitterness possessed him. He said something, a little thickly:

"Listen—I intend you to care—*more!* I am going out on the trail Glendenning breaks. It is my chance of a thousand things—luxuries, like you! When my wallet is full, I am coming back to claim them!" He had thrown his head back; in Glendenning's suit, he looked very handsome, very set on following his own way, and intolerant of other people's ways; but all she said was:

"To break one's own trail—is the thing."

He denied it passionately. "Not for me. It would take years! Well, I'm not willing to give years."

"It would take *faith*," she insisted, "and the years would not matter."

He laughed then. "Faith! I've had enough of that. It has kept my father rough-shod to meet life's hurts, and my mother—a slave! Oh, I had it once, too. It began when I was a child, building castles with my

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father's second-hand books—in one of them was a picture of General Washington, on a white horse! Then it skipped to Nelson, at Trafalgar—he was my captain; and then to—Napoleon. There have been others since, all captains, in a way, of my soul. I was always fighting their kind of battles, earning their sort of victories—and I am still where I am. With nothing gained. Now they've died out—a man, after all, must fight with modern weapons, and that's what I'm going to do. I don't mind being captained still, but it must be by a man who can give me a *chance!* Well, Glendenning is my chance."

He was staring back at her proudly, his eyes full of feverish light, but she could not see his visions. Her own eyes, wistful and with fluttering lashes, were downcast. All at once he realized that his big moment with her was over. They were again just two people staying in somebody's country house, who had canoed and played tennis together.

He dug his hands deep into his pockets. He had an obstinate streak, and he persisted. "I want you," he said doggedly, "to wish me luck!"

SHE was turning slowly, her racket dragging a little. "Why, of course," she smiled, "only, really, in your case, I think luck and faith—would be the same thing." With that she vanished.

Irritably he threw the butt of his cigarette among the bushes, and went into the house. His room, at the top of it, overlooked the lake, and he went and sat on the sill of the open window, gazing across its dappled surface. He felt dominant, savage, in his determination to succeed. He had said just what he meant—when his wallet was full, he would come back. Behind the South American expedition *she* stood, holding, in a way, his biggest chance of all in her hands. He would come back and win her!

There was a slight fumbling at his door, and without really knocking Glendenning came in, already dressed for dinner. "Well, old toff, how much more of this can you stand?"

Burridge laughed shortly. "It's been great. I could easily put up with it for the rest of my life."

Glendenning strode up and down the room. He looked slightly bored. "Well, I want to light out. I nearly proposed to that Blake girl last night, and—cooked my goose! You know how they get hold of you when there's moonlight. Holy cats! I just tripped myself up in time. The next thing would have been nix for the Argentine, and me interviewing her dad. The worst of it is, my mother would like it—to have me settle down. So I've sent in for a list of sailings. I thought we might get off early next week. I tell you, I'm afraid of that Blake girl!"

Burridge was frowning. "There are—my folks," he said haltingly.

Glendenning yawned. "Oh, they'll understand. Probably what they want for you most of all on earth is a chance to make some money and have a good time doing it! By the way—" he fished a yellow envelope out of his vest pocket—"this thing came for you half an hour ago. I told Judson I'd bring it up. I clean forgot it." He handed it across and strode once more to the window, to fix his attention on the tennis-court below.

Burridge, with rather a vacant expression, slit the thing across. There were two lines in blurred typing. Suddenly the slip of paper was crushed in his hand—his face, dead-white, was turned toward Glendenning—"I say, old man——"

Glendenning, at the hoarse voice, whirled.

"My father is—dying." The rest of the sentence came in a strained

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whisper: "I—can't seem to see straight! Help me, will you, to—look up trains!"

SHE had said there were depths! He seemed, as the train sped onward, to have reached one of them—the depth of self-abasement. He found it was difficult to keep his head up, to look even into the face of the conductor as he passed through. All his borrowed glory had fallen away; his life at the college; his weeks of magnificent loafing at Lake Placid—they had crumbled like things in a dream! He stood on bare ground, stripped, seeing himself for what he was, a beastly cad!

He had to fight, as he neared the journey's end, to keep a grip on himself. He felt, at times, an odd choking in his throat, as if he were a very little boy again, and going to cry! He realized now that, as far as his father was concerned, he *was* a boy, and that in some new, indefinite way he was saying his prayers again, he, who had grown too big and too superior to deal with God in that way, begging for time—for his father to delay his passing, that he might say he was sorry!

He was counting the hours by his father's watch, and yet he knew, all the time, he would get there too late! He had been a day on the way—too long a time to keep his father waiting for the heaven he had earned!

He *was* too late. He knew it as he left the train and crossed the wooden platform to climb into the grocer's surrey. There was a strange boy in it: the grocer's boy, who, without a word, took up the reins and clicked to the horse to go on. But it was the station-agent, blowing his nose into a huge red handkerchief, who put into words his father's first epitaph:

"The Dominie was a corking good man, Mr. Burridge, sir—and what you might call a Christian!"

It was in the past tense. His father had gone on!

As he sat, later, in the small, cluttered library, among his father's old books, he realized it anew. The student-lamp on the desk was lighted, but the chair beside it was empty. He could see, on the worn leather, the hollow where his father's head had rested; could picture him napping, with folded, slightly wrinkled hands.

He breathed sharply, and suddenly looked across at his mother. She seemed, in the delicate lamplight, as one set apart from his own trouble, draped in some saintly, samite garment of grief he could only catch at the hem of, but was not privileged to wear. For him, grief was—*remorse*, like a black cloud shot through with lightning flashes that struck at his soul and staggered it. He could see himself, in his lordly way, writing on to them for money, taking countless favors from them as his meed, and then, when he might have come home, to say, "Here I am, use me—" he had stayed to turn life into a playground, to swagger about at tennis in borrowed flannels, to live in the lap of luxury he had not earned, while his father, at the old post, had gone on fighting, to fall at last—alone!

A knock sounded at the outer door, but when he would have risen his mother stayed him. "No, dear, to you they would be strangers." It was another of his reproaches that he did not know them, these common people who had heard his father gladly; that they had lived with his father an intimate life which shut him out.

When his mother came back, her hands were full of early asters, purple and pink. "Old Mrs. Towne brought them," she said, "all the way from Sadler's Hill. She had to walk four miles!" She spoke with a certain pride, as if she had said, "See—the gifts they bring to my dearest!"

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It was that way through the two days that followed—a certain exaltation was manifest. Rough men, shambling in from the fields with awkward sympathy, got it somehow into their short speeches; sun-bonneted women voiced it to him from full hearts; children brought withered nosegays—it was all of it a sorrow shot through with pride, not so much grief that this man had gone, as a great thankfulness that he had ever lived! It was their magnificent tribute—the real immortality. It was, he acknowledged, with bent head, men like his father who justified God's gift of a life eternal. He had been versed and taught in the intricacies of the body—now he was learning things about the soul.

AFTERWARD his mother told him more. She seemed to like to go back along the track of the years, to her bridehood, and as she talked he could see her as his father had once, with the gold-colored hair. He was, even in his grief, learning things about love, too!

"I used to be afraid, at first, of the miners," she said, "but your father had a passion of love for all the world! They were coal-mines, and he used to preach in the yards. Afterward they collected money for a church, but he used to go down to the yards just the same, and talk to them over their dinner-pails, or when they were not on shift.

"They came to him with everything, all kinds of troubles. It was life in the rough, and there were brawls sometimes. Once your father saved a man's life, and nearly lost his own. Do you remember the little scar just under his temple? They worshiped him after that, but he kept giving himself in ways that used to drain my courage! Nothing ever hurt his faith. It was as if he were following some leader into the thickest of the fight. It was God, Neal! They named the town after him, Burridgeville, and —gave him that watch.

"And he had the gift of tongues. There was a senator there, that night, on the platform, and afterward your father had a call to Washington." She smiled proudly. "We used to call it 'The President's Message.' "

"THE DOMINIE WAS A CORKING GOOD MAN, SIR."

He stirred. "To Washington?"

"Yes. They wanted him to become Chaplain of the

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Senate, but he wouldn't; he said that the West was a bigger pulpit! Afterward he went to other places, and built them up the same way—got them churches and schools, and—good drainage. And then his health broke down, while you were still a little boy, and we came here."

He said something, chokingly. "He was—too big a man for this place!"

She corrected him. "You've got the wrong idea, Neal. He was *big enough!* Big enough not to find it a rut. To get down into the heart of it, below the hard top-soil, and make things—blossom. I don't know whether you realize it, but your father has sent, out of this village, twenty-eight young men to college, not including you. Most of them worked their way through, but one or two had your scholarship. It seemed wonderful that he should use it for his own son! And he gave them ambitions. He led them out of the slough—made them walk the hills. He was big *enough*. If a man can be that—" she flushed beautifully—"he measures—half-way up to God!"

She came back to things of the present. "I want to talk to you, dear, about the life-insurance. Most of it is made out in your name."

He protested, with a blinding sense of his unworthiness to accept anything more from their dear bounty.

She hushed him quietly. "No, Neal, we wanted it that way, and there is enough for me. He wanted you to have your chance. His idea was that it would tide over the years until you had an established practise. He was so proud of your choice! You were such a little fellow when you made it—" She broke off, as at a tender memory, and then her face grew troubled, uncertain. "He always thought that you were clever—that you would make something fine"—she faltered slightly—"and it hurt him when you decided to go down into the Argentine, mining. He couldn't understand."

He said something in a very low voice: "I am not going—to the Argentine."

"You mean—" Her lips were trembling.

"I do not know what I shall do, yet, mother—but I am not going down there!"

Her joy at keeping him was wordless. She just looked at him, and wiped the tears from shining eyes.

"I have wanted to ask you something," he said unsteadily. "Did my father leave—any message?" He spoke with a sort of desperate hope.

His mother sat very still. She seemed to be going over again that last good-by, without her son. Then suddenly she looked at him. "Yes, Neal," she said.

He waited while she found courage to voice it. "It was quite at the last. He said—" her voice broke a little—" 'Tell Neal to fight the good fight—' He tried, I thought, to go on with it, to say something about keeping the faith, but we could not be sure—" She was crying now, softly.

He drew a sharp breath, and got on his feet. "Thanks," he said. And then: "Mother—I must get out of this—into the air!" He swung past her to the door, closing it upon the picture of her sitting there with folded, slightly tremulous hands.

He had it out with himself on the hill, which he had climbed often as a child, trudging along in his father's footsteps. He took off his hat and stood, leaning against an old snake-fence, with bared head. He would have liked to bow it, to sob out his contrition, but something held him upright. It was as if the message which had seemed to choke and agonize that little room came to him here in the open with beautiful, full

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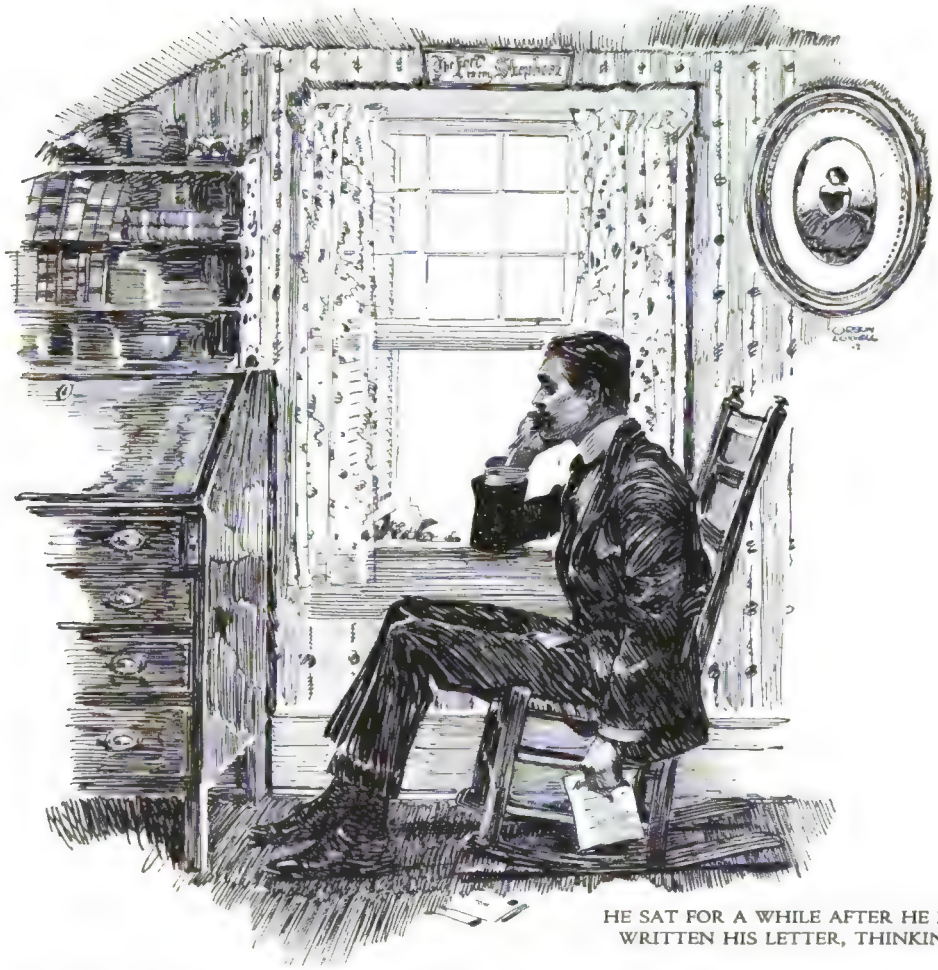

HE SAT FOR A WHILE AFTER HE HAD WRITTEN HIS LETTER, THINKING.

vibration—"Fight the good fight—" like a word of fine command from some one who had learned that to fight well means—victory!

He saw it now—that the soul must have its Leader, until it learns to lead. Washington, Nelson, Napoleon—they had worn the royal purple; had stridden forth like kings in full panoply of war; but the vision militant he had thrilled to as a boy paled now in the light that swept to him across these humble, homely fields, straight from the hills of God! Ahead of him, as long as he lived, would be that vision of his father, a common man, who had fought the battles of the world single-handed, his feet shod with the gospel of peace, and with God's truth for his shield and buckler!

"Tell Neal to fight the good fight—" What need was there to go on with it? He had it all. Keeping the faith was just a part! He bowed his head now, not ashamed any more, even of the tears that wet his hand as he gripped the old snake-fence. It was his oath of allegiance—henceforth he too would fight, keep faith, as his father had done, with the ideals of the ages!

He turned, still with bared head, to go back to his mother. He knew he

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was going back to things that would take every inch of his courage—his full fighting-strength. But somehow it was as if his feet kept time to the exhilarating beat of drums; and as he passed by the little farms, the waving fields of grain that bordered the hill, a line came to him which fitted in with military music—"*Captain, my Captain*——"

He was not bowed any longer—he faced life full. Back of the picture of his dead father he had caught a glimpse of the vision that had swayed his father's life; carried him on to work well done, to victory—the vision of the living God! It was so he went back to his mother.

She met him at the door, her face serene, calmly beautiful. "There are two letters, dearest—and see, this box—I think they are flowers."

Together they tore off the outer wrapping and took from the wet paper underneath a wealth of hot-house violets. On the top lay a plain card with a line written in a girlish hand:

"*These are for your mother.—Helen Annesley.*"

The letters were for him, but one of them he did not glance at. His heart was beating as he took them up-stairs. In the little, low-ceiled room where he had spent all of his boyhood, he opened hers. It was like her—straight to the point, and full of sweet earnestness:

I can not tell you how sorry I am. I think of him as you described him to me, with little children tugging at his coat—helping people to be good—taking care of them at their weddings and funerals. I think it was a beautiful life! It has made me want to be good, too.

Something tells me now that you will give up the Argentine. Whatever you decide, won't you let me know your plans? And oh, I do wish you luck, and faith, and all the things that are most worth having. HELEN ANNESLEY.

He sat there, at the desk his parents had given him on some birthday, and wrote her his answer. And he began it as she had opened hers, without a real beginning. He might have called her the Darling of his Heart, as he had acknowledged his father to be the Captain of his Soul; but he would not. Yes, he was learning things about love, as he had learned things about life.

Thank you for your dear letter, and my mother's violets. No word can add to the richness of my father's life, else I would say it. It is my inheritance. Having it I can never feel poor. If I become anything worth while it will be because of it—and *you*.

I am going to try to be worth while!

You speak of faith. You have given it back to me, you and my father. I see now that goodness is alike the world over. He was good—and there are things in your sweet soul like his.

Helen—it is perhaps a poor time to speak of loving, yet love is the thing most worth having, so—once for all you have wished it into my life. Sometime, when I have earned the right to speak to you of it again, may I come to you?

This is my only plan. Except that I intend to practise my profession, here or somewhere else—I do not yet know. But I am willing to work, wherever it may be, and I shall work the better because of your dear belief. NEAL BURRIDGE.

He sat for a while, after he had sealed his letter, thinking. There was no doubt in his own mind that he loved her truly. He loved her as his father had loved his mother, whether her hair was gold or gray. It would be like that always, strengthening, deepening, with the years! And he felt not at all doubtful of the outcome when he should go to her. Love would answer to love, as deep calls to deep. It was simply up to him to prove himself worthy.

The other envelope, postmarked "Washington, D. C.," lay still on his desk. He took it up with a faint smile, a fleeting memory of what his

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mother had called "The President's Message." It was from one of his father's old friends:

I learned a few days ago of your father's passing. He was a great man, and though we met seldom, my esteemed friend. Your mother will remember me as an old-time senator who helped to christen a town with your father's name.

I regret that it was not possible for me to come on for the services—or to offer the tribute of a word to his splendid life. I can, however, perhaps serve him still. A colleague of mine, Dr. Adrian S. Annesley, tells me that you were graduated from a medical college last June after twice winning a scholarship. It is possible for me to offer you an opening here in the Military Hospital, if you care to consider it.

The salary, of course, is small, but it is a fine chance for a good many things not possible elsewhere. I am sending you, under separate cover, a printed formula, which, when filled in, should be returned to the Chief of Staff, Surgeon-General Hodges. The decision must be made within six days.

With expressions of deep sympathy to you and your good mother,

Yours very truly,

R. H. ROGERS.

His eyes, as he leaped down the stairs, two at a time, to his mother, were wet, and bright with high hopes. "Mother!"

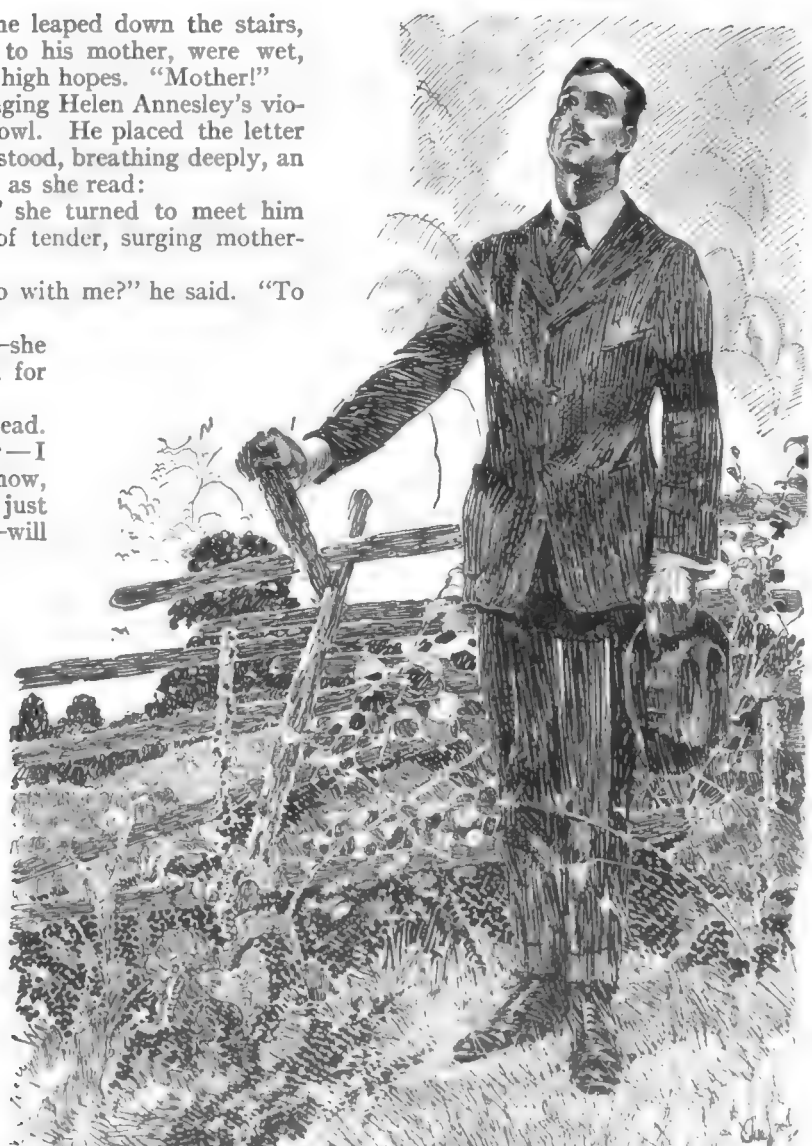
She was arranging Helen Annesley's violets in a glass bowl. He placed the letter before her, and stood, breathing deeply, an arm around her as she read:

"Oh, Neal—" she turned to meet him with a passion of tender, surging motherhood.

"You will—go with me?" he said. "To Washington?"

She nodded—she could not speak for pride.

He lifted his head. "Little mother—I feel as if, somehow, it will not be just you and I! He—will be there, too!"



HENCEFORTH HE TOO WOULD KEEP FAITH, AS HIS FATHER HAD DONE.

"CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!"

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The Sun Dial

Notions.

Hell is full of fiddlers,
Dogs are full of fleas,
And I'm as full of notions
As the grip is full of sneeze—
Here's a column of them;
You can read 'em, if you please:
Maybe some are caviar,
Maybe some are cheese.

Lines on the Style of Column Writing.

Webster has the words, and I
Pick them up from where they lie,
Twist and turn them one by one
And give them places in The Sun:

Here a word, and there a word—
It's so easy 'tis absurd!
I merely range them in a row,
Webster's done the work, you know!

Word follows word, till, inch by inch,
I have a column! What a cinch!
I take the words that Webster penned
And merely lay them end to end!

French Without a Struggle.

Myrt *will* accept swell gifts from *gents*. . .
Well, honi soit qui mal y pense!

What social lessons H. G. Wells can teach
When he shows things that are, and does not preach!

Chesterton's value is that he succeeds in making orthodoxy and conservatism seem as shocking and sensational and attractive as radicalism to young men.

If a few strong, dictatorial men succeed in pulling France and England through this war it will be quite a triumph for . . . Democracy?

The old, reliable Barrie-man,
With his old, reliable, kindly art,
Shows us as decent a world as he can,
With his old, reliable, tender heart.

The man who wants to slam the entire human race in a paragraph can usually get his data by looking at his own insides.

French as It Has Always Looked to Us.

He followed her into the house,
Politely saying, "Apres vous!"

Judging by the number and variety of pills and religions in the world, man's chief preoccupations have been the state of his digestion and the condition of his soul.

And just look at both of them!

Our real hope for an adequate army and navy lies in Mr. Bryan's continuing opposition.

Lots of people who spend their time mourning over the brevity of life could make it seem longer if they worked more.

This is an era in which the young man leaves the country and works like the deuce in the city for thirty years so that he can afford to go and live in the country.

Mothers are merciful creatures: they let children continue to believe in fathers as long as possible.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK. MOST OF IT PRACTICALLY PRONOUNCES ITSELF.

I met Susanna at the door.
And as we passed she said, "Bon jour!"

Baseball civilized the Igorrotes, says Mr. Taft.
Let us, therefore, not despair . . . in time it may civilize the bleachers.

Dorcas may disapprove of Jezebel—and still be curious as to how the horrid person does her hair.

• • •

I embraced several careers before I took up bigamy. That's the way I happened to take it up. I got the embracing habit.

• • •

No statesman is a hero to his press agent.

DON MARQUIS

DON MARQUIS (real name) was born on July 29, 1878, at Walnut, Bureau County, Illinois, a city which assists the C. B. & Q. R. R. in keeping two cornfields separated. At the age of eighteen our hero began turning out hand-made poetry for the *Walnut Mail and Express*. He also set it in type, which more than doubled his usefulness to his paper. This was before the boom in sonnets, and during the next four years he toyed intermittently with school-teaching, picking chickens (says so himself), selling sewing-machines, clerking in a drug-store, baling hay, selling clothing, cultivating corn, and drawing up poems in favor of William Jennings Bryan. His poems became so obnoxious to the Republicans that one of them who happened to be in Congress got Marquis a job in the Census Office at Washington. Marquis later suspected that this was a plot of Mark Hanna to stifle him politically. While working in the Census Office he reported politics for the Washington *Times*. Several years later he was assisting Joel Chandler Harris in editing a magazine in Atlanta, and seven years ago he came to New York. He joined the staff of the *Evening Sun*, and established his "colyum," "The Sun Dial," three years ago. In addition to his satirical writings, Mr. Marquis contributes to this column a good deal of serious, flowing verse. He has published three books, "Danny's Own Story," "Dreams and Dust," and the "Cruise of the Jasper B." The hero of our sketch has a portly body, but his soul is a light poetic gray in color, elegant and slender.

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# of The Evening Sun

THIS IS AN EQUESTRIAN PICTURE OF DON MARQUIS GALLOPING THROUGH HIS COLYUM.

Photo by Paul Thompson.

• • •

Lots of the men around the court didn't believe the story Joseph told on Potiphar's wife. But the women did.

• • •

Always begin with a woman by telling her that you don't understand women.

You'll be able to prove it easier than anything you'll ever tell her afterward.

French Without a Struggle.

You sit there drinking in that joint
Without a thought of embonpoint!

DON MARQUIS.

Thoughts of kangaroos remind us,
If we likewise were builded so,
What a trail we'd leave behind us
Hopping homeward through the snow.

The Thoughts of Hermione.

The loveliest man gave us a talk the other evening—our little group of serious thinkers, you know—on the Art of the Future.

And what do you think it is to be? You'd never guess! Never!

The entertainment of the future will be a Perfume Concert!

• • •

...t, if you get what I mean, ...o some color, and every ...nds to some sound, and ...responds to some emo-

...esthetic person—the ...zed, if you get what ...r a tone on the vio- ...color, and think pas- ... One he Loves, all at ... just through smelling

...rse, it must be the ...se.

...Papa is so coarse ...in his attempts ...s it would be a ...an who talked ...bbage foundry ... of the noise. ...; he doesn't ...thete really ...he vibrations ...nment with ...rround hi

ONCE YOU GET THE HANG OF IT, FRENCH IS EASY.

Such harm is done by vile saltpetre
I doubt it has a raison d'etre.

Oh, to be Sensitized! To be Sensitized! To vibrate like a reed in the wind! To thrill like a petal in the sun!

The world would take its ethics as seriously as its amusements . . . if they were as amusing.

The Billy Sundays on the one hand, and the Bernard Shaws on the other succeed in making them as amusing for a while . . . and then the uncloven foot of the reformer shows and we go to the movies.

I see not why man's soul or body need
Be otherwise than good,
Since every week brings in a bran new creed,
And a new bran breakfast food.

An old stomach reforms more whiskey drinkers than a new resolve, and the sexton stops more than either.

A man who is so dull that he can learn only by personal experience is too dull to learn anything vital by experience.

If the Recording Angel had to use the average fountain pen there would be more than one blot on his own record for being angelical.

It always strikes us when we write a string of paragraphs that if we were really so darned wise as we pretend to be when we write paragraphs, we'd be doing something else with all that wisdom.

Any one

Our Own Wall Mottoes.

"THE DIGNITY OF LABOR"
IS A PHRASE
I LIKE TO SEE
IMPOSING
ON MY NEIGHBOR—
BUT IT SHAN'T
IMPOSE
ON ME!
I WOULD RATHER DILLY-DALLY,
LUSK
AND LOAF AND IDLE,
I WOULD RATHER FAR
GET PALLY
WITH A PRETZEL,
AND A SMIDLE.

...L

The artist's knowledge of things which he has never experienced is a sort of racial memory.

Some ants said: "Let us build a house!"

And they got busy with little details and grains of sand,—

First a little detail
Then a grain of sand,
Another little detail,
Another grain of sand,
Another little little detail,
Another grain of sand,

And when they finally got it finished it was an Arnold Bennett novel.

Statesmen keep right on doing things for Woodrow Wilson to write about.

...ures in Anci...

Even though Solomon was King in Jerusalem, he found it easier to write paragraphs calling attention to the iniquity lurking there than to clean up the town.

...ople nowa...

T. R. always "comes back" because of his enormous commonplaceness. He believes what the majorities believe, but believes it with such intense energy that he fools the crowd and himself into thinking it his own original discovery.

G. Bernard Shaw, with his philosophical chaffing,
First makes us laugh, then damns our eyes for laughing.

And when he's got us sober, cowed and blinking
He finds us droll and laughs at us for thinking.

If an Irishman writes anything good these days they make a neo-Celt out of him before he can dodge it.

If all the paragraphs we've penned were laid together, end to end, they'd reach from Newark to South Bend, but all the folks that ever took the good advice we pulled and shook won't fill one cottage in Bound Brook.

DON MARQUIS.

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I CAME TO A VILLAGE GREEN, WHERE KNOTS OF MEN AND WOMEN WERE GATHERED, CHATTERING.

A STRANGE THING

by

John Galsworthy
Author of "The Freelands," "The Patrician," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HOWARD McCORMICK

NOT very long ago, during a sojourn in a part of the West Country never yet visited by me, I went out one fine but rather cold March morning for a long ramble. I was in one of those disillusioned moods that come to writers: bankrupt of ideas, bankrupt of confidence, a prey to that recurrent despair the struggle with which makes the profession of the pen—as a friend once said to me—"a manly one." "Yes"—I was thinking, for all that the air was so brisk, and the sun so bright—"nothing comes to me nowadays—no flashes of light, none of those suddenly shaped visions that bring cheer and warmth to a poor devil's heart, and set his brain and pen driving on. A bad, bad business!"

And my eyes, wandering over the dip and rise, the woods, the moor, the rocks of that fine countryside, took in the loveliness thereof with the profound discontent of one who, seeing beauty, feels that he can not render it. The high lane-banks had just been pollarded; one could see right down over the fields and gorse and bare woods tinged with that rosy brown of beech and birch twigs, and the dusty saffron of the larches. And suddenly my glance was arrested by something vivid, a sort of black and white excitement in the air. "Aha!" I thought—"a magpie. Two! Good! Is it

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an omen?" The birds had risen at the bottom of a field; their twining, fluttering voyage—most decorative of all bird flights—was soon lost in the wood beyond; but something it had left behind—in my heart; I felt more hopeful, less inclined to think about the failure of my spirit, better able to give myself up to this new country I was passing through.

Over the next rise in the very winding lane I heard the sound of brisk church bells, and not three hundred yards beyond came to a village green, where knots of men dressed in dark clothes, light ties, and bowler hats of village festivity, and of women smartened up beyond belief, were gathered, chattering, round the yard of an old, gray, square-towered church.

"WHAT'S going on?" I thought. "It's not Sunday; not the birthday of a potentate; and surely they don't keep saints' days in this manner. It must be a wedding. Yes—there's a favor! Let's go in and see!" And, passing the expectant groups, I entered the church and made my way up the aisle. There was already a fair sprinkling of folk all turned round toward the door, and the usual licensed buzz and whisper of a wedding congregation. The church, as seems usual in remote parishes, had been built all those centuries ago to hold a population in accordance with the expectations of its tenet, "Be fruitful and multiply." But the whole population could have been seated in a quarter of its space. It was lofty and unwarmed save by excitement and the smell of bear's grease. There was certainly more animation than I had ever seen or smelled in a truly rural district.

The bells, which had been ringing with a sort of languid joviality, fell now into the hurried crashing which marks the approach of a bride, and the people I had passed outside came thronging in. I perceived a young man —little more than a boy, who by his semi-detachment, the fumbling of his gloved hands, and the sheepishness of the smile on his good-looking, open face, was obviously the bridegroom. I liked the looks of him—a cut above the usual village bumpkin—something free and kind about his face.

But no one was paying him the least attention. It was for the bride they were waiting; and I myself began to be excited. What would this young thing be like? Just as the ordinary village maiden with tight cheeks and dress, coarse veil, high color, and eyes like a rabbit's; or something—something like that little Welsh girl on the hills whom I once passed and whose peer I have never since seen? Bending forward, I accosted an apple-faced woman in the next pew. "Can you tell me who the bride is?"

Regarding me with the gray, round, defensive glance that one bestows on strangers, she replied: "Aw, don't 'ee know? 'Tes Gwenny Mara—prettiest, brightest maid in these parts." And, jerking her thumb toward the neglected bridegroom, she added: "He's a lucky young chap. She'm a sunny maid, for sure, and a gude maid tu."

Somehow the description did not reassure me, and I prepared for the worst.

A bubble, a stir, a rustle!

Like every one else I turned frankly round. She was coming up the aisle on the arm of a hard-faced, rather gipsy-looking man dressed in a farmer's very best.

I can only tell you that to see her coming down the center of that gray church, among all those dark-clothed people, was like watching the dance of a sunbeam. Never had I seen a face so happy, sweet, and radiant. Smiling, eager, just lost enough to her surroundings, her hair unconquerably

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golden through the coarse veil; her dancing eyes clear and dark as a peat pool—she was the prettiest sight. One could only think of a young apple-tree with the spring sun on its blossom. She had that kind of infectious brightness that comes from very simple goodness. It was quite a relief to have taken a fancy to the young man's face, and to feel that she was passing into good hands.

The only flowers in the church were early daffodils, but those first children of the sun were somehow extraordinarily appropriate to the wedding of this girl. When she came out she was pelted with them and with that miserable confetti without which not even the simplest souls can pass to bliss, it seems. There are things in life that make one feel good—most music, all flowers, many children, some animals, clouds, mountains, bird songs, blue sky, dancing, and here and there a young girl's face. And I had the feeling that all of us there felt good for the mere seeing of her.

When she had driven away, I found myself beside a lame old man with whiskers and delightful eyes, who continued to smile after the carriage had quite vanished. Noticing, perhaps, that I too was smiling, he said: "'Tes a funny thing, tu, when a maid like that gets married—makes you go all of a tremble—so it du." And to my nod he added: "Brave bit o' sunshine—we'll miss her hereabout; not a doubt of it. We an't got another one like that."

"WAS that her father?" I asked, for the want of something to say. With a sharpish look at my face, he shook his head. "No, she an't got no parents, Mr. Mara bein' her uncle, as you may say. No, she an't got no parents," he repeated, and there was something ill at ease, yet juicy, about his voice, as though he knew things that he would not tell.

Since there was nothing more to wait for, I went up to the little inn, and ordered bread and cheese. The male congregation was wetting its whistle noisily within, but, as a stranger, I had the veranda to myself, and finishing my simple lunch in the March sunlight, I paid and started on. Taking at random one of the three lanes that debouched from the bottom of the green, I meandered on between high banks, happy in the consciousness of not knowing at all where it would lead me—that essential of a country ramble.

Except one cottage in a bottom and one farm on a rise, I passed nothing, nobody. The spring was late in these parts; the buds had hardly formed as yet on any trees, and now and then between the bursts of sunlight a few fine specks of snow would come drifting past me on the wind. Close to a group of pines at a high corner, the lane dipped sharply down to a long farmhouse standing back in its yard, where three carts were drawn up, and an empty wagonette with its shafts in the air. And suddenly, by some broken daffodils on the seats and confetti on the ground, I perceived that I had stumbled on the bride's home, where the wedding-feast was, no doubt, in progress.

Gratifying, but by no means satisfying, my curiosity by gazing at the lichened stone and thatch of the old house, at the pigeons, pigs, and hens at large between it and the barns, I passed on down the lane, which turned up steeply to the right beside a little stream. To my left was a long larch-wood, to my right rough fields with many trees. The lane finished at a gate below the steep moor-side crowned by a rocky tor. I stood there leaning on the top bar, debating whether I should ascend or no. The

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TO SEE HER COMING DOWN THE CENTER OF THAT GRAY CHURCH, AMONG ALL THOSE DARK-CLOTHED PEOPLE, WAS LIKE WATCHING THE DANCE OF A SUNBEAM.

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bracken had most of it been cut in the autumn, and not a hundred yards away the furze was being swaled; the little blood-red flames and the blue smoke, the yellow blossoms of the gorse, the sunlight, and some flecks of drifting snow were mingled in an amazing tangle of color.

I had made up my mind to ascend the tor, and was pushing through the gate, when suddenly I saw a woman sitting on a stone under the wall bordering the larch-wood. She was holding her head in her hands, rocking her body to and fro; and her eyes were evidently shut, for she had not noticed me. She wore a blue serge dress; her hat reposed beside her and her dark hair was straggling about her face. That face, all blowsy and flushed, was at once wild and stupefied. A face that has been beautiful, coarsened and swollen by life and strong emotion, is a pitiful enough sight. Her dress, hat, and the way her hair had been done were redolent of the town, and of that unnameable something which clings to women whose business it is to attract men. And yet there was a gipsyish look about her, as though she had not always been of the town.

THE sight of a woman's unrestrained distress in the very heart of untouched nature is so rare that one must be peculiar to remain unmoved. And there I stood, not knowing what on earth to do. She went on rocking herself to and fro, her stays creaking, and a faint moaning sound coming from her lips; and suddenly she drooped over her lap, her hands fallen to her sides, as though she had gone into a kind of coma. How go on and leave her thus? Yet how intrude on what did not seem to me mere physical suffering?

In that quandary I stood and watched. This corner was quite sheltered from the wind, the sun almost hot, and the breath of the swaling reached one in the momentary calms. For three full minutes she had not moved a finger; till, beginning to think she had really fainted, I went up to her. From her drooped body came a scent of heat and of stale violet powder, and I could see, though the east wind had outraddled them, traces of rouge on her cheeks and lips; their surface had a sort of swollen defiance, but underneath, as it were, a wasted look. Her breathing sounded faint and broken.

Mustering courage, I touched her on the arm. She raised her head and looked up. Her eyes were the best things she had left; they must have once been very beautiful. Bloodshot now from the wind, their wild, stupefied look passed after a moment into the peculiar half-bold, half-furtive stare of women of a certain sort. She did not speak, and in my embarrassment I drew out the flask of port I always take with me on my rambles, and stammered:

"I beg your pardon—are you feeling faint? Would you care—?" And, unscrewing the top, I held out the flask. She stared at it a moment blankly, then taking it, said:

"That's kind of you. I feel to want it, tu." And putting it to her lips she drank, tilting back her head. Perhaps it was the telltale softness of her u's, perhaps the naturally strong lines of her figure thus bent back, but somehow the plumage of the town bird seemed to drop off her suddenly.

She handed back the flask, as empty as it had ever been, and said, with a hard smile: "I dare say you thought I was funny sittin' 'ere like that."

"I thought you were ill."

She laughed without the faintest mirth, and muttered: "I did go on, didn't I?" Then, almost fiercely, added: "I got some reason, too. Seein'

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the old place again after all these years." Her dark eyes, which the wine seemed to have cleared and boldened, swept me up and down, taking me in, making sure perhaps whether or no she had ever seen me, and what sort of a brute I might be. Then she said: "I was born here. Are you from these parts?" I shook my head— "No, from the other side of the county."

She laughed, then, after a moment's silence, said abruptly: "I been to a weddin'—first I've seen since I was a girl."

Some instinct kept me silent.

"My own daughter's weddin', tu; but nobody didn' know me—not likely."

I had dropped down under the shelter of the wall on to a stone opposite, and at those words looked at her with interest indeed. She—this coarsened, wasted, suspiciously scented woman of the town—the mother of that sweet, sunny child I had just seen married! And again instinctively silent about my own presence at the wedding, I murmured: "I thought I saw some confetti in that farmyard as I came up the lane."

She laughed again. "Confetti—that's the little pink and white and blue things—plenty o' that," and she added fiercely: "My own brother didn' know me—let alone my girl. How should she? I haven't seen her since she was a baby—she was a laughin' little thing," and she gazed past me with that look in her eyes of people who are staring back into the bygone.

"I guess we was laughin' when we got her. 'Twas just here—summer-time. I 'ad the moon in my blood

THAT FACE, ALL BLOWSY AND FLUSHED, WAS AT ONCE WILD AND STUPEFIED.

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that night, right enough." Then, turning her eyes on my face, she added: "That's what a girl *will* 'ave, you know, once in a while, and like as not it'll du for her. Only thirty-five now, I am, an' pretty nigh the end o' my tether. What can you expect?—I'm a gay woman! Did for me right enough. Her father's dead, tu."

"Do you mean," I said, "because of your child?"

She nodded. "I suppose you can say that. They made me bring an order against him. He wouldn't pay up, so he went and enlisted, an' in two years 'e was dead in the Boer War—so it killed him right enough. But there she is, a sweet sprig if ever there was one. That's a strange thing, isn't it?" And she stared straight before her in a sudden silence. Nor could *I* find anything to say, slowly taking in the strangeness of this thing. That girl, so like a sunbeam, of whom the people talked as though she were a blessing in their lives—her coming into life to have been the ruin of the two who gave her being!

The woman went on dully: "Funny how I knew she was goin' to be married—'twas a farmer told me—comes to me regular when he goes to Exeter market. I always knew he came from near my old home. 'There's a weddin' on Tuesday,' 'e says, 'I'd like to be the bridegroom at. Prettiest, sunniest maid you ever saw,' an' he told me where she come from, so I knew. He found me a bit funny that afternoon. But he don't know who I am, though he used to go to school with me; I'd never tell, not for worlds." She shook her head vehemently. "I don't know why I told you; I'm not meself to-day, and that's a fact."

At her half-suspicious, half-appealing look, I said quickly: "I don't know a soul about here. It's all right."

She sighed. "It was kind of you; and I feel to want to talk sometimes. Well, after he was gone, I said to myself: 'I'll take a holiday and go an' see my daughter married.' She laughed—"I never had no pink and white and blue little things myself. That was all done up for me that night I had the moon in me blood. Ah! my father was a proper hard man. 'Twas bad enough before I had my baby; but after, when I couldn't get the father to marry me, an' he cut an' run, proper life they led me, him and stepmother. Cry! Didn't I cry—I was a soft-hearted thing—never went to sleep with me eyes dry—never. 'Tis a cruel think to make a young girl cry."

I said quietly: "Did you run away, then?"

She nodded. "Bravest thing I ever did. Nearly broke my 'eart to leave my baby; but 'twas that or drownin' myself. I was soft then. I went off with a young fellow—bookmaker that used to come over to the sports meetin', wild about me—but he never married me"—again she uttered her hard laugh—"knew a thing worth two o' that." Lifting her hand toward the burning furze, she added: "I used to come here an' help 'em light that when I was a little girl." And suddenly she began to cry. It was not so painful and alarming as her first distress, for it seemed natural now.

At the side of the cart-track by the gate was an old boot thrown away, and it served me for something to keep my eyes engaged. The dilapidated black object among the stones and wild plants on that day of strange mixed beauty was as incongruous as this unhappy woman herself revisiting her youth. And there shot into my mind a vision of this spot as it might have been that summer night when she had "the moon in her blood"—queer phrase—and those two young creatures in the tall, soft fern, in the warmth and the darkened loneliness, had yielded to the impulse that makes the

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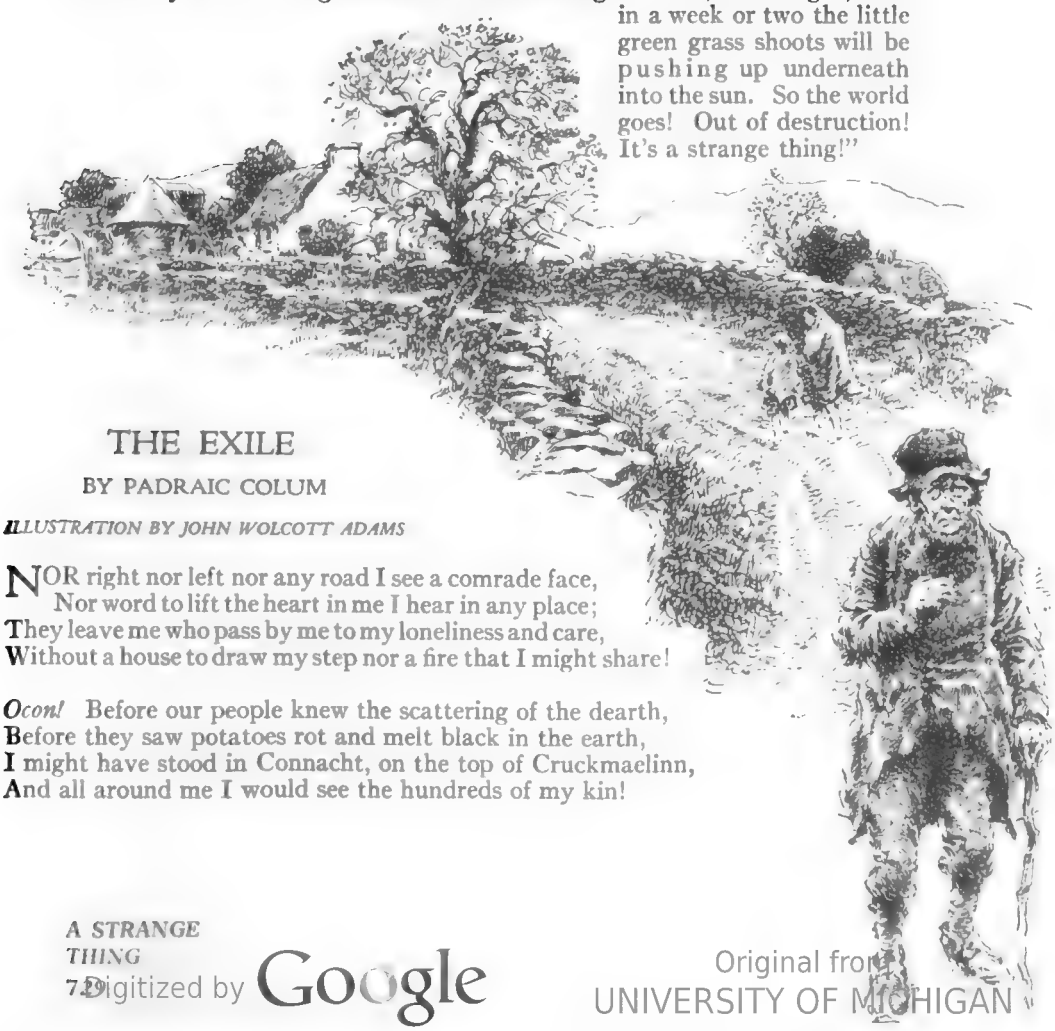
world go round. A brisk fluttering of snowflakes began falling from the sky still blue, drifting away over our heads toward the blood-red flames and smoke. They powdered the woman's hair and shoulders, and with a sob and a laugh she held up her hand, and began catching them as a child might.

" 'Tis a funny day for my girl's weddin'," she said. Then with a sort of fierceness added: "She'll never know her mother—she's in luck there, too." And, grabbing her feathered hat from the ground, she got up. "I must be gettin' back for my train, else I'll be late for an appointment."

When she had put her hat on, rubbed her face, dusted and smoothed her dress, she stood looking at the burning furze. Restored to her town plumage, to her wonted bravado, she was more than ever like that old discarded boot, incongruous. "I'm a fool ever to have come," she said; "only upset me—and you don't want no more upsettin' than you get, that's certain. Good-by, and thank you for the drink—it lusened my tongue praaper, didn't it?" She gave me a look—not as a professional—but a human, puzzled look. "I told you my baby was a laughin' little thing. I'm glad she's still like that. I'm glad I've seen her." Her lips quivered for a second; then with a faked jauntiness she nodded. "So long!"—and passed through the gate down into the lane.

I sat there in the snow and sunlight some minutes after she was gone. Then, getting up, I went and stood by the burning furze. The blowing flames and the blue smoke were alive and beautiful; but behind them they were leaving blackened skeleton twigs. "Yes," I thought, "but in a week or two the little green grass shoots will be pushing up underneath into the sun. So the world goes! Out of destruction! It's a strange thing!"



THE EXILE

BY PADRAIC COLUM

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

NOR right nor left nor any road I see a comrade face,
Nor word to lift the heart in me I hear in any place;
They leave me who pass by me to my loneliness and care,
Without a house to draw my step nor a fire that I might share!

Ocon! Before our people knew the scattering of the dearth,
Before they saw potatoes rot and melt black in the earth,
I might have stood in Connacht, on the top of Cruckmaelinn,
And all around me I would see the hundreds of my kin!

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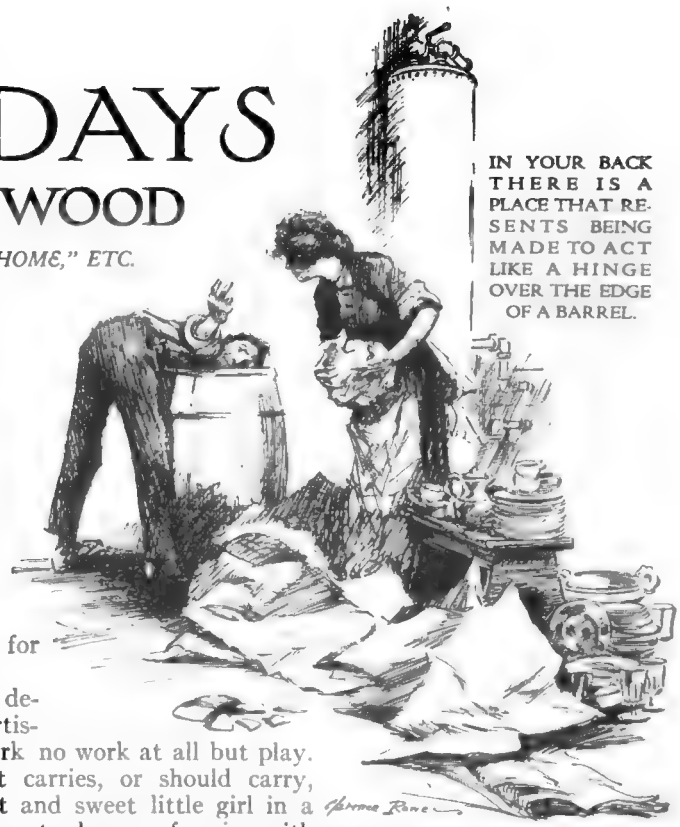
DRAY DAYS

BY EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME," ETC.

Being a plea for the invention of an automatic machine for family moving

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



IN YOUR BACK THERE IS A PLACE THAT RESENTS BEING MADE TO ACT LIKE A HINGE OVER THE EDGE OF A BARREL.

I'VE got a job for the inventors.

All sorts of devices are advertised to make housework no work at all but play. Every advertisement carries, or should carry, the picture of a neat and sweet little girl in a Dutch haircut and a party dress performing with a simple twist of the wrist what was once heart-breaking drudgery—sweeping a thick, heavy rug or doing a two-weeks' wash for eight in family, five of them girls. Of the toilsome tasks that made it necessary for great-grandfather Stockwell to get married four times, most have gone to the factory, and for most of what remain labor-saving machinery has been invented. But there is one job has so far proved a sticker. Moving. That is still done, as the Irishman played the fiddle, "be main stren'th."

You may look through the advertising section till you get eye-strain and you'll never find the cut of a machine to do family moving—a contraption with a motor and a green silk cable with a plug on the end of it to go into an electric lamp-socket; little Dorothy in white stockings reading "Alice in Wonderland" and simply twisting her wrist till all the things are out of the house and into the van, and a legend beneath the cut in fancy type: "A Child Can Operate It."

The present crude, hand-powered method of moving calls for the wisdom of an adult serpent and the endurance of an ox.

There are times when for the life of me I can not see why people should want to move from where they are perfectly happy and contented except for a few little exasperating inconveniences, though it were to move into an Eden of comfort. Think of the intervening anguish of tearing up and settling down! And when one has learned by often experience that wherever one goes or whatever one does it is but to swap one set of inconveniences for another—why, moving is mere folly!

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There are times when it seems to me that this senseless craze to go live some place else is one of those dangerous tendencies now so rife which ultimately will undermine society and tip over (if we're not very careful) one of the nicest republics that almost ever was. Oh, how much wiser were it that we lived out all our days in the one house—to be born there, have the measles and the wedding there, and pass the years there placidly filling up the attic all the time with what is hardly good enough to use and yet is much too good to throw away, and finally to breathe our last under the old roof which has sheltered us so well, except when there was a driving storm from the southwest and the rain got under the shingles.

THERE are times, I repeat, when such a rooted, even arboreal life seems the only rational one. As I bathe my ragged knuckles with lemon-extract, which has got into the new medicine cabinet by mistake, and disengage the portière pins from my pajamas by the flickering candle-light because the gas is not cut in yet, and extend my extra-wearied limbs upon my bed which bumps at one corner because the caster's lost, I raise my right hand and solemnly declare "*Never again!*"

And then, you know, there are times when it seems a shame to have all that bodily strength and vigor and not *do* anything with it, don't you understand? but just laze around in sybaritic ease. About every so often one's system seems to crave a thrilling rasp. It's against one's principles to go on a three-weeks' drunk; the Indians are all so civilized and nice it would be downright mean to go and kill them; and a person can't very well be a cowboy and shoot up the town. So why not do the next best thing and move? Eh? Why not?

If you're living in the city and eggs begin to get cheap—alas! they never really finish up the job!—you think how nice it must be in the country with the lilacs blossoming and the perfumed air fanning your cheek as you run like a whitehead for the 8:08 express. And if you're living in the country and grim-visaged winter begins to close in, as evidenced by their taking off the 8:08 in the morning and the 4:30 in the evening, why, town seems so alluring! So many things going on to feed and stimulate the soul! So many dance steps that you're not learning!

BE IT November, be it April, or any other month in town or country, whenever by staying too long in one place the toxins of dissatisfaction accumulate in your system, there comes a time when you can't stand it where you are a minute longer. The location is too far from business and too near to church. The house is badly planned. Oh, very badly planned! The dining-room is far too sunny when you're breakfasting and the bedrooms too deadly still. The sink would break an iron woman's back, and right over it there's a kitchen cabinet—would you think even a builder could be such a fool!—whose door will not stay shut, and when you rise up suddenly from stooping, bing! the corner of the door hits you a vicious lick right on top your head.

"And the paper in the parlor is a perfect horror to me. Yes, I know I did, but how was I to know that it would look so differently on the wall from what it did in the sample-book when the landlord had me pick it out? Oh, let's move! This place is getting on my nerves."

House-hunting is a topic I do not care to dilate on. I will say this, though, that when we consider how many million wives in these United States have gone forth seeking a place where they might carry on a home,

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a human home, however humble; when we consider the manifold discouragements that the speculative builder has wantonly thrown in the way of such a laudable intention, and when we consider further that there is only one divorce to every twelve marriages—why, sir, I think we ought to feel wonderfully stayed and comforted.

The institution of Matrimony is certainly a hardy perennial to stand up under such a frost.

The profoundest thinkers are oftentimes amazed at the widespread ramifications of a great problem. It'll ramify, and ramify—why, a really *great* problem will ramify worse than red ants in the ice-box, give 'em both an equal chance. Who would suppose at first blush that the Conservation of our Natural Resources had anything to do with Moving? Yet at second blush many, and at the fourth or fifth blush nearly all, will nod their heads and answer: "It has much to do. Very much indeed."

Every towering monarch of the forests whose crashing fall reverberates through the solemn aisles of Nature's Gothic cathedrals means that grocerymen and dry-goods men are going to be that much more sticking mean about letting you have boxes and barrels. Time was when their back yards were stacked up high with such and they were glad enough to have you take 'em, and now you not only have to almost beg them on bended knees to be merciful unto you, but you have to pay 'em real money!

"Why not save over boxes and barrels from one moving to another?"

Yes, but by the time you're old enough to have the sense to think of that, you're old enough to vow you'll never move again. So in the country boxes and barrels go into the furnace the first chilly evening. In town, there isn't room enough in the apartment to keep them up there—why, you buy your bread by the five-cent loaf because a ten-cent loaf makes the place so crowded—and the store-room in the basement is chock-a-block as soon as the empty trunks are in it. The janitor says he will look after the boxes. If he looks at all it's *after* them—for they're gone when next you want them.

IT IS not a nice experience to go gathering containers for your household things. The grocer who was so genial and so cheery as long as he looked for a continuance of your patronage, doesn't think it's necessary to keep up the strain now that you're going away. Your troubles are naught to him. And if you find a barrel at the baker's, do you think they will deliver it? Not they. Get it home how you can.

Few things are so humiliating as to roll home a barrel through a street which seems unusually crowded all at once, especially if you're a little out of practise in the art of keeping a barrel revolving on its chime around a catawampoused axis. People who wouldn't otherwise take any more notice of you than if you were nothing but common trash will stop and gaze at you intently, and even follow you and tell you how to do it. A really bashful person shrinks from bringing home a barrel.

Many are puzzled by the question: "Why are Sunday newspapers so big?" What confuses them is their supposition that newspapers exist solely to be read. Which is absurd. Once you pack dishes you realize how simple is the answer to the question, and are thankful that one need save up only two brands of them for four successive Sundays to be equipped to wrap up anything.

Frequent moving is a great eliminator of the non-essential, but, even so,

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you will require at least two barrels, one for the dishes and one, anyhow, for the kitchen things. Dishes one is prepared for, sort of. They are in evidence three times a day, and if they're really nobility and gentry in the crockery line, and date away, 'way back to times when folks didn't know how to make them as pretty as they can now, they are in evidence all the time, up on the plate-rail.

But the kitchen things are slum-dwellers, so to speak; when at moving-time they come forth from the dark places of the earth, it's like the French Revolution. Their irruption in such numbers and variety is daunting to the stoutest heart. To begin with the dregs of the barrel's population, there are the flat-irons, their stands and holders. And pans! Slews of pans! Roasting-pans, and bread-pans, and pie-pans, and gem-pans, and muffin-pans, and saucepans, and stew-pans, and frying-pans, and nests of tin pans, and granite pans—yes, and the dish-pan.

AND there are tin buckets of all sizes and shapes; and granite kettles, and skillets, and broilers, and toasters, and egg-poachers; and pint-cups, and quart-cups with rings around them, and colanders and skimmers, and nutmeg-graters, and horseradish-graters, and flour-sifters, and cooky-cutters, and pancake griddles, and pudding molds and steamers, and tin covers for all sorts of things, and stone jars and brown crocks and yellow bowls to beat up cake in, and rolling-pins, and soap-shakers, and dish-mops, and iron ring pot-cloths, and cast-iron pots, and coffee-mills and meat-grinders, and lemon-squeezers, and tea-strainers and sink-strainers, and coffee-pots and teapots—several of them, but none that pours without slopping—and coffee-canisters, and tea-canisters and teakettles, and washboilers, and potato-mashers, and apple-corers, and slaw-cutters, and can-openers, and ice-picks, and mouse-traps, and spice-boxes, and the kitchen clock, and the black-handled knives and forks, and measuring spoons, and tin teaspoons and tablespoons, and whopping big spoons with a hole in the handle to hang up by, and ladles and dippers, and the kitchen carver and steel and fork, and the vegetable knives, and the chopping knife and bowl, and the floor-mop, and the washboard and wringer, and the bag of clothes-pins, and the clothes-line, and the brooms (hair and corn), and the carpet-sweeper, and the dust-pan and dust-brush, and the scrubbing-brush.

There must be more things. . .

WHEN THE KITCHEN THINGS COME FROM THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH, IT'S LIKE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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I'm sure there are more things, but after a prolonged effort like this a person's mind gets kind of dizzy and won't work.

And there are the pasteboard packages, and tin cans, and glass bottles of solid and liquid supplies and accessories, bluing, and starch, and pearline, and ammonia—I'd like to tell the man that made the bottle for that my candid opinion of him: the tippiest thing!—and silver polish, and soap and sugar and soda and salt, and baking-powder, and breakfast-food, and raisins, and dried currants, and flavoring extracts— Why! You had no idea you had so much! It's an embarrassment of riches.

"Would you take the vinegar and oil or wouldn't you?"

"What? That expensive olive-oil go down the sink? I guess not! Why, that's genuine!"

"Well, how about the vinegar? Is that the real royal Italian stuff, too?"

"WHY—ah. . . . Yes, empty that out. No use lugging it around when you can get all you want for five cents. The cork would come out anyway."

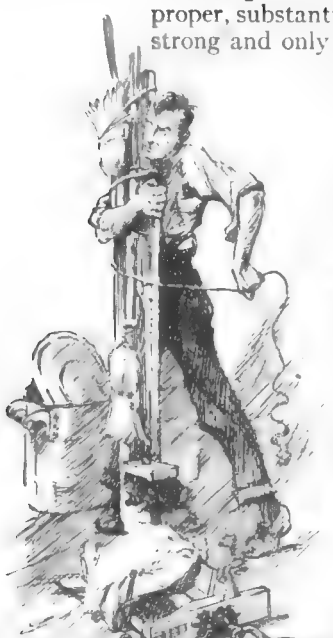
And the canned fruit. Oh, do be careful how you pack the canned fruit. It is *so* gawmy when it leaks!

Kitchen things are so angular and unadaptable they won't fit into anything artistically. Some are positively anti-social. Who could pack a clothes-wringer neatly? It must go forth into the world as undefended as a college graduate. The brooms are lashed to the ironing-board in a wobbly way, and the bread-board and the wash-board are unequally yoked together. The clothes-basket and the bread-box are carriers somehow, but the flour-tin travels as a separate entity. To tie a cover securely around so slippery and cylindrical an institution— Say! Did anybody ever tie up a flour-tin flour-tight?

"Oh, and next time you are out, get string. Oh, I don't know how much. Have *I* got to have judgment for the whole blame family? Enough. Get good string. Something that will hold."

THE BROOMS ARE LASHED TO THE IRONING-BOARD IN A WOBBLY WAY.

How lightly words like these are spoken! Every store has red-and-white pack-thread, the very thing to tie a rag around a cut thumb, but far too tender for a harsher employ; a mud-colored cord the thinness of an E fiddle-string, and a sort of hank of barely twisted fibers—and that's all. No proper, substantial string. Oh, yes, they have a linen cord very stout and strong and only a dollar or so a yard. And they let on they haven't an idea where you might get what you want. The queerest world this is!



Packing the dishes is about the best part of moving. It comes in an early stage while still the strenuous life attracts, ere you find out that in your back there is a place that much resents being made to act like a hinge too often over the edge of the barrel. It's such neat and pretty work, too. You do snag your hands on the nails that project through into the barrel, but you don't mind that. Every plate and cup and saucer is swathed, till its own mother wouldn't know it, in red, yellow, and blue comic sups, and pictures of society ladies and dogs and children and gentlemen having a perfectly elegant half-tone-on-coated-paper time of it at some far-off place where it costs lots and lots of money. Every crevice and interstice is tightened with wadded-up murders and

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suicides and burglaries and political guff and graft exposures and suffragette outrages and "dainty desserts" that call for the whites of fourteen eggs.

When it is the fall-flitting into town, dish-packing has fewer thrills; there's generally room in the kitchen to approach the barrel from all points of the compass; but when it is the vernal voyage to the country, and the barrel je-e-est goes snugly in the gangway between the pot-closet and the tubs, then, oh, then there are dramatic moments. In some ways it's nice to have one's man to help you move, and some ways it isn't. He's good to stand with one foot on the pot-closet and the other on the tubs and reach down things from the top shelves; but when he loses his balance and grabs at the gas-fixture, and only saves himself by stepping hastily on top the barrel where you have put all that remain of the dozen of those thin wine-glasses, why—ah. . . . aha . . . why . . .

WHEN HE SAVES HIMSELF BY STEPPING ON TOP THE BARREL WHERE YOU HAVE PUT THOSE THIN WINE-GLASSES—

In the old days when a man might whittle for whittling's sake, and not feel that he was committing the mortal sin of wicked waste, a barrel-head could be got to close a barrel. Then, when you put the top hoop back into place, you could nail it with a satisfactory lick. Also, there used to be cut nails. You might have to be careful to turn the taper of it so as not to split the grain; but, even so, there was stiffness to it, and it went in honestly and sturdily. But these modern wire-nails! Laws! Even when they're new, they'd sooner bend than go the way you want them, and when they're second-hand, and you have hammered them on the tiled floor—I won't say "straight" exactly, but a little less like Hebrew characters—why, it seems presumptuous to be taking out your church-letters for where you're moving to.

AND when you're trying to make out with a piece of gunnysacking for a top, which won't stay put though every member of the family holds it down tight, and the top hoop persists in getting skewgeed, and you try to hit a crooked nail and drive it into a barrel-stave whose natural springiness is all unchecked and, instead of going into the wood, the dang thing whizzes apast your ear, whops on the wall, and tinkles to the floor, you say to yourself: "What's the use of even pretending to be sane?" You just let go all holds upon your temper, and jaw at the malignant creatures that know well enough what you want of them but are too dod-rotted mean to do it:

"Ah, yes, now, ain't you smart! Aw, hold still, can't ye? Well, did you ever see anything so cussed? Oh, go in, dad-blame you! Well, by the jumping Jehoshaphat, now you'll go in or I'll—" You roar with rage and throw things. A disgraceful piece of business altogether.

Nailing up the boxes isn't quite so bad. Still, it's a poor kind of world we have these days, when they make the sides of boxes so skimping thin that only a nail the slimness of a needle will keep from splitting out, and

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that won't drive straight. I'm always glad I didn't choose family moving as a profession.

If publishers were practical-minded men, in touch with life in its elemental humanness, this might be a happier world to move in, for they would build books so they would be aliquot parts of the cubical contents of a soap-box. But they're such dreamers! They muddle along, half awake, and the consequence is that in every box of books there is a vacant space that no volume can be crowded in to fill, though it cries to heaven to be. Nothing else exists that will just neatly go in—nothing, that is, that will not squash if the box should be upended. For books are heavy, even light literature.

Still, books are even more delightful to pack than dishes; they are so prettily parallelopipedonic, whereas most household goods will not lie snug however they are turned. The fancy clock and a vase or two and some of the plate-railers that you overlooked when you were at the dish-barrel, get put off and put off because they are so bothersome. Finally, when the boxes begin to grow scarce, you have to stow them and the piano music, from Rachmaninoff to "rag," and an overflow sofa-pillow, and your dress-suit, which dassen't go into the suit-case because that has to be kept open for what you mean to leave till the last minute—all these are bundled in together.

"No! No! Let that alone, can't you? Heavens to Betsy! *Don't put that monkey-wrench in there!* I'm going to want that in about two shakes of a lamb's tail. And besides— Well, now, who's doing this, you or me? Good land of love! Haven't you got anything to do but just stand around in my way? Well, that's all right; I know what I'm about, I guess. Now, let's see; would you put this in the box first or— Now where have you gone to? Just when I need you— Would you put this in at the bottom or would you— Hold on! Put this in first— No, I got a better scheme yet. Now, never you mind; your Uncle Dudley's engineering this. Here. Hand me that dress-coat. Oh, the wrinkles'll shake out all right when we get there. Where's that clock? I don't want the vase; I want the clock. Well, where do you suppose it's got to? You didn't do anything with it, did you? Well, wouldn't that beat you? Not two minutes ago I had it right under my hand— Oh, here it is!"

And just then a still small voice says: "I am here too." Hardly a voice, either; more like a still, small plink! You lift your foot, and there are the pieces of your Thousand Wise Men plate.

"WELL, honey, what's the use of grieving now? The mischief's done. Why didn't you tell me— Oh, I did so look where I was going. How was I to know that it was going to hide under that sheet of music just on purpose to get smashed? But isn't that life? One minute high on the plate-rail of popularity, the next going down with the garbage."

The house grows momently more desolate. The windows are bared and gaunt; the naked boards ring hollowly at your heels as rugs are corded up in bales, discovering their guilty secret of unsuspected dust beneath them; the brush-end of the broom dislodges picture-hooks that jingle to the floor, while picture-wires coil cold and snake-like about your wrists; all that will pile up is piled up, and what won't is leaned against the wall; the floor, littered with paper, excelsior, sawdust, and scraps of board, looks as disconsolate as a back yard when the snow first goes away; the gas blazes in every room as your haggard eyes search for omitted things as shipwrecked mariners

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on a raft search for the rescuing sail; the clock is racing nearer the early morning hours, but, though every joint in you aches like an ulcerated tooth, you daren't tumble into bed, because the movers'll be here the first thing and there'll be enough to do then, goodness knows!

So you toil on. Reason and judgment have quit their job; only nerves remain. All that you wish you hadn't done, afterward, you do then.

Five minutes after you touch the bed, it seems, the sun is blazing through the naked windows. Time to stir yourself, stiff as a ladder, your feet swelled and aching, your back creaking like a dry hinge, your eyes all scratchy, and you hungrier than a hound-pup, and breakfast, on the tubs, the poorest, picked-up thing you ever worried down. Gulp your coffee, though, and start right in. The movers'll be here, now, any minute, and there's an awful lot to do, right at the very last. The left-out dishes are washed up anyhow and huddled into something; the last-remaining bed is knocked apart by your poor bruised hands, and you struggle with that meanest of all mean things to manage, a mattress. Hurry now; they'll be here any minute— That's them now! . . .

No use to try to call up memories of that final spasm. You couldn't if you would. It's like some horrid dream, vague yet terrible. It's over now, and you are left so stupefied you wouldn't jump if you were shot at. All you can think of is that, played-out as you are, you've got to start in on what is even worse than moving out, and that's moving in.

Why do people do such things? Why can't they wait until inventors get up something with a wire rigged to a plug that goes into an electric lamp-socket that does family moving with a simple twist of the wrist so easily that "A Child Can Operate It"?

P. S. You forgot to go and get the gas-deposit.

PICTURE-HOOKS JINGLE TO THE FLOOR, WHILE PICTURE WIRES COIL COLD AND SNAKE-LIKE ABOUT YOUR WRISTS.

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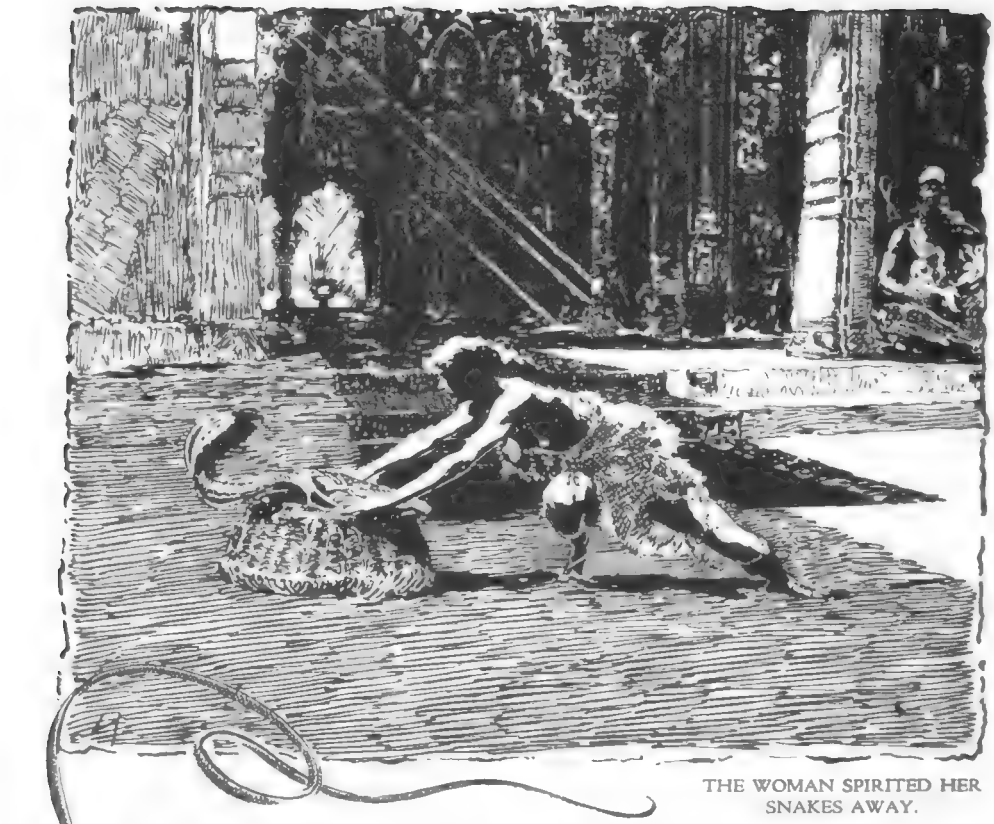

THE WOMAN SPIRITED HER SNAKES AWAY.

KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. It is known that the Turks and the Germans are working to promote this end. King's simple little task is to prevent a Holy War. His orders call for a journey to Khinjan, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in all India, who has served the Government, and who claims to be free of Khinjan.

King starts to Delhi to join her. At the station he causes the arrest of a Hillman who was following him, and on the train he prevents another from murdering him. From the would-be murderer he takes a knife of ancient make, with a gold hilt in the likeness of a woman who looks remarkably like Yasmini. Arrived in Delhi, King is "shadowed" by a native, a Rangar dandy, who proves to be Yasmini's man, Rewa Gunga. The Rangar gives King a curious bracelet as his passport to Khinjan, and conducts him to Yasmini's house.

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CHAPTER THREE

Lie to a liar, for lies are his coin.
Steal from a thief, for that is easy.
Set a trap for a trickster, and
catch him at the first attempt.
But beware of the man who
has no axe to grind.
Eastern proverb.

IT WAS a musty-smelling entrance, dark as death. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga and followed him up stairs that wound backward and forward on themselves. Somewhere, two stories at least above road level, there was a sudden blaze of light and he blinked at more mirrors than he could count. They had been swung on hinges suddenly, to throw the light full in his face.

There were curtains reflected in each mirror, and little lamps cunningly arranged. Rewa Gunga stood watching with quiet amusement, seeming to expect King to take a chance and go forward, but if he did he reckoned without his guest. King stood still.

Then suddenly, as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people, a little nut-brown maid parted the middle pair of curtains, and said "Salaam!"—smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelain. All the other curtains parted, too. There were a hundred maids. But only one spoke. King looked not at all disturbed.

Balked of his amusement, Rewa Gunga hurried past him, thrusting the little maid aside, and led the way. King followed into a long room, whose walls were hung with richer silks than any he remembered to have seen. In a great wide window to one side some twenty women began at once to make flute music. Silken punkahs swung from chains, wafting back and forth a cloud of sandalwood smoke that veiled the whole scene in mysterious, scented mist. Through the open window came the splash of a fountain and the chattering of birds, and the branch of a feathery tree drooped near by. It seemed that the long white wall below was that of Yasmini's garden.

"Be welcome!" laughed Rewa Gunga; "I am to do the honors, since SHE is not here. Be seated, sahib."

King chose a divan at the room's farthest end, near tall curtains that led into rooms beyond. He turned his back toward the reason for his choice. On a little ivory-inlaid ebony table about ten feet away lay a knife that was almost the exact duplicate of the one inside his shirt. Bronze knives of ancient date, with golden handles carved to represent a woman dancing, are rare. The ability to seem not to notice incriminating evidence is rarer still—rarest of all when under the eyes of a native of India, for cats and hawks are dullards by comparison to them. But King saw the knife, yet did not seem to see it.

There was nothing there calculated to set an Englishman at ease. In spite of the Rangar's casual manner Yasmini's reception-room felt like the antechamber to another world, where mystery is atmosphere, and ordinary air to breathe is not at all. He could sense hushed expectancy on every side—could feel the eyes of many women fixed on him—and began to draw on his guard as a fighting man draws on armor. There and then he deliberately set himself to resist mesmerism, which is the East's chief weapon.

Rewa Gunga, perfectly at home, sprawled leisurely along a cushioned couch, with a grace that the West has not learned yet; but King did not make the mistake of trusting him any better for his easy manners, and his eyes sought swiftly for some unrhythmic, unplanned thing on which to rest, that he might save himself by a sort of mental leverage.

Glancing along the wall that faced the big window, he noticed for the first time a huge Afridi, who sat on a stool and leaned back against

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the silken hangings, with arms folded. "Who is that man?" he asked.

"He? Oh, he is a savage—just a big savage," said Rewa Gunga, looking vaguely annoyed.

"Why is he here?" He did not dare let go of this chance side-issue. He knew that Rewa Gunga wished him to talk of Yasmini, and to ask questions about her, and that if he succumbed to that temptation all his self-control would be cunningly sapped away from him.

"What is he doing here?" he insisted.

"He? Oh, he does nothing. He waits," purred the Rangar. "He is to be your body-servant on your journey to the North. He is nothing—nobody at all!—except that he is to be trusted utterly because he loves Yasmini. He is Obedience! A big, obedient fool! Let him be!"

"No," said King. "If he's to be my man I'll speak to him!" He felt himself winning. Already the spell of the room was lifting, and he no longer felt the cloud of sandalwood smoke like a veil across his brain. "Won't you tell him to come here to me?"

Rewa Gunga laughed, resting his silk turban against the wall hangings, and clasping both hands about his knee. It was as a man might laugh who has been touched in a bout with foils.

"Oh!—Ismail!" he called, with a voice like a bell, that made King stare at him.

The Afridi seemed to come out of a deep sleep, and looked bewildered, rubbing his eyes and feeling whether his turban was on straight. He combed his beard with nervous fingers as he gazed about him, and then caught Rewa Gunga's eye. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Come!" ordered Rewa Gunga.

The man obeyed.

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"Did you see?" Rewa Gunga chuckled. "He rose from his place like a buffalo, rump first and then shoulder after shoulder! Such men are safe! Such men think too slowly to invent deceit for its own sake!"

The Afridi came and towered above them, standing with gnarled hands knotted into clubs.

"What is thy name?" King asked him.

"Ismail!" he boomed.

"Thou art to be my servant?"

"Aye! So said SHE. I am HER man. I obey!"

"When did she say so?" King asked him blandly, the asking of unexpected questions being half the art of secret service, although the other half is harder to achieve.

The Hillman stroked his great beard and stood considering the question. One could almost imagine the click of slow machinery revolving in his mind, though King entertained a shrewd suspicion that he was not so stupid as he chose to seem. His eyes were too hawk-bright to be a stupid man's.

"Before SHE went away," he answered at last.

"When did she go away?"

He thought again; then, "Yesterday," he said.

"Why did you wait before you answered?"

The Afridi's eyes furtively sought Rewa Gunga's, and found no aid there. Watching the Rangar less furtively, but even less obviously, King was aware that his eyes were nearly closed, as if they were not interested. The fingers that clasped his knee drummed on it indifferently; seeing which, King allowed himself to smile.

"Never mind," he told Ismail. "It is no matter. It is ever well to think twice before speaking once, for thus mistakes die still-born. Only the monkey-folk thrive on quick answers—is it not so? Thou art a man of many inches—of thew and sinew—hey, but thou art a man! If the heart within those great ribs of thine is true as thine arms are strong, I shall be fortunate to have thee for a servant!"

"Aye!" said the Afridi. "But what are words? SHE has said I am thy servant, and to hear HER is to obey!"

"Then from now thou art my servant? Then, take me a telegram!" said King.

HE BEGAN to write at once on a half-sheet of paper that he tore from a letter he had in his pocket, setting down a row of figures at the top and transposing into cipher as he went along.

"*Yasmini has gone north. Is there any reason at your end why I should not follow her at once?*"

He addressed it in plain English to his friend, the General at Peshawur, taking great care lest the Rangar read it through those sleepy, half-closed eyes of his. Then he tore the cipher from the top, struck a match and burned the strip of paper, and handed the coded telegram to Ismail, directing him carefully to a Government office where the cipher signature would be recognized and the telegram given precedence.

Ismail stalked off with it, striding like Moses down from Sinai—hook-nose, hawk-eye, flowing beard, dignity and all; and King settled down to guard himself against the next attempt on his sovereign self-command.

Now he chose to notice the knife on the ebony table. He reached for it, and turned it over and over in his hand. "A strange knife," he said.

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"Yes—from Khinjan," said Rewa Gunga, and King eyed him as one wolf eyes another.

"There is another knife that matches it. That bracelet you now wear, sahib, is from Khinjan Caves, too! SHE has the secret of the Caves!"

"I have heard that the Heart of the Hills is there," King answered. "Is that a treasure-house?"

Rewa Gunga laughed. "Ask HER, sahib! Perhaps she will tell you! Perhaps she will let you see! Who knows? She is a woman of resource and unexpectedness— Let her women dance for you a while."

King nodded and laid the knife down. A minute or so later at a sign from Rewa Gunga a woman left the great window-place and spirited the knife away.

"May I have a sheet of paper?" King asked, for he knew that another fight for his self-command was due.

Rewa Gunga gave an order, and a maid brought him scented paper on a silver tray. He drew out his own fountain-pen then, and made ready.

IN SPITE of the great silken *punkah* that swung rhythmically across the full breadth of the room, the heat was so great that the pen slipped round and round between his fingers. Yet he contrived to write; and since his one object was to give his brain employment, he wrote down a list of the names he had memorized in the train on the journey from Peshawur, not thinking of a use for the list until he had finished it.

While he began to write, more than a dozen dancing women swept into the room from behind the silk hangings, in a concerted movement that was all lithe, slumberous grace. Wood-wind music called to them from the great, deep window, as snakes are summoned from their holes; and as cobras answer the charmer's call the women glided to the center and stood poised beneath the *punkah*.

There they began to chant, and a dance began, in and out, round and round, lazily, ever so lazily, wreathed in buoyant gossamer that was scarcely more solid than the sandalwood smoke they wafted into rings.

King watched them, and listened to their chant, until he began to recognize the strain on the eye-muscles that precedes the mesmeric spell. Then he wrote, and read what he had written, and wrote again.

"What have you written?" asked a quiet voice at his ear; and he turned to look straight in the eyes of Rewa Gunga, who had leaned forward to read over his shoulder. Just for one second he hovered on the brink of quick defeat. Having escaped the Scylla of the dancing women, Charybdis waited for him in the shape of eyes that were pools of hot mystery. It was the sound of his own voice that brought him back to the world again, and saved his will for him unbound.

"Read it, won't you?" he laughed. "If you know Yasmini's secrets, mark the names of those still in Delhi."

Rewa Gunga took pen and paper, and set a mark against some thirty of the names, for King had a manner that disarmed refusal.

"Where are the others?" he asked him, after a glance at it.

"In jail, or else over the border."

"Already?"

The Rangar nodded. "Trust Yasmini! She saw to that jolly well before she left Delhi! She would have stayed had there been anything more to do!"

All this while the women danced on, in time to wailing flute-music, until,

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it seemed from nowhere, a lovelier woman than any of them appeared in their midst, sitting cross-legged, with a flat basket on her knees. She sat with arms raised, and swayed from the waist as if in a delirium. Her arms moved in narrowing circles, higher and higher above the basket lid, and the lid began to rise. Nobody touched it, nor was there any string, but as it rose it swayed with sickening monotony.

It was minutes before the bodies of two great king-cobras could be made out, moving against the woman's spangled dress. The basket lid was resting on their heads, and as the music and the chanting rose to a wild, weird shriek, the lid rose too, until suddenly the woman snatched the lid away and the snakes were revealed, with hoods raised, hissing the cobra's hate-song that is prelude to the poison-death.

They struck at the woman, one after the other, and she leaped out of their range, swift and as supple as they. Instantly then she joined in the dance, with the snakes striking right and left at her. Left and right she swayed to avoid them, far more gracefully than a matador avoids the bull, and courting a deadlier peril than he—poisonous, two to his one. As she danced she whirled both arms above her head and cried as the were-wolves are said to do on stormy nights.

Some unseen hand drew a blind over the great window, and an eerie green-and-golden light began to play from one end of the room, throwing the dancers into half-relief and deepening the mystery.

Sweet, strange scents were wafted in from under the silken hangings. The room grew cooler by unguessed means. Every sense was treacherously wooed. And ever, in the middle of the moving light among the languorous dancers, the snakes pursued the woman!

"Do you do this often?" King asked, taking his eyes off the dance without any very great effort.

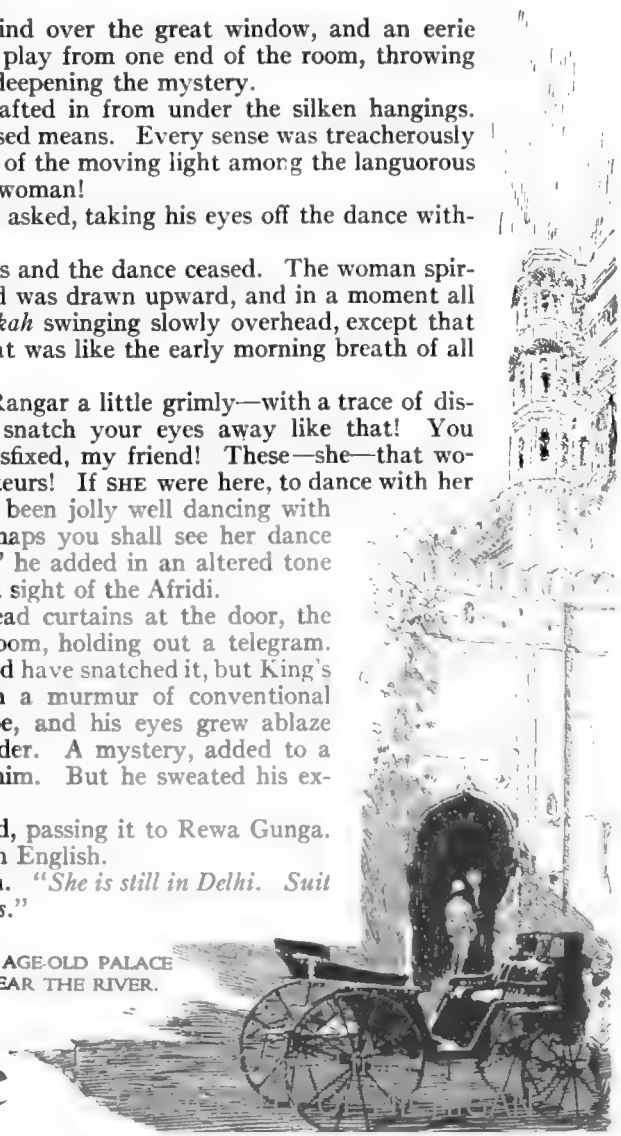
Rewa Gunga clapped his hands and the dance ceased. The woman spirited her snakes away. The blind was drawn upward, and in a moment all was normal again, with the *punkah* swinging slowly overhead, except that the seductive smell remained that was like the early morning breath of all the different flowers of India.

"If SHE were here," said the Rangar a little grimly—with a trace of disappointment—"you would not snatch your eyes away like that! You would have been jolly well transfixed, my friend! These—she—that woman—they are but clumsy amateurs! If SHE were here, to dance with her snakes for you, you would have been jolly well dancing with her, if she had wished it! Perhaps you shall see her dance some day! Ah—here is Ismail," he added in an altered tone of voice. He seemed relieved at sight of the Afridi.

Bursting through the glass-bead curtains at the door, the great savage strode down the room, holding out a telegram. Rewa Gunga looked as if he would have snatched it, but King's hand was held out first. With a murmur of conventional apology King tore the envelope, and his eyes grew ablaze with something more than wonder. A mystery, added to a mystery, stirred all the zeal in him. But he sweated his excitement down.

"Read that, will you?" he said, passing it to Rewa Gunga. It was not in cipher, but in plain English.

"*She has not gone north*," it ran. "*She is still in Delhi. Suit your own movements to your plans.*"



AN AGE-OLD PALACE NEAR THE RIVER.

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"Can you explain?" asked King, in a level voice, watching the Rangar narrowly, but failing to detect a symptom of emotion.

"Explain?" said the Rangar. "Who can explain foolishness? It means that another fat general has made another fat mistake!"

"What makes *you* so certain she went north?" King asked.

Instead of answering, Rewa Gunga beckoned Ismail, who had stepped back out of hearing. The giant came and loomed over them like the Spirit of the Lamp of the Arabian Nights.

"Whither went SHE?" asked the Rangar.

"To the North!" he boomed.

"How knowest thou?"

"I saw her go!"

"When went she?"

"Yesterday, when a telegram came."

"By what route did she go?" asked Rewa Gunga.

"By the terrain from the isstation."

"How knowest thou that?"

"I was there, bearing her box of jewels."

"Didst thou see her buy the tikkut?"

"Nay, I bought it, for SHE ordered me."

"For what destination was the tikkut?"

"Peshawur!" Ismail filled his mouth with the word as if he loved it.

"Yet—" It was King who spoke now, pointing an accusing finger at him—"a *burra* sahib sends a *tar* to me—this is it!—to say she is in Delhi still! Who told thee to answer those questions with those words?"

"SHE!" the big man answered.

"Yasmini?"

"Aye! May Allah cover HER with blessings!"

"Ah!" said King. "You have my leave to depart out of ear-shot."

THEN he turned on Rewa Gunga. "Whatever the truth of all this," he said quietly, "I suppose it means she has done what there was to do in Delhi?"

"Sahib—trust her! Does a tigress hunt where no watercourses are, and where no game goes to drink? She follows the *sambur!*"

"You are positive she has started for the North?"

"Sahib, when SHE speaks it is best to believe! She told me she will go. Therefore I am ready to lead King sahib up the Khyber to her!"

"There's a train leaves for the north to-night," said King.

The Rangar nodded.

"You'll want a pass up the line. How many servants?"

"One," said the Rangar.

King wrote out a pass. "Be there on time, and see about your own reservation," he said. "I'll attend to Ismail's pass myself."

He folded the marked list of names and wrote on it. Then he begged an envelope, and Rewa Gunga had one brought to him. He sealed the list in the envelope, addressed it, and beckoned Ismail again.

"Take this to Saunders sahib!" he ordered. "Go first to the telegraph-office, where you were before, and the *babu* there will tell you where Saunders sahib may be found. Having found him, deliver the letter to him. Then come and find me at the Star of India Hotel, and help me to bathe and change my clothes."

"To hear is to obey!" boomed Ismail, bowing; but he glanced at Rewa

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Gunga, and did not turn to go until he had met the Rangar's eyes.

When Ismail had gone striding down the room, King, too, looked into the Rangar's eyes with that engaging frankness of his that disarms so many people.

"You'll be on the train to-night?" he asked.

"To hear is to obey! With pleasure, sahib!"

"Then, good-by until this evening."

King bowed very civilly, and walked out rather unsteadily, because his head ached. Probably nobody except the Rangar could have guessed what an ordeal he had passed through, or how near he had been to losing self-command. But as he felt his way down the stairs, which were dimly lighted now, he knew he had all his senses with him, for he "spotted" and admired the lurking-places designed for the undoing of the unwary, or even the overwary. Yasmini's Delhi nest was like a hundred traps in one.

IN THE street he found a *gharri* after a while and drove to his hotel. And before Ismail came he took a stroll through a bazaar, where he made a few strange purchases. In the hotel lobby he invested in a leather bag with a good lock, in which to put them. Later on, Ismail came and proved himself an efficient body-servant.

That evening Ismail carried the leather bag, and found him his place on the train; and that was not so difficult, because the trains running north were nearly empty, although the platforms were all crowded. As he stood at the carriage-door, with Ismail near him, a man named Saunders slipped through the crowd and sought him out.

"Arrested 'em all!" he grinned.

"Good."

"Seen anything of her? I recognized Yasmini's scent on your envelope. It's peculiar to her—one of her monopolies!"

"No. I'm told she went north yesterday."

"Not by train, she didn't! It's my business to know that!"

King did not answer; nor did he look surprised. He was watching Rewa Gunga, followed by a servant, hurrying to a reserved compartment at the front end of the train. The Rangar waved to him, and he waved back.

"I'd know her in a million!" vowed Saunders. "I can take oath she hasn't gone anywhere by train! Unless she has walked, or taken a carriage, she's in Delhi!"

The engine gave a preliminary shriek, and the giant Ismail nudged King's elbow in impatient warning. There was no sign of Rewa Gunga, who had evidently settled down in his compartment for the night.

"Get my bag out again!" King ordered, and Ismail stared. "Get out my bag, I said!"

"To hear is to obey!" Ismail grumbled, reaching with his long arm through the window.

The engine shrieked again, somebody whistled, and the train began to move.

"You've missed it!" said Saunders, amused at Ismail's frantic disappointment. The giant was tugging at his beard. "How about your trunk? Better wire ahead and have it spotted for you."

"No," said King; "it's still in the baggage-room at the other station. I didn't intend to go by this train. Came down here to see another fellow off, that's all! Have a cigar, and then let's go together and look those prisoners over!"

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CHAPTER FOUR

Men boast in the Hills, when they ought to pray:
For the wind blows lusty, and the blood runs red,
And Law lies belly upward for a man to wreak his fancy on it.
Down in the plains, in the dust of the plains,
Where Law is master and a good man ought to boast,
They all lie belly downward praying for their Hills again.

THE rear lights of the train he had not taken swayed out of Delhi Station, and King grinned as he wiped the sweat from his face with a dripping handkerchief. Behind him towered the hook-nosed Ismail, resentful of the unexpected. In front of him Saunders eyed the proffered black cheroots suspiciously, accepted one with an air of curiosity, and passed the case back. Around them the clatter of the station crowd began to die, and Parsimony in a shabby uniform went round to lower lights. Dimness shut down on them.

King's merry eyes looked into Saunders's as if there were no world war really and they two were puppets in a comedy.

"What can you suggest?" he asked, twisting at his scrubby little mustache. But if he wished to convey the impression of a man at his wits' end, he failed signally.

"I? Nothing! Yasmini's the most elusive individual in Asia! One person in the world knows where she is, unless she has an accomplice. My information's negative. I know she has not gone by——"

King struck a match and held it out, so the sentence was unfinished; the first few puffs of the astonishing cigar wiped out all memory of the missing word. And then King changed the subject.

"Those men I asked you to arrest——?"

"Nabbed (*puff*) every one of 'em! (*puff-puff*). All under (*puff-puff*) lock and key. Best smoke I ever tasted— Where d'you get 'em?"

"Had they been in communication with her?"

(*Puff-puff.*) "You bet they had! Where d'you get these things?"

"Not her special men by any chance?"

(*Puff.*) "Gad, what smoke!— Couldn't say, of course, but (*puff-puff*) shouldn't think so."

"Well—I'll go along with you, if you like, and look them over."

Both tone and manner gave Saunders credit for the suggestion, and Saunders seemed to like it. There is nothing like following up, in football, war, or courtship.

"I see you're a judge of a cigar," said King; and Saunders purred, all men being fools to some extent and the only trouble being to demonstrate the fact.

They had started for the station entrance when a nasal voice began intoning "Cap-teen King sahib—Cap-teen King sahib!" and a telegraph messenger passed them with his book under his arm. King whistled him. A moment later he was tearing open an official urgent telegram, and writing a string of figures in pencil across the top. Then he de-coded swiftly.

"Advices are Yasmini was in Delhi as recently as six this evening. Fail to understand your inability to get in touch. Have you tried at her house? Matters in Khyber District much less satisfactory. Word from O-C Khyber Rifles to effect that lashkar is collecting. Better sweep up in Delhi and proceed northward as quickly as compatible with caution. L. M. L."

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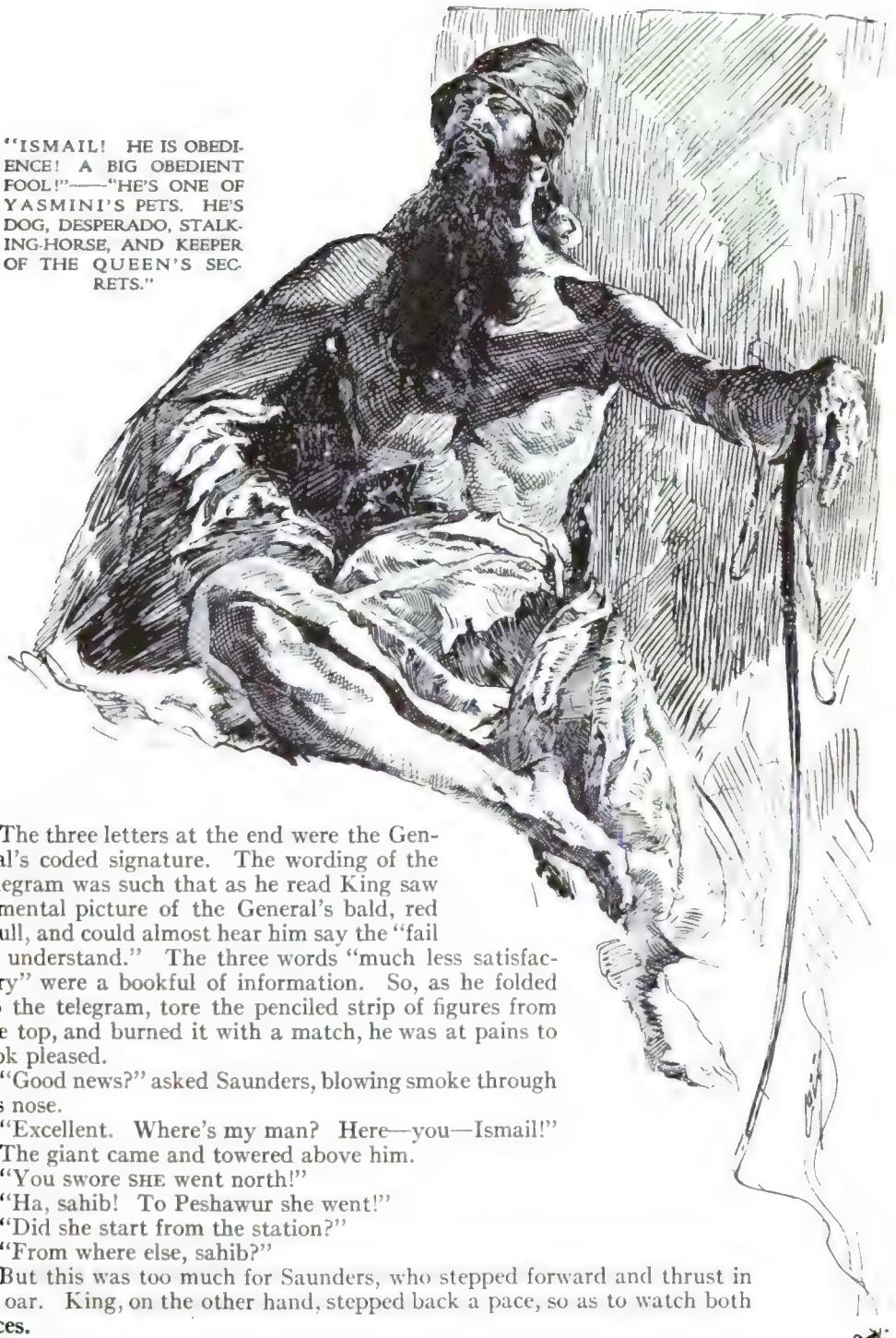

"ISMAIL! HE IS OBEDIENCE! A BIG OBEDIENT FOOL!"——"HE'S ONE OF YASMINI'S PETS. HE'S DOG, DESPERADO, STALKING-HORSE, AND KEEPER OF THE QUEEN'S SECRETS."

The three letters at the end were the General's coded signature. The wording of the telegram was such that as he read King saw a mental picture of the General's bald, red skull, and could almost hear him say the "fail to understand." The three words "much less satisfactory" were a bookful of information. So, as he folded up the telegram, tore the penciled strip of figures from the top, and burned it with a match, he was at pains to look pleased.

"Good news?" asked Saunders, blowing smoke through his nose.

"Excellent. Where's my man? Here—you—Ismail!"

The giant came and towered above him.

"You swore SHE went north!"

"Ha, sahib! To Peshawur she went!"

"Did she start from the station?"

"From where else, sahib?"

But this was too much for Saunders, who stepped forward and thrust in an oar. King, on the other hand, stepped back a pace, so as to watch both faces.

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SHE JOINED IN THE DANCE, WITH THE SNAKES STRIKING RIGHT AND LEFT AT HER. AND AS SHE DANCED SHE WHIRLED BOTH ARMS ABOVE HER HEAD AND CRIED LIKE A WERE-WOLF.

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"Then when did she go?"

"I saw her go!" said Ismail, affronted.

"*When? When*, confound you! *When?*"

"Yesterday."

"I have a telegram here," said King, "that says she is in Delhi!" He patted his coat, where the inner pocket bulged.

"Nay, then the *tar* lies, for I saw her go with these two eyes of mine!"

"It is not wise to lie to me, my friend," King assured him, so pleasantly that none could doubt he was telling truth.

"If I lie may I eat dirt!" Ismail answered.

Inches lent the Afridi dignity, but dignity has often been used as a stalking-horse for untruth. King nodded, and it was not possible to judge by his expression whether he believed or not.

"Let's make a move," he said, turning to Saunders. "Where are the prisoners?"

"In the old Mir Khan Palace. We had to improvise. The horse-stalls have come in handy more than once before. Shall we take this *gharri?*"

With Ismail up beside the driver nursing King's bag, and looking like a great, grim vulture about to eat the horse, they drove back through swarming streets in the direction of the river. King seemed to have lost all interest in crowds. He scarcely even troubled to watch when they were held up at a cross-roads by a marching regiment, which tramped as if it were herald of the Last Trump, with bayonets glistening in the street lights. He sat staring ahead in silence, although Saunders made more than one effort to engage him in conversation.

"Know anything of Rewa Gunga?" he asked, suddenly.

"The Rangar?"

"Yes, the Rangar. Yasmini's man."

"Not much. I've seen him, I've spoken with him, and I've had to stand impudence from him—twice. I've been tipped off more than once to let him alone because he's her man. He does ticklish errands for her, or so they say. He's what you might call 'known to the police' all right."

THEY began to approach an age-old palace near the river, and Saunders whispered a password when an armed guard halted them. They were halted again at a gloomy gateway, where an officer came out to look them over; they followed him under the arch until their heels rang on stone paving in a big, ill-lighted courtyard surrounded by high walls.

There they left Ismail beside King's bag, and Saunders led the way through a modern iron door, into what had once been a royal prince's stables.

In gloom that was only thrown into contrast by a wide-spaced row of electric lights, a long line of barred and locked converted horse-stalls ran down one side of a lean-to building. The upper half of each locked door was a grating of steel rods, so that there was some ventilation for the prisoners; but very little light filtered between the bars, and all that King could see of the men within was the whites of their eyes. And they did not look friendly.

He had to pass between them and the light, and they could see more of him than he could of them. At the first cell he raised his left hand, and made the gold bracelet on his wrist clink against the steel bars.

A moment later he cursed, and felt the bracelet with his finger-nail. He had made a deep nick in the soft gold.

"May God be with thee!" boomed a prisoner's voice in Pashtu.

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"Didn't know that fellow was handcuffed," said Saunders. "Did you hear the ring? They should have been taken off. Leaving the irons on has made him polite, though."

He passed on, and King followed him, saying nothing. But at the next cell he repeated what he had done at the first, taking better care of the gold, but letting his wrist stay longer in the light.

"May God be with thee!" said a voice within.

"Gettin' a shade less arrogant, what?" said Saunders.

"May God be with thee!" said a man in the third stall as King passed.

"They seem to be anxious for your morals!" laughed Saunders, keeping a pace or two ahead to do the honors of the place.

"May God be with thee!" said a fourth man, and King desisted for the present, because Saunders looked as if he were growing inquisitive.

"Where did you arrest them?" he asked, when Saunders came to a stand under a light.

"All in one place: At Ali's."

"Who and what is Ali?"

"Pimp—crimp—procurer—Prussian spy, and any other evil thing that takes his fancy! Runs a combination gambling-hell and boarding-house. Lets 'em run into debt, and blackmails 'em. Ali's in the Kaiser's pay—that's known! 'Musing thing about it is he keeps a photo of Wilhelm in his pocket, and tries to make himself believe the Kaiser knows him by name. Suffers from swelled head, which is part of their plan, of course. We'll get *him* when we want him, but at present he's useful 'as is' for a decoy. Ali was very much upset at the arrest—asked in the name of God, and all the angels how he shall collect the money these men owe him!"

"You wouldn't call these men prosperous, then?"

"Not exactly! Ali is the only spy out of the North who prospers much at present, and even he gets most of his money out of his private business. Why, man, the real Germans we have pounced on are all as poor as church mice. That's another part of the plan, of course, which is sweet in all its workings. They're paid less than driven by threats of exposure to us—comes cheaper, and serves to ginger up the spies! The Germans pay Ali a little, and he traps the Hillmen when they come south—lets 'em gamble—gets 'em into debt—plays on their fear of jail and their ignorance of the Indian Penal Code, which altereth every afternoon—and spends a lot of time telling 'em stories to take back with 'em to the Hills *when* they can get away. They can get away when they've paid him what they owe. He makes that clear, and of course that's the fly in the amber. Yasmini sends and pays their board and gambling debts, and she's our man, so to speak. When they get back to the Hills——"

"Thanks," said King, "I know what happens in the Hills. Tell me about the Delhi end of it."

"Well, when the wander-fever grabs 'em again they come down once more from their Hills to drink and gamble—and first they go to Yasmini's. But she won't let 'em drink at her place. Have to give her credit for that, y' know; her place has never been a stews. Sooner or later they grow tired of virtue, 'specially with so much intrigue goin' on under their noses, and back they all drift to Ali's, and tell him tales to tell the Germans—and the round begins again. Yasmini coaxes all their stories out of 'em, and primes 'em with a few extra good ones into the bargain. Everybody's fooled—'specially the Germans—and exceptin' of course Yasmini and the Raj. Nobody ever fooled that woman, nor ever will, if my belief goes for anything."

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"Um-m-m!" King rubbed his chin. "Know anything of Ismail?"

"Sure! He's one of Yasmini's pets. She bailed him out of Ali's three years ago, and he worships her. It was he who broke the leg and ribs of a pup rajah a month or two ago, for putting on too much dog in her reception-room! He's *Ursus* out of 'Quo Vadis'! He's dog, desperado, stalking-horse, and keeper of the queen's secrets!"

"Then why d'you suppose she passed him along to me?"

"Dunno!" said Saunders. "This is your little mystery, not mine!"

"Glad you appreciate that! Do me a favor, will you?"

"Anything in reason."

"Get the keys to all these cells—send 'em in here to me by Ismail—and leave me in here alone!"

Saunders whistled, and wiped sweat from his glistening face, for in spite of windows open to the courtyard it was hotter than a furnace room.

"Mayn't I have you thrown into a den of tigers?" he asked. "Or get the burning fiery furnace ready? You'll find 'em sore—and dangerous! That 'God be with you' stuff is habit—they say it with unction before they knife a man!"

"I'll be careful, then," King chuckled; and few men can argue with him when he laughs in that way. "Send me in the keys, like a good chap."

So Saunders went, glad enough to get into the outer air. He slammed the great iron door behind him as if he were glad, too, to disassociate himself from King and all foolishness. Like many another first-class man, King sheds friends as a cat sheds fur going under a gate. They grow again, and quit again, and don't seem to make much difference.

The instant the door slammed, King continued down the line, letting the occupant of each cell in turn see the bracelet.

"May God be with thee!" came instantly from each.

HE HAD scarcely finished when Ismail strode in, jangling a bunch of keys, and looking more than ever like somebody out of the Old Testament.

"Open every door!" King ordered him.

Ismail obeyed as if that were the least improbable order in all the world. It took him two minutes to select the pass-key and determine how it worked; then the doors flew open one after another in quick succession.

"Come out!" he growled. "Come out! Come out!" although King had not ordered that.

King went and stood under the center light, with his left arm bared. The prisoners, emerging like dead men out of tombs, blinked at the bright light—saw him—then the bracelet—and saluted.

"May God be with thee!" growled each of them.

They stood still then, awaiting fresh developments. It did not seem to occur to any one of them as strange that a British officer in khaki uniform should be sporting Yasmini's talisman; the thing was apparently sufficient explanation in itself.

"Ye all know this?" he asked, holding up his wrist. "Whose is this?"

"HERS!"

The answer was monosyllabic, and instant from all thirty throats. "May Allah guard her, sleeping and awake!" added one or two of them.

King lit a cheroot, and made mental note of the wisdom of referring to her by pronoun, not by name.

"And I? Who am I?" he asked, since it saves worlds of trouble to have

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EVERY ONE OF THE PRISONERS FILED BY, KNELT, AND KISSED THE BRACELET.

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the other side state the case. The Secret Service was not designed for giving information but discovering it.

"HER messenger! Who else? Thou art he who shall take us to the Hills!"

"How did she know ye were in this jail?" he asked them, and one of the Hillmen laughed like a jackal, showing yellow eye-teeth. The others cackled in chorus after him.

"Answer that riddle thyself—or else ask HER! Who are we? Bats, that can see in the night? Spirits, who can hear through walls? Nay, we be men of the mountains!"

"But where were ye when she promised?"

"At Ali's. All of us at Ali's—held for debt. We sent and begged of HER. She sent word back by a woman that one of the *Sirkar's* men shall free us and send us home. So we waited, eating shame, and little else, at Ali's. At last came a sahib in a great rage, who ordered irons put on our wrists, and us marched hither. Only when each was pushed into a separate cell were the irons taken off again. Yet we were patient, for we knew this is part of HER cunning, to get us away from Ali without paying him. May Ali die of want, said we, with one voice all together in these cells! And now we be ready! They fed us before we had been in here an hour; our bellies be full, but we be hungry for the Hills!"

"I shall start for the Hills at dawn," he said slowly, and he watched their eyes gleam at the news. No caged tiger is as wretched as a prisoned Hillman. No freed bird wings more wildly for the hills. No moth comes more foolishly back to the flame again. It was easy to take pity on them —probably not one of whom knew pity's meaning.

"Is there any among you who would care to come——"

"Ah-h-h-h!"

"——at the price of strict obedience?"

"Eh-h-h-h-h!"

It seemed there was no word that could express their willingness.

"We be very, very weary for our Hills!" explained the nearest man.

"Aye!" King answered. "And ye all owe Ali!"

"Uh-h-h-h-h!"

He knew better than to browbeat them on that account just then, for the men of the North are easier led than driven—up to a certain point. But it is no bad plan to remind them of the fundamentals to begin with.

"Will ye obey me, and him?" he asked, laying his hand on Ismail's shoulder, as much to let them see the bracelet again as for any other reason.

"Aye! If we fail, Allah do more to us!"

King laughed. "Ye shall leave this place as my prisoners. Here ye have no friends. Here ye *must* obey. But what when ye come to your Hills at last? Can one man hold thirty men prisoners then? In the Hills will ye still obey me?"

They answered him in chorus. Every man of the thirty, and Ismail into the bargain, threw his right hand in the air.

"Allah witness that we will obey!"

"Ah-h-h!" said King. "I have heard Hillmen swear by Allah many a time! Many a time!"

The answer to that was unexpected. Ismail knelt—seized his hand—and pressed the gold bracelet to his lips!

In turn, every one of them filed by, knelt reverently, and kissed the bracelet!

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"Saw ye ever a Hillman do that before?" asked Ismail. "They will obey thee! Have no fear!"

"*Kutch dar nahin hai!*" King answered. "There is no fear!" and Ismail grinned at him, not knowing that King was feeling like Aladdin.

"I have heard you swear," said King; "be ye true men!"

"Ah-h-h!"

"Have they belongings that ought to be collected first?" he asked, and Ismail laughed.

"No more than the dead have! A shroud apiece! Ali gave them bitterness to eat, and picked their teeth afterward for gleanings! They stand in what they own!"

"Then come!" ordered King, turning his back confidently on thirty savages whom Saunders, for instance, would have preferred to drive in front of him, after first seeing them handcuffed. But when he is not pressed for time, neither pistols, nor yet handcuffs, are included in King's method.

"Each lock has a key, but some keys fit all locks," says the Eastern proverb. King has been chosen for many ticklish errands, and Saunders is still in Delhi.

THROUGH the great iron door into dim outer darkness King led them, and presently made them squat in a close-huddled semicircle on the paving-stones, like night-birds waiting for a meal.

"I want blankets for them—two good ones apiece—and food for a week's journey!" he told the astonished Saunders; and he spoke so decidedly that the other man's questions and argument died stillborn. "While you attend to that for me, I'll be seeing his dibs and making explanations. You look full of news. What do you know?"

"I've telephoned all the other stations, and my men swear Yasmini has not left Delhi by train!"

King smiled at him. "If I leave by train, d'you suppose she'll hear of it?"

"She knows your next two moves ahead. You've never met her? Never heard her laugh? Never seen her eyes? You've a treat in store for you! What'll you bet she doesn't laugh you out of countenance the first time you meet?"

"Not in the habit," King answered, glancing at his watch. "Will you see about their rations, please, and the blankets? Thanks!"

They went then in opposite directions, and the prisoners were left squatting under the eyes and bayonets of a very suspicious prison guard, who made no secret of being ready for all conceivable emergencies. One enthusiast drew the cartridge out of his breech-chamber and licked it at intervals of a minute or two, to the very great interest of the Hillmen, who memorized every detail that by any stretch of imagination might be expected to improve their own shooting when they should get home again.

King found his way on foot through a maze of streets to a palace. He ended by sitting on the bed of a man whose word is law between the borders of a province. To him he talked as one schoolboy to a bigger one, because the gray-haired man had understanding, and hence, sympathy.

While they talked the older man wrote on a pad, holding it tight to keep it from fluttering in the breeze of a big electric fan.

"There's the release for your prisoners. Take it—and take them

"WE BE VERY WEARY FOR OUR HILLS!"

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wherever you like! Whatever possessed you to want such a gift?"

"Orders, sir."

"Whose?"

"His. He sent for me to Peshawur, and gave me strict orders to work *with*, not against her. This was obvious."

"How obvious? It seems bewildering."

"Well, sir—first place, she doesn't want to seem to be connected with me. Otherwise she'd have been more in evidence. Second place, she has left Delhi—his telegram, and Saunders's men on oath notwithstanding—and she did not mean to leave those men. Third place, if those thirty men had been anything but her particular pet gang, they'd either have been over the border or else in jail before now—just like all the others. For some reason that I don't pretend to understand, she promised 'em more than she has been able to perform. So I provide performance. She gets the credit for it. I get a pretty good personal following at least as far as up the Khyber! Q. E. D., sir!"

The man in bed nodded. "Not bad," he said.

"Didn't she make some effort to get those men away from Ali's?" King asked him.

"YES. She did. But it was difficult. In the first place, there didn't seem to be any particular hurry. They were eating Ali's substance, and we wanted that. We forbade her to pay their debts to Ali, because he has too urgent need of money just now. He is being pressed on account of debts of his own, and the pressure is making him take risks. He has been begging for money from the German agents. We know who they are, and we expect to make a big haul within a few hours now."

"Hope I didn't spoil things by butting in, sir?"

"No. This is different. She wanted them arrested and locked up at a moment when the jails were all crowded. And then she wanted us to put 'em into trucks and railroad 'em up north out of harm's way, and we happened to be too busy. I felt it keenly not being able to oblige her, but she asked too much at the wrong moment! I would have done it if I could, out of gratitude: it was she who tipped off to us most of the really dangerous men, and it was not her fault a few of them escaped. But we've all been working both tides under, King. Consider me: this is my first night in bed in three, and here I am awake! No—nothing personal—glad to see you, but please understand. And I'm a leisured dilettante compared to most of the others. She must have known our fix. She shouldn't have asked."

King smiled. "Perfectly good opportunity for me, sir!" he said cheerfully.

"So you seem to think. But look out for that woman, King—she's dangerous. She's got the brains of Asia coupled with Western energy! I think she's on our side, and I know *he* believes it; but *watch* her!"

"*Ham dekta hai!*" King grinned. But the older man continued to stare as if he pitied him. "If you get through alive, come and tell me about it afterward. Now, mind you do! I'm awfully interested, but as for envying you——"

"Envy!" King almost squealed. He made the bed-springs rattle as he jumped. "I wouldn't swap jobs with General French, sir!"

"Good-by, then. Good-by, King, my boy. Good-by, Athelstan. Your brother's up the Khyber, isn't he? Give him my regards. Good-by!"

Long before dawn the thirty prisoners and Ismail squatted in a little

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herd on the up-platform of a railway station, shepherded by King, who smoked a cheroot some twenty paces away, sitting on an unmarked chest of medicines. He seemed absorbed in a book on surgery that he had borrowed from a chance-met acquaintance in the godown where he drew the medical supplies. Ismail sat on the one trunk, which had been fetched from the other station, and nursed the new hand-bag on his knees, picking everlastingly at the lock and wondering audibly what the bag contained, to an accompaniment of low-growled sympathy.

"I am his servant—for SHE said so—and he said so. As the custom is, he gave me the key of the great bag on which I sit—as he said himself, for safe-keeping. Then why—why, in Allah's name—am I not to have the key of this bag, too? Of this little bag that holds so little and is so light?"

"It might be money in it?" hazarded one of the herd.

"Nay, for that it is too light."

"Paper money!" suggested another man. "Hundies, with printing on the face, that sahibs accept instead of gold."

"Nay, I know where his money is," said Ismail. "He has but little."

"A razor would slit the leather," suggested another man. "Later, the bag might be dropped, or pushed against some sharp thing, to explain the cut."

Ismail shook his head.

"Why? What could he do to thee?"

"It is because I know not what he would do to me that I will do nothing!" answered Ismail. "He is not at all like other sahibs. This man does unexpected things. This man is not mad; he has a devil. I have it in my heart to love this man. But we are all HER men!"

"Aye! We are HER men!" came the chorus, so that King looked up and watched them over the open book.

At dawn, when the train pulled out, the thirty prisoners sat safely locked in third-class compartments. King lay lazily on the cushions of a first-class carriage in the rear, utterly absorbed in the principles of antiseptic dressing, as if that had anything to do with Prussians and the Khyber Pass; and Ismail attended to the careful packing of soda-water bottles in the ice-box on the floor.

"THE LAND OF THE KNIFE AHEAD."

"SHALL I open the little bag, sahib?" he asked.

King shook his head.

Ismail shook the bag. "The sound is as of things of much importance all disordered," he said sagely. "It might be well to rearrange."

"Put it over there!" King ordered. "Set it down!"

Ismail obeyed, and King laid his book down to light another of his black cheroots. The theme of antiseptics ceased to exercise its charm over him. He peeled off his tunic, changed his shirt, and lay back in sweet contentment. Headed for the Hills, who would not be contented, who had been born in their very shadow?—in their shadow, of a line of Britons who have all been buried there!

"The day after to-morrow I'll see snow!" he promised himself. And Ismail, grinning with yellow teeth through a gap in his wayward beard, understood and sympathized.

Forward in the third-class carriages the prisoners hugged themselves, and crooned as they met old landmarks and recognized the changing scenery. There was a new, cleaner tang in the hot wind that spoke of the Hills and home!

Delhi had drawn them as Monte Carlo attracts the gamblers of all

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Europe. But Delhi had spewed them out again, and oh! how exquisite the promise of the Hills was, and the thunder of the train that hurried—the bumping wheels that sang "Himahlyas—Himahlyas!"—the air that blew in on them unscented—the reawakened memory—the heart's desire for the cold, and the snow, and the cruelty, the dark nights, the shrieking storms, and the savagery of the Land of the Knife ahead!

The journey to Peshawur, which ought to have been wearisome, because they were everlastingly shunted into sidings to make way for roaring south-bound troop-trains, and kept waiting at every wayside station because the trains ahead of them were blocked three deep, was a jubilee progress!

Not a packed-in regiment went by that was not howled at by King's prisoners as if they were blood-brothers of every man in it. Many an officer whom King knew waved to him from a passing train.

"Meet you in Berlin!" was a favorite greeting. And after that they would shout to him for news, and be gone before King could answer.

Many a man, at stations where the sidings were all full and nothing less than miracles seemed able to release the wedged-in trains, came and paced up and down a platform side by side with King. From them he received opinions, but no sympathy to speak of.

"Got to stay in India? Hard lines!" Then the conversation would be bluntly changed, for in the height of one's enthusiasm it is not decent to hurt another fellow's feelings. Simple, simple as a little child is the clean-clipped British officer. And to King's credit be it written that he never laughed at one of them. He let them think they were more fortunate than he, with bloodier work to do.

Peshawur, when they reached it at last, looked dusty and bleak in the comfortless light of northern dawn. But the prisoners crowed and crooned it a greeting, and there was not much grumbling when King refused to unlock their compartment doors. Having waited thus long, they could endure a few more hours in patience, now that they could see and smell their Hills at last.

And there was the General again, not in a dog-cart this time, but furiously driven in a motor-car, roaring and clattering into the station less than two minutes after the train arrived. He was out of the car, for all his age and weight, before it had come to a stand. He took one steady look at King, and then at the prisoners, before he returned King's salute.

"Good!" he said. And then, as if that were not enough, "Excellent! Don't let 'em out, though, to chew the rag with people on the platform. Keep 'em in!"

"They're locked in, sir."

"Excellent! Come and walk up and down with me."

CHAPTER FIVE

Death roosts in the Khyber while he preens his wings!
Native proverb.

"SEEN HER?" asked the General, with his hands behind him.

"No," said King, looking sharply sideways at him and walking stride for stride. His hands were behind him, too, and one of them covered the gold bracelet on his other wrist.

The General looked equally sharply sideways. "Nor've I," he said. "She called me up over the phone yesterday to ask for facilities for her man, Rewa Gunga, and he was in here later. He's waiting for you at the foot of the Pass—camped near the fort at Jamrud, with your *bandobast* all ready. She's on ahead—wouldn't wait."

King listened in silence, and his prisoners, watching him through the barred compartment windows, formed new and golden opinions of him; for

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it is common knowledge in the Hills that when a *burra* sahib speaks to a *chota* sahib, the *chota* sahib ought to say "Yes, sir, oh, yes!" at very short intervals. Therefore King could not be a *chota* sahib after all. So much the better. The Hills ever loved to deal with men in authority, just as they ever despise underlings.

"What made you go back for the prisoners?" the General asked.

"It's a safe rule never to do what the other man expects, sir, and Rewa Gunga expected me to travel by his train."

"Was that your only reason?"

"No, sir. I had general reasons. None of 'em specific. Where natives have a finger in the pie, there's always something left undone at the last minute."

"But what made you investigate those prisoners?"

"Couldn't imagine why thirty men should be singled out for special treatment. Rewa Gunga told me they were in Delhi and at large still. Couldn't guess why. Had 'em arrested so's to be able to question 'em. That's all, sir."

"NOT nearly all!" said the General. "You realize by now, I suppose, that they're her special men—special personal following?"

"Guessed something of that sort."

"Well—she's clever. It occurred to her that the safest way to get 'em up north was to have 'em arrested and deported. That would avoid interference and delay, and would give her a chance to act deliverer at this end, and so make 'em grateful to her—you see? Rewa Gunga told me all this, you understand. He seems to think she's semi-divine. He was full of her cleverness in having thought of letting 'em all get into debt at a house of ill repute, so as to have 'em at hand when she wanted 'em."

"She must have learned that trick from our merchant marine," said King.

"Maybe. She's clever. She asked me over the phone whether her thirty men had started north. I sent a telegram in cipher to find out. The answer was that you had found 'em and rounded 'em up, and were bringing 'em with you. When she called me up on the phone the second time, I told her so; and I heard her chuckle with delight. So I emphasized the point of your having discovered 'em, and saved 'em every whit whole and all that kind of thing. I asked her to come and see me, but she wouldn't—said she was disguised, and particularly did not want to be recognized, which was reasonable enough. She sent Rewa Gunga instead. Now, this seems important:

"Before I sent you down to Delhi—before I sent for you at all—I told her what I meant to do, and I never in my life knew a woman raise such terrific objections to working with a man. As it happened, her objections only confirmed my determination to send for you, and before she went down to Delhi to clean up I told her flatly she would either have to work with you or else stay in India for the duration of the war."

The General did not notice that King was licking his lips. Nor, if he had noticed King's hand, which now was in front of him pressing something under his shirt, could he have guessed that the something was a gold-hilted knife with a bronze blade. King grunted in token of attention, and the General continued.

"She gave in finally, but I felt nervous about it. Now, without your getting sight of her—you say you haven't seen her?—her whole attitude has changed! What have you done? Bringing up her thirty men seems a

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little enough thing. Yet, she swears by you! Used to swear *at* you, and now says you're the only officer in the British Army with enough brains to fill a helmet! Says she wouldn't go up the Khyber without you! Says you're indispensable! Sent Rewa Gunga round to me with orders to make sure I don't change my mind about you! What have you done to her—bewitched her?"

"Done nothing," said King.

"Well, keep on doing nothing in the same style, and the world shall render you its best jobs, one after the other, in sequence! You've made a good beginning!"

"Know anything of Rewa Gunga, sir?"

"Nothing, except that he's her man. She trusts him, so we've got to, and you've got to take him up the Khyber with you. What she orders, he'll do, or you may take it from me she would never have left him behind. As long as she is on our side you will be pretty safe in trusting Rewa Gunga. And she has *got* to be on our side. *Got* to be! She's the only key we've got to Khinjan, and hell is brewing there this minute! She dare unlock the gates and ride the devil down the Khyber if she thought it worth her while! You're to go up the Khyber after her to convince her that there are better mounts than the devil, and better fun than playing with hell-fire! The Rangar told me he had given you her passport—that right?"

As they turned at the end of the platform King bared his wrist, and showed the gold bracelet.

"GOOD!" said the General, but King thought his face clouded. "That thing is worth more than a hundred men. Jack Allison wore that same bracelet, unless I'm much mistaken, on his way down in disguise from Bukhara. So did another man we both knew; but he died. Be sure not to forget to give it back to her when the show's over, King."

King nodded, and grunted. "What's the news from Khinjan, sir?"

"Nothing specific, except that the place is filling up. You remember what I told you about the Heart of the Hills being said to be in Khinjan? Well, they say now that the Heart of the Hills has been awake for a long time, and that when the heart stirs, the body does not lie quiet long. No use trying to guess what they mean; go and find out. And remember—the whole armed force at my disposal in this Province isn't more than enough to tempt the Tribes to conclusions! It's a case for diplomacy. It's a case where diplomacy *must not fail.*"

King said nothing, but the chin-strap mark on his cheek and chin grew slightly whiter, as it always does under the stress of emotion. He can not control it, and he has dyed it more than once on the eve of happenings.

"Here comes your engine," said the General. "Well—there are two battalions of Khyber Rifles up the Pass, and they're about at full strength. They've got word already that you are gazetted to them. They'll expect you. You'd better hurry. Good-by, my boy. Get word to me whenever possible. Good luck to you! Regards to your brother! Good-by!"

King saluted, and stood watching while the General hurried to the waiting motor-car. When the car whirled away like a great dust-eddy he returned leisurely to the train, which had been shortened to three coaches. Then he gave the signal to start up the spur-track that leads to Jamrud, where a fort cowers in the very throat of the dreadfulest gorge in Asia—the Khyber Pass.

The next instalment of ***"King, of the Khyber Rifles"*** *will appear in the July number.*

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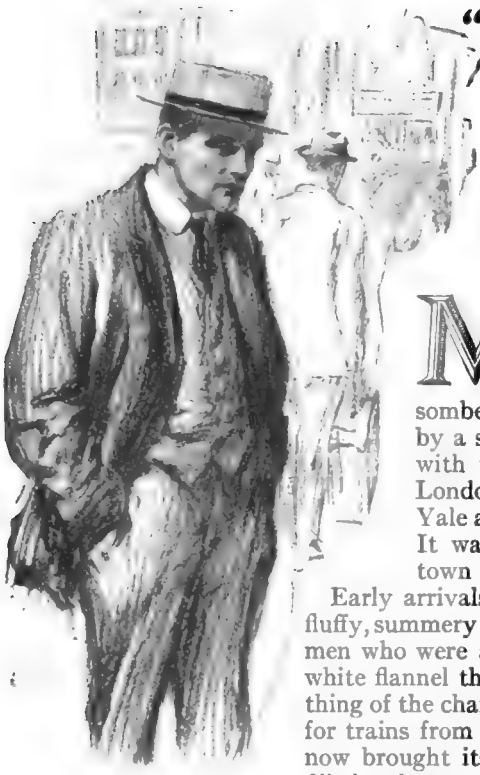

"NEXT YEAR!"

BY

WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

MURRAY HAMPTON stood near the ticket window in the old, barn-like structure that serves as a station in New London. The somberness of the waiting-room was relieved by a splash of color at the news-stand where, with the businesslike impartiality that New London once a year displays, the blue of Yale and the crimson of Harvard were joined. It was Wednesday morning, but already the town was filling up for Friday's race.

Early arrivals thronged the room; laughing girls in fluffy, summery clothes talked with their escorts, young men who were all much of a type, in blue serge and white flannel that took on here in New London something of the character of a uniform. They were waiting for trains from New York and Boston, each of which now brought its quota of those who would on Friday fill the observation trains.

It was a pleasant sight, an agreeable scene. Yet Hampton, as he stood waiting, scowled, and his brooding stare, his sullen resentment, were enough to draw to him an attention he could hardly otherwise have earned. His distaste for all that he saw was obvious. He was out of sympathy with the blithe and cheerful spirit that pervaded the place; and the sullen challenge of his manner drew a good many eyes to him.

Those who looked at him saw a young man, but one still older by several years than the boys who were in a majority in the waiting-room. There was nothing distinguished about him; nothing, except for his manner, to induce any one to give him a second look. He held himself badly. His shoulders sagged indifferently, so that their fine breadth, which would have done something to mark him out had he stood erect, was wasted. There was indifference, indeed, in his whole bearing: in the way he leaned against the wall, in the way his feet were set upon the floor, in everything except the concentrated, angry bitterness of his eyes.

He was not such a bad-looking chap, but he made it necessary for you to look at him more than once to see that. He had good eyes; the sort of blue eyes that lead you to expect to see in them either a laughing sparkle or that flash of hardness of which blue eyes are capable. His features weren't regular, but just now it was his expression that spoiled them. And he needed a shave.

Besides, his clothes were shabby. The best days they had ever seen had not been so very good; they were the sort of clothes that a man buys ready

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made, in the cheaper sort of department store, and that soon lose their shape. The cheap leather of his brown shoes had begun to crack and peel. His straw hat was stained and weatherbeaten, and the straw was chipped off here and there. The touch of a pressing-iron, five cents' worth of oxalic acid for the hat, a shave, a hair-cut, would have transformed the man. And his tie was badly tied. It looked as if he had made a poor job of the tying, and then had not felt it worth while to loosen it and try again.

But in the end it was his eyes, if you went back to them, that gave him away. They were sullen eyes now, and they had in them the look that eyes have when they have seen many things go wrong and their owner has begun to stop caring very much. For the moment, to be sure, Hampton did care; his resentment of the care-free holiday-makers showed that. And you would have been puzzled to know why he should be so affected.

A tramp down on his luck, hungry, and a tramp, at that, with socialistic leanings, might have been angered by the thought of the money that would be wasted, frittered away, in connection with this race. But you must have known that Hampton was not a tramp. He lacked the distinctive marks of the man who has become, either from inclination or from choice, an idler.

AS a matter of fact, Hampton was not an idler. He had finished, only the day before, a job that had kept him busy for six weeks, in connection with the installation of some machinery in a new factory, and he was waiting now for the man with whom he had worked. They would go back to New York, and in a day or two, or at most a week, some other job would claim them. And he had enough money in his pocket to keep him in comfort even in the altogether improbable event of a month's idleness. He looked at the clock and then turned impatiently toward the door.

In a moment the man for whom he was waiting came hurrying in. He looked a little like Hampton, and yet he didn't. A man of the same general type, he had none of Hampton's sullen indifference and disregard for his appearance.

"Hello!" he said. "Train on time?"

"I suppose not," said Hampton, ungraciously. "Never knew a Boston train to pull in here on time in boat-race week. So many darned fools like these people here coming to see the race!"

"Fools nothing!" said the other enviously, turning to look with frank admiration at one of the groups of girls and young men that were constantly forming and separating as greetings were exchanged. "Where'd you get the grouch, Hampton? Why shouldn't they have a good time? Wish I'd gone to Yale or Harvard—or some place. I'd give something to be able to come back to a show like this and feel I belonged!"

"Huh! You'd think so, wouldn't you? But how do you know you'd belong?" said Hampton. "Look at me! I fit in well with this bunch, don't I? And I'm a Harvard man!"

He laughed at the other man's bewilderment. "Sure I am!" he went on. "Don't look it, do I? Or act it? I manage to keep it pretty dark! But I haven't quite lived it down yet, Smithy! When I see something like this it hits me. Gosh, I nearly came here to New London once with the crew. Looked as if I was a cinch for Number Five in the Varsity that year. Then they looked me up and found that none of my ancestors had ever been a Colonial governor of Massachusetts, and that I wasn't on the calling list of a single Back Bay family. So it was all off, of course! They wanted me to keep on with the second crew—just to give the real crew practise!"

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IT ALL SEEMED SILLY TO HAMPTON; YET HE KNEW THAT THIS WAS ENVY.

"Uh, I don't get you about all that stuff," said Smith. "Gave you a raw deal, did they? Gee, you can find that anywhere, I guess. But say, if you went to Harvard, how's it come that you're not further along? You ought to have a better job than me. I quit after two years in high school, and all I've had since is what I could get from night school and that correspondence course I'm taking now. But you had a regular start."

"Sure; that's what I thought too, once," said Hampton. "Lord, Smithy, when I went to Harvard—and I went on my own money that I'd worked for—I thought I'd reached out and grabbed a regular future. I thought I'd learn all sorts of things, and make friends who'd help me along too. That's bunk, Smithy! I haven't seen a man I knew in Harvard since I left Cambridge. And you said yourself you were as far along as I am. You can see how much college did for me. Yah!"

Smith shook his head rather helplessly. He couldn't quite account for his feeling, but Hampton made him feel rather sick, talking like that. He sensed the bitterness, the futile resentment, that lay behind the sneering words. But he had the feeling that there was something else too; something he didn't want to hear in the voice of a man he liked.

"Well, I d'know," he said, uncomfortably. "Say, I guess that train's coming pretty soon. Buy your ticket yet?"

"No," said Hampton, suddenly. "And I'm not going to. I'm going to stay, Smithy. I'm going to see if I can't get this grouch out of my system. Maybe if I stick around and see this race—I don't know—maybe it'll stop bothering me. What do you think?"

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"Me?" said Smith. "Oh, I d'know. How can I tell? You do as you like. What'll I tell the boss? No reason why you shouldn't stay. There won't be any new job starting before Monday."

"Tell him I'll be in town Saturday morning," said Hampton, his decision formed. "I'm going to try it."

Five minutes later he waved cheerlessly to Smith, who was looking back at him from the platform of the smoker. Then he turned away and walked out through the waiting-room into the square outside the station. Half a dozen motors, bright with blue and crimson, were waiting. The same sort of girls and young men who had filled the waiting-room were in them, or coming to them, laden with bags from the train. He heard with a growing bitterness the greetings, the excited questioning.

"Hello, where are you?"

"Griswold; good crowd. How about you?"

"House party up the river. We're coming over to your Griswold dance to-morrow night."

"Good; better celebrate while the celebrating's good! You Harvard johnnies won't feel so much like it after the race!"

And so on, *ad infinitum*. It seemed inexpressibly silly to Hampton. And yet there was enough honesty in him to make him know, and to make him uncomfortable in the knowledge, too, that it was envy, rather than contempt, that he felt. He looked at a tall boy who stood on the running-board of a car, talking confidentially to a girl. The boy's fair hair was tossed about in the wind; in his hand he held his hat, and its band was that of a famous club. No club had ever singled Hampton out for election.

It came to him suddenly that he had mattered as little to Harvard as Harvard had mattered to him. Even now he could walk through the New London streets and have no fear of being recognized by some classmate. No fear? It wasn't exactly the word, he decided, with a wry smile. He walked away quickly, without turning back.

And then, after he had arranged with his surprised landlady, who had supposed that she had seen the last of him, to stay for two more nights, he began to understand what it was that he had let himself in for. He had two mortal days to kill before the race, and not the slightest notion of how to set about the task. Simply to pass the time, he went into a barber-shop and surrendered himself to the ministrations of a deft Italian, who conceived it to be his duty to his customer to talk about the race. He glanced at himself in the glass as he left the shop, and was a little startled by the improvement in his appearance, since it made him understand how badly he must have looked before. A few doors from the barber's was a hat-cleaning parlor; he shrugged his shoulders, and became the patron of another Italian.

HE LOOKED better, but he had not gone far enough yet. The sullen, bitter look was still in his eyes; his resentment was as keen as ever. Already he regretted his impulse to stay and his surrender; he was minded to take the next train. But he strangled that desire. He decided, rather grimly, to wait. Perhaps he could get rid of his obsession of injustice.

For an hour he wandered around New London without spirit. New London is a small town. And in some odd fashion, with the influx of boat-race visitors, it seems to contract into even smaller limits than its normal ones. In those feverish days the town consists, practically, of the one street that climbs from the boat-landings and the station to the Mohican Hotel,

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passing the post-office and the Thames Club on the way. There every one gathers; crowds walk up and down all day long.

Hampton's discontent, his restlessness, grew with his wandering. And then, quite suddenly, he thought of something with which to cap the climax of his ironic communion with the past. Almost briskly he walked down to the station to find out when the next train for Red Top would start. He was just in time; in less than a minute he was in the smoker of the futile little two-car train that puffed out of the station, over the bridge, and up the river. He had never seen the Harvard crew's quarters at close range. He wanted to do so now; to see just what he had missed five years before when he had been deprived of his chance to row against Yale.

Few people were on the train. He heard an excited discussion going on behind him between Yale men on their way to Gale's Ferry, and some Harvard men, bent, like himself, on a visit to Red Top. Once more he scowled. He told himself he had no interest in the race; that he didn't care which crew won. But he tried to hear what was being said.

AT THE little apology for a station, he hung back, and let the men who were sure of their welcome precede him. He stopped, indeed, and watched them making their way toward the wooden buildings, with their fresh coat of crimson paint, at the water's edge. The strains of a phonograph playing some bit of dance music came to him, and he could hear, too, the voices of the men about the quarters. From the river came the put-put of a motor-boat; occasionally there was an outburst of laughter.

For a moment he thought of walking boldly in and announcing himself as a Harvard man and a former oarsman. He was curious to see what sort of reception he would have. It was just possible that there would be some one about who would remember him, he thought. But then he scowled again and walked straight to the river, edging away a little to avoid quarters. He found a rock that jutted out a little into the stream and allowed him to see the float and the space in front of the big living-shack.

A dozen oarsmen sat and lay about the float—bare feet in sandals or sneakers; short trunks and big white sweaters, some bearing the crimson H, their only clothing. A little chap, almost lost in his sweater, was haranguing them all, talking volubly, but winning only derision. Involuntarily, Hampton grinned. He remembered the coxswain of the crew he had so nearly made, little Staines, who had talked so much.

In the water, by the float, two or three men were swimming lazily, their bronzed bodies gleaming through the water. From up the river an eight was swinging down, crimson-tipped oars flashing in the sun. The freshman boat, Hampton guessed. The wind carried to his ears very faintly the hoarse comments of the coach, who stood in the bow of the coaching launch that followed the shell, and again Hampton grinned.

"Wray, I suppose," he said to himself. "Telling them how rotten they are! Gosh—they look good to me!"

And then all at once he couldn't bear it for another second. He caught his breath. He recognized furiously the constriction of the muscles of his throat. And he turned and walked quickly, head down, toward the railway tracks. He wanted to shut the whole sight from his eyes, to close his ears to the snatches of talk, the occasional burst of sound from the phonograph.

He was vaguely conscious of a man who had been walking along the railway track, and who turned toward him now—a man in white flannels and blue serge, hatless, tanned by the sun. He bent his head; he didn't want

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to be seen. And then he heard his own name pronounced in doubtful, hesitating accents. He looked up at that, and saw that the other man had stopped, and was smiling, his hand outstretched.

"Isn't it Hampton?" he asked. "Murray Hampton? By Jove, this is luck! Where did you drop from, Hampton?"

Hampton stared at him bewildered, groping for some clue to his identity.

"Forgotten me, haven't you?" said the other, his white teeth flashing as his smile broadened. "But I was a class below you, of course—rowed on the four the year you were with the Varsity. Coburn—remember now? Say, I'm glad to see you!"

Mechanically, Hampton shook hands. He couldn't understand at all. He did remember Coburn. Why shouldn't he? Even a Hampton could remember without much difficulty a man like Coburn, who had been predestined to every good thing that Harvard and life itself can offer. Coburn, who had captained the crew in his senior year, and been a leader in every sort of undergraduate activity; who had had family and money, and every other good thing behind him. But why should Coburn remember him, and, even if that were explained, why should he greet him so cordially?

"COME ALONG," said Coburn, amazingly. He linked his arm in Hampton's and turned him around, and then began to walk swiftly toward the red buildings that showed through the trees. "By Jove, old man, you've saved us from everlasting disgrace! Do you know what I've been doing? I've been to Gale's Ferry to ask them if they'd let us put a Varsity sub in for the race to-morrow! Would they! Tickled to death at the chance! It's the first time we've been short a man in three years!"

Before Hampton could frame the questions that were surging in his mind, Coburn had led him, a little dazed, wholly acquiescent, to the float.

"Here we are, you chaps!" he cried. "I ate my slice of humble-pie all for nothing! Talk about luck—here's Murray Hampton to fill up the boat for us! We needn't put in a ringer after all!"

There was a chorus of rejoicing from the men Coburn addressed. And these were not the Varsity men, but a group, like Coburn himself, in flannels, who sat a little apart. Three or four men whom Hampton remembered dimly, got up and shook hands with him.

"Good business!" said one. "Good for you, Hampton!" cried another.

"It's a hunch!" said Coburn, solemnly. "We thought we'd written or wired or telephoned to every man east of Chicago yesterday, and then old Hampton drops from the sky to pull us through at the last minute!"

"But look here!" cried Hampton. "What's it all about? You might as well be talking Greek to me."

"Good heavens! Didn't you know?" asked Coburn. "Why, you've turned up just in time to save us in the race with the Yale graduates to-morrow—mile course—and God help the man who's been living high! I forgot, though, you haven't been around since you got through, have you? This is fairly new. Started as a bit of a joke, but it's a real race every year now—'gentlemen's eights,' some blighter called it! Yale's been at least one man short every year till this, and it looked as if they'd put one over on us this year. You're in shape to row a mile, aren't you?"

"I—I guess so," said Hampton. He found it curiously difficult to swallow. "Say, I'm surprised that you remembered me!"

"Remember you? Well, I should say we did! Come on, let's find you

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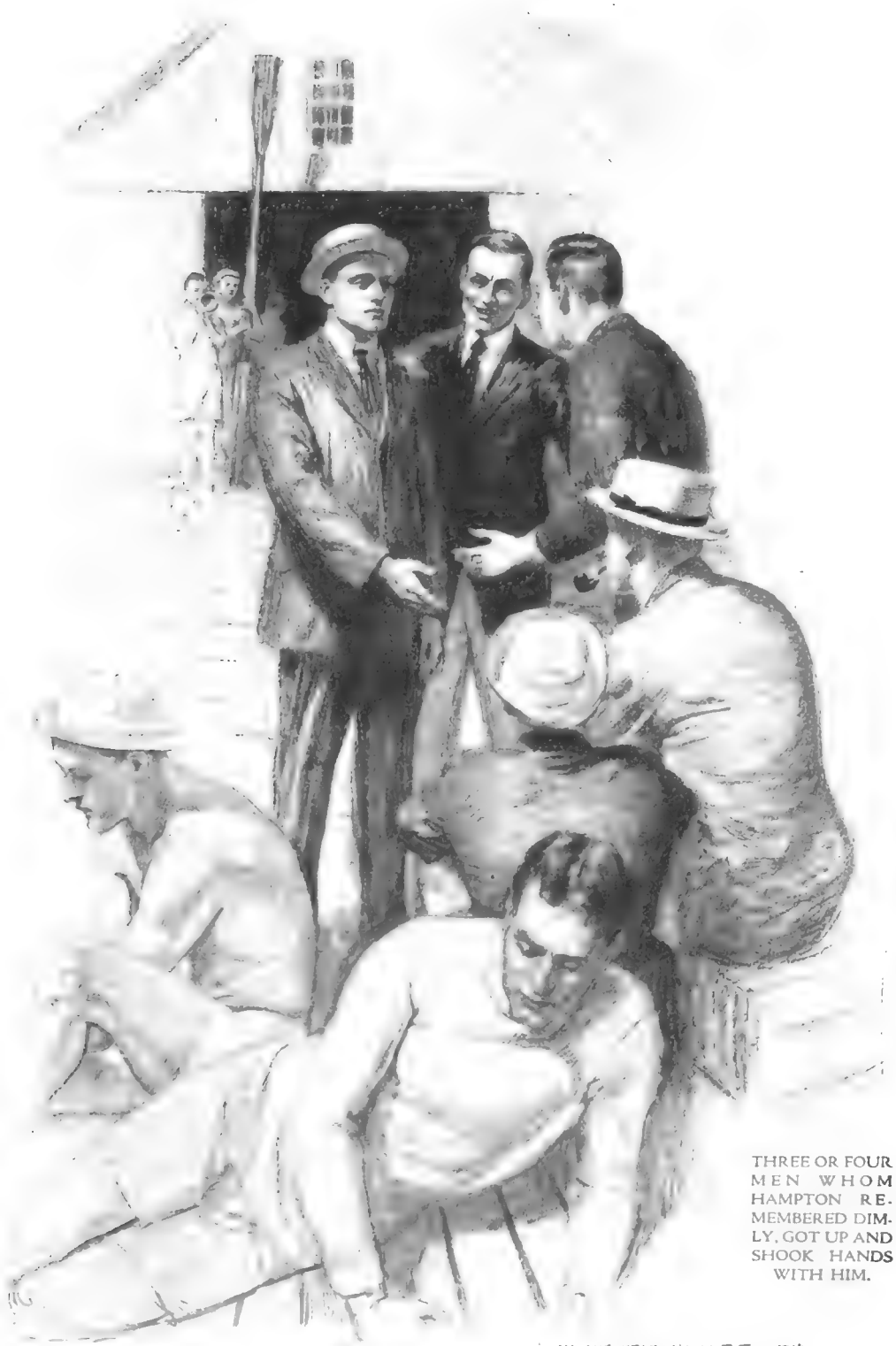

THREE OR FOUR MEN WHOM HAMPTON REMEMBERED DIMLY, GOT UP AND SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM.

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some togs, and we'll go out for a spin, *after* the Varsity's gone away for its paddle! The way these infants kid us is something fierce, Hampton!"

Hampton laughed uncertainly. Rather blindly he followed Coburn into the boat-house, and waited about, taking deep, long breaths, filling his nostrils with the old, well-remembered smell that hangs about the home of racing-shells. Coburn lifted his voice, calling for an assistant manager, who came presently, loftily smoking a cigarette, and supplied Hampton with shoes, with short rowing-trunks, and a sleeveless shirt. It bore a faded H, and Hampton flushed as he looked at that.

"I—say—I'm not an H man," he said. For a moment the old bitterness welled up in him. He remembered the disappointment of years before—when he had been young enough to think the winning of the Varsity letter among the greatest things of all.

"Oh, never mind that; wear it inside out if you're so particular," said Coburn. "Oh, I remember; some one beat you out the year I was on the four, and you didn't come out in your senior year. Too bad. You'd have made it; beaten me out, I guess. Every one said I'd have stayed on the four that year too, if you'd been out, now that I think of it."

Hampton looked at him sharply. But Coburn was innocent of guile. He wasn't trying to be tactful. For the first time in his years of brooding a faint doubt entered Hampton's mind. The bitterness wasn't wiped out in a moment; the thoughts of years do not succumb so easily. But doubt had entered his mind, and that made a difference. He turned away with a curious feeling that he did not want Coburn to see his eyes just then.

Ten minutes later they were all on the float. Up the river the Varsity shell was gliding smoothly through the water, the crimson blades flashing in the glorious rhythm of the racing stroke. The water all around the float was full of the naked bodies of the freshmen, just in from a spin, laughing, skylarking. Little Staines, who had been up at the sleeping quarters, appeared suddenly, crying for haste, and then stopped to pump Hampton's hand up and down in delighted surprise.

"Oh, great!" he said. "This is like old times! You're a life-saver! You haven't changed a bit, either, Hampton; just as big and raw as you ever were. Lord, what have you been doing to keep fit? I've lived in a Turkish bath for two weeks to get enough off to fit into my seat!"

Tenderly they set an old shell afloat; a shell full of glorious memories for some of them, who had sat in it and raised weary eyes at the finish of a race to see those last heartbreaking strokes of a beaten Yale crew. Then gingerly they climbed in.

They pushed off, and through the little megaphone that was strapped about Staines's head there poured the old, familiar stream of picturesque abuse, as he cried his orders and got the shell out into midstream.

"*Seven!*" he cried, tragically, "if you want to set a pace of your own, all right! But remember you're stroking the port side of the

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boat, and watch Coburn's beat! Four, have you forgotten all you ever knew about how to hold an oar? Bow—oh, teach me a new language, some one, so I can tell Bow what he's doing; it can't be done in English!"

Hampton got his share of that unending stream of invective. And it was like the first breath of salt air to a man who loves the sea, after a long exile in the midlands. The sweat that started on his forehead and poured into his eyes, blinding him; the ebb and flow of swelling muscles in the naked back of the man in the seat ahead of him; the deep bite of his blade in the water; the sweet, smooth rush of the slide; the jump of the boat as the eight blades drove through the water; the sound of the river against the sides of the shell—all blended into a delight so intoxicating that he wanted to cry out his joy.

A mile they rowed up-stream, against the tide; then turned and came lazily home, flayed still by Staines, but full of the knowledge that they had not forgotten how to row. Stiffly they climbed up on the float, and then, at Coburn's word, skied the shell and ran it into the boat-house, while the Varsity cheered them ironically. Back to the water then, rolling off the float, splashing like children, reveling in the delight of turning on their backs and floating, looking up at the cloudless blue sky above.

"YOU'LL stay here, of course," said Coburn, as they dressed, after the shower. "Lots of room. We'll get out early in the morning for a last spin. We'll row them in the afternoon, after it gets cool."

"I—well, I ought to get back—haven't any things; just ran up for a look at the crew," said Hampton, hesitatingly.

"Forget it," said Coburn. "We'll send a freshman in for a toothbrush, and we can fit you out with everything else. You were going to stay over for the race, weren't you? Of course! We'll all be honored guests on one of the boats. Heroes—all that sort of thing, you know. *If* we beat those lobsters! Lord, I feel the way I did when I was a freshman! Seems to me I'd run away and hide if we let them beat us!"

Hampton lay around the float after he had changed to borrowed flannels, and talked rowing. No one asked the question he had dreaded; there was only one topic, save when the Varsity men, showing in their faces the strain of their long training, were about. From them all thought of the race had to be kept. All the talk was of the crew, and of other crews that were remembered now for the victories they had won or the defeats they had suffered. Hampton said little; he was content to bask in the comfort of it all. But now and again some trace of his bitterness came back to plague him. This was all very well; but how late it was!

He would row against Yale to-morrow. For a few hours more the good fellowship would last. And then, when the race was over, there would be farewells. He would go back to his petty, uncertain job; Coburn would return to his desk in one of the offices of one of his father's railroads; Staines would become again the owner of countless blocks of city real-estate that kept

TENDERLY THEY SET AN OLD SHELL AFLOAT.

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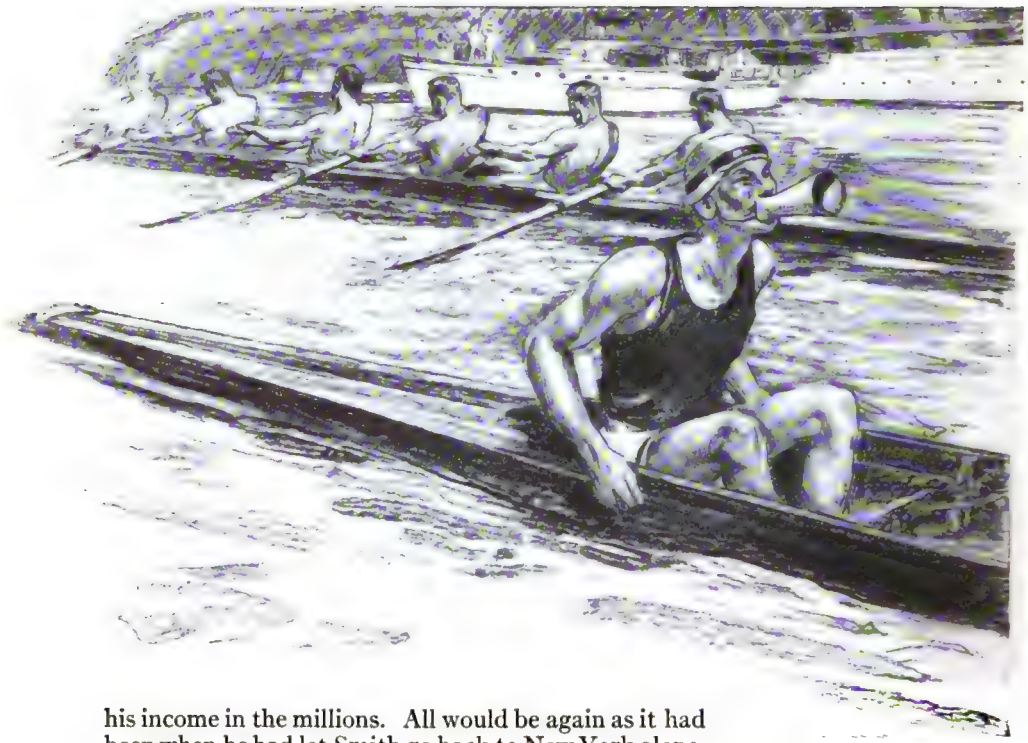

his income in the millions. All would be again as it had been when he had let Smith go back to New York alone.

But there was little time for him to think of the ultimate results of his attempt to free himself of the obsession that had been with him through the years. The call to supper came, and he ate with such an appetite as he had not known for years. And after dinner there was more talk, and music from the phonograph. For a time a freshman played the piano, and every one sang. Then came the Yale crew and its camp followers, visiting, and when these had gone it was time for bed.

Even then, sleep came so quickly that Hampton did not think. Two miles of rowing had seemed so little, yet he was tired; so tired that he slept until he was roused in the morning by the call to breakfast—a breakfast that was preceded by a swift swim that sharpened his appetite again. Oh, it was good, every minute of it, every bit of talk, every revival of the memories that for years had held nothing for him but bitterness!

And it was after lunch, while he waited about nervously for the time to come when Coburn would call out his crew, that his inspiration came to him. He had studied Coburn and the rest; he admitted to himself now that he had been wrong. These men were really friendly; they were not, as he had once or twice suspected, simply making use of him. Sooner or later Coburn or one of the others would ask the inevitable question about what he was doing, about how he was getting along. Then if he told the truth, why, almost any one of them could give him a hand. And would, he was sure of that. He drew a long breath. There might be a chance for him yet! If he could interest Coburn he could get the money to work out that brake he had worked on for two years after he had left Harvard.

The minutes dragged by with leaden feet. Long before it was time, they were ready and waiting. To Hampton—and he was sure that the others

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HAMPTON HEARD A LAUGH BEHIND HIM; COLD WATER SPLASHED ON HIS BACK. THEY HAD WON.

felt as he did—this race he was to row was as significant, as vitally important, as the great struggle of the Varsity crews next day. Yale was to be beaten still; there stirred in him some feeling of the symbolism of the contest that came home to him so directly. For others besides himself this race meant a second chance. There was MacCrae, for instance, who had rowed against Yale in three losing crews. He understood very well the grim look in MacCrae's eyes.

A motor-boat came dashing up at last, and the men who, like Coburn, knew the ropes, stood up and shouted a greeting to Billy Meikleham, the referee, standing in the bow.

"Ready, Coburn?" cried Meikleham.

"Ready!" answered Coburn. And he grinned as he turned to Hampton. "What'll they ever do when Billy gets tired of being referee every year?" he asked. "He's part of the scenery!"

Then gingerly, with the scoffing advice of the Varsity ringing in their ears, they got into the shell. Hampton felt his pulses leaping as he bent to adjust

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his lacing. Then he gripped his sweep and waited for Staines to get them off.

"Come along; let's show them some form!" called Staines.

They dropped down the river easily, and Staines checked them with his sharp cry of "Way enough!" so that they could drift down with the tide, past the stake-boat, and give the man who waited, his chance to grasp the slender stem and hold the shell in line against the start. Hampton looked over in the moment before he had to be alert for the coxswain's orders, and the swift glimpse of the Yale shell abolished the years that he had wasted. In an instant he was back in his Junior year. But now the dream of that year that had been vain had come to the moment of realization. He could do something for Harvard after all.

"Ready, Harvard? Ready, Yale?"

HE SAW Staines fling up his hand, but now he could look across at the Yale shell no longer. A pistol cracked. They were off. He felt the shell leap into life beneath him; he drove his own blade deep into the water—too deep. He was conscious of the splash as he recovered, and gritted his teeth. The mad impulse to set his own pace, to row as fast and as hard as he could, was new to him; he had never been in a real race before. In the first dozen strokes, before they got together, with Staines snapping at them, he was conscious of the wild tumult in the shell. But then, somehow, all was well, and the shell began to slip smoothly through the water.

At last he dared to glance over toward the left, where Yale should have been. And for a moment he saw nothing. Then dimly his eye picked up a tiny brown line, the stem of the Yale shell. Yale was ahead! Once more he had to fight the impulse to throw discipline, the set beat he must take from the man before him, to the winds, and drive his own sweep in as hard and as often as he could. Grimly he settled down to his task.

He tried to guess the stroke. As nearly as he could come to it Coburn was giving them thirty-six strokes to the minute, and he raged, because he knew that they were all good for thirty-eight. But it was not for him to decide; it was his task to put every bit of strength, every effort of the muscles of back and thigh and leg into the drive; to summon up every half-forgotten bit of rowing lore that he had learned on the Charles, and row. . . .

He fought hard against the overpowering desire to turn and look at the Yale crew. But at last he let his eyes wander, and now, where that tiny speck of cedar had been, he saw the Yale coxswain bending forward, the straining back of the stroke. Yale was coming back! And, even as he looked over, Yale's Number Seven seemed to move backward into his range of vision. His shell was gaining.

And then a new thrill shot through the boat, and long before his brain registered the knowledge he was rowing a higher, faster stroke. He heard Seagrave, his Number Six, grunt; joyfully, once he knew that Coburn had cut loose at last, he flung himself into the work. Work? Nothing like it! It was play; such glorious play as he had not known in years!

Suddenly a pistol cracked again, and from Staines came the sharp order, "Way enough! Quit, you lobsters; it's all over!"

All over! Every nerve in Hampton's body cried out in revolt. All over! When they were just beginning to row? Then he heard a laugh behind him; cold river water splashed on his back. Mechanically he scooped up a handful of water and flung it over Seagrave, and then he looked over. The Yale shell was still moving; the oars had just been raised. He realized all at once that Yale was beaten! Seagrave turned to grin at him happily.

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"Good enough!" he said. "We beat 'em again!"

Hampton joined in the cheer for Yale, and listened hungrily to the sharp bark of Yale's answering cheer.

"All right!" called Staines. "Let's hit it up going back! We'll show them we're not tired!"

But they loafed until they were only a quarter of a mile from the float, and then Coburn quickened the beat, and they dashed magnificently up to the float, crowded with the youngsters whose test would come next day. And now there was nothing ironical about the way the Varsity cheered them. They had done their part, and they had brought home with them an omen of victory for the tired boys who were wondering how they could hope to sleep on this last night, when sleep meant so much.

"You weren't so rotten but what you might have been worse!" conceded Staines, grudgingly, when they were all dressing together. "At that, though, Hampton was the only one who didn't make some fool break in the first minute."

"He was our mascot!" said Coburn, looking over with a grin. "How about next year, old man? Can we count on you?"

"You bet!" said Hampton. "Glory, I wouldn't miss it for a million!"

"Fine! Who's for the Griswold to-night? We can break training, and I've got a bid for the whole crowd, if any of you haven't got your own."

Abruptly the spell was broken for Hampton. He drew away silently as the rest gathered to discuss their plans for the night; and it was his own clothes that he donned. Very quietly he slipped out. But Coburn saw him go, and in a moment down on the deserted float he joined him, and dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"I say—oh, damn it, Hampton—I don't know just how to put it. How have you been making out? World treating you just the way it should?"

It was the chance that Hampton had looked for, counted on.

"The world's all right, Coburn!" he said. "It's done just that—treated me just the way it should! I'm the one who's been wrong. Some day I'll tell you, if you'll listen to me, the way I intended to answer that question when you asked it. I've been bumming, Coburn. I've messed things up. I've been acting like a spoiled kid that couldn't have the moon. But—ask me again next year, will you? I'll have something different to tell you!"

"NEXT YEAR I'LL HAVE SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO TELL YOU!"

Coburn stared at him, then reached for his hand impulsively. "I'll bet you will, old man," he said. "I—I came down here to see if I could do anything for you. But I guess I can't, can I?"

"Not a thing!" said Hampton. "You've done it already; you and the whole crowd. Say, I'm not going to wait for the race. I'm going down to New York to-night. I want to be on the job when the whistle blows to-morrow morning. But—next year——!"

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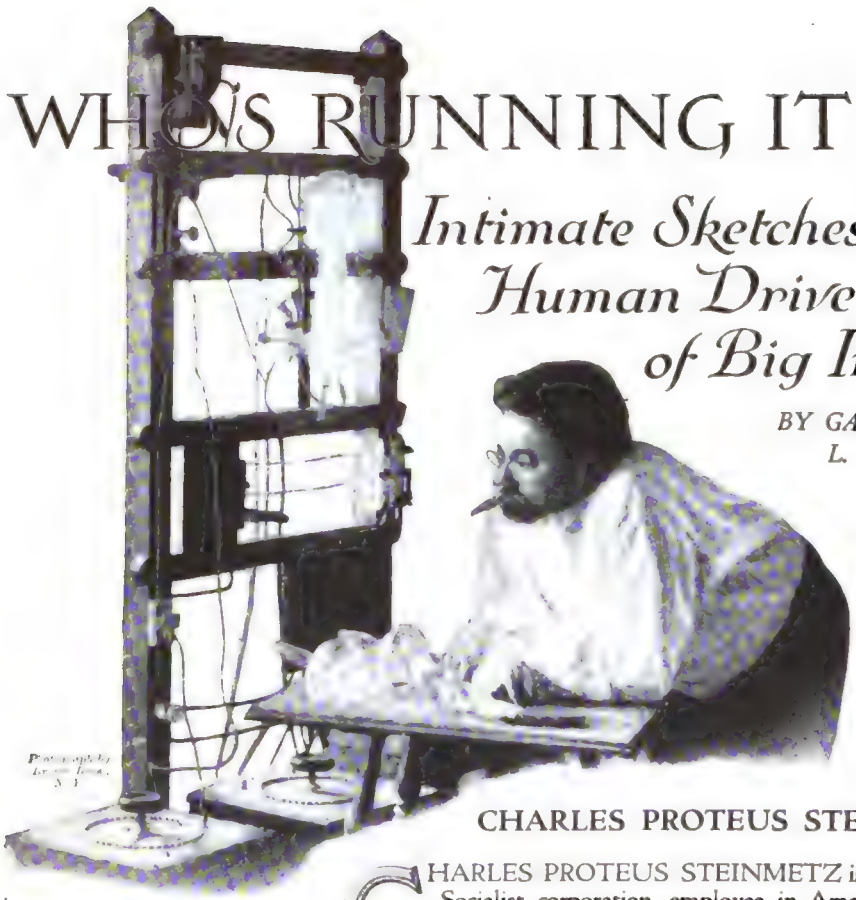
WHO'S RUNNING IT?

Intimate Sketches of the Human Drive-Wheels of Big Industries

BY GARDNER L. HARDING



CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ is the greatest Socialist corporation employee in America. He is chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company and a landmark of the Lunn Socialist movement, both located at Schenectady, New York. Steinmetz is a German born, Socialist bred, and an electrical engineer by force of genius. He has invented appliances—such as the induction and polyphase motors—which, with his scientific initiative, supply some of the fundamentals in the General Electric's business life.

Steinmetz began to invent things early. One of his first attempts was when, as a student at the University of Berlin, he made an invisible ink wherewith to circumvent the watchdogs of autocracy on the Berlin police force. His sprightly correspondence by this means with his Socialist friends in jail was interrupted only by a hurried journey, at the instance of said police, to this country. He has been with the General Electric Company since 1893, and he earns $100,000 a year. He lives plainly, his only luxury being cigars, which he smokes incessantly as he crooks his short, thick back over blue-print tables and laboratory slabs.

Just now Steinmetz is interested in the National Association of Corporation Schools, of which he is president, and whose particular job is to correlate the facilities the big corporations give their employees for Americanization and education. Steinmetz comes from the people. His mother died when he was quite young, and his father, a lithographer and railway worker, skimped and sacrificed his little all to give his son a technical education. The son is worth it.

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Photograph by Pach Bros., N. Y.

UNION NOBLE BETHELL

IN 1889, Charles F. Cutler, president of the struggling New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, invited a young Indiana lawyer to become is assistant. This was Union Noble Bethell, who, at thirty, had just qualified to practise before the bar of the Supreme Court in Washington. He came, he saw, and he took hold. In two years he was made secretary and treasurer of the company; in four years he became general manager. Then he began in earnest. New York had then less than ten thousand telephones. The telephone was sold like the piano—no matter how often you used it, you had to pay the same price. Mr. Bethell scrapped this freakish system in less than a year, and inaugurated a pay-for-what-you-get or "message rate" plan, which has since been adopted as the standard all over the world. When he relinquished the general managership in 1906, he had raised the original 10,000 to 175,000.

Then came the era of national organization. America was divided into eight groups of telephone principalities, and by 1910 this ex-Hoosier lawyer became the first vice-president of the vast American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He is to-day the chief executive officer of a system controlling over 9,000,000 telephones, and district president of New York's own system of 600,000 alone. His solid, shrewd, steady career has not been without its despairs and its bitter, long-drawn-out crises. Bethell has bucked all his life the buccaneers of over-capitalization. When the New York and New Jersey companies were reorganized he ruled out all the gilt-edged franchises and the other "intangible" assets, and actually cut the new capitalization by more than $7,000,000, far lower than the law allowed. Next to telephones, Bethell's chief interest is the town of Montclair, N. J., where, as President of the Playground Commission, and then as President of the Board of Education in this model school community, he has been for years a useful and constructive citizen.

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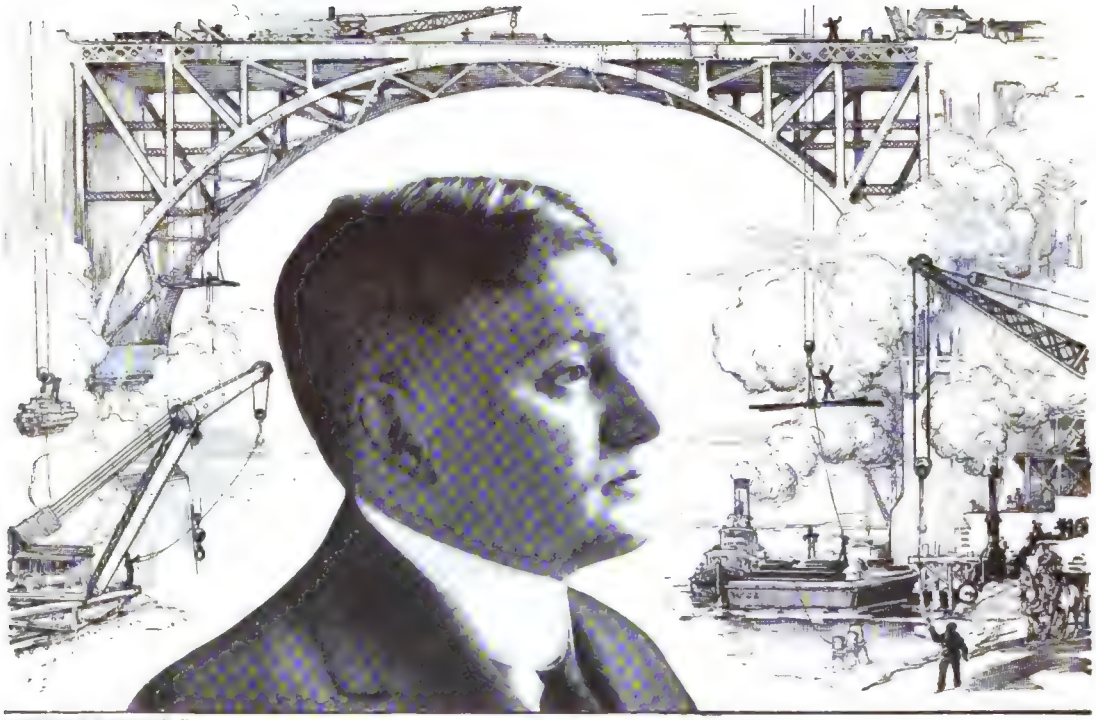

Photograph by Kaufmann, N. Y.

EUGENE P. THOMAS

THIS is the age of steel—especially for America. It is the age of world-wide importance of foreign markets—especially for America. Here is the man—Eugene P. Thomas—who is responsible for the foreign business of the greatest of American corporations, the United States Steel Corporation. His job is president of the United States Steel Products Company, and he has held it since 1911; yet in the way of advertising himself he has not made enough noise to get into "Who's Who."

Thomas was one of the pioneers of the foreign trade in steel. He left the newspaper business to go to England in 1899; two years later he became assistant foreign sales-manager of the Lorain Company of America, and before he was thirty-five he took his present place at the head of our greatest export organization. Thomas went to Europe in the "dumping days" when dull business at home was our only excuse for unloading on the foreigners; after mutilating the market with great energy we would get out, and then when "prosperity" came back again, we let future orders abroad go hang. Thomas is the man who has done more than any other to break the back of that system.

He allowed those queer fellows, foreigners, to have their own way: he gave the Australian carpenters their oval nails, he gave the Japanese their nails in picul (133 lbs.) kegs, and he supplied the bare-legged bazaar-keepers of Bombay with nails in 7-lb. packets. He did the same with bridges and boilers; and he got railway stuff to Patagonia, steel to Iceland, date-box nails to Palestine, pipe to Rumania, bridges to Siberia, hotel steel construction to Buenos Aires, Shanghai, and Calcutta, and a steel export trade in toto that had risen by 1912 to 2,941,684 tons from 1,167,710 tons in 1904. There is a greater expansion yet for this vast increase, and that expansion is in this man's hands.

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BENJAMIN F. BUSH

BUSH is the youngster of fifty-seven who is known in railroad circles everywhere as the man who pulled the Missouri Pacific out of the hole. 'Way back in 1882 he started as a rodman on the Northern Pacific. Later he went in for coal, and emerged in 1903 as superintendent of coal properties of the Missouri Pacific. He had a short service as president in 1907-08 under the Gould autocracy. In 1911 the Goulds, under the spur of danger, put him really on the job, with full authority.

Bush wrestled with that railroad as his Puritan ancestors had wrestled with the devil. The first year he spent entirely on the road. He was just forty-four days in his fine Turkey-carpeted president's office. He covered 90,000 miles—on construction trains, in the cabooses of freights, in engine-cabs, in hand-cars, and on foot. His working hours were—and often still are—from five A.M. to nine P.M. Bush went out to see the facts. He saw road-beds made of fillings and gratings of sand which cost $3.40 per cubic yard. He made careful note of thousands of spikes which he pulled out with his hands. He saw freight-cars with yawning and leaking tops, flat wheels, bad brakes. He rode on passenger trains which never got in on time. He saw discontent among the men, the results of years of czardom.

He went back. Whole blocks of office force "shifted." Schedules, rules, habits went into the melting-pot, rolling stock and equipment by the millions to the dump. The job is done now. The Missouri Pacific has saved six millions per year on its operating cost; has cut down the loss and damage account by a million more. Over a million dollars and more business was done last December at a transportation cost of $73,000 less than the year before. Bush is running the Missouri Pacific.

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SAMUEL MATTHEWS VAUCLAIN

SAMUEL MATTHEWS VAUCLAIN is king-pin of the locomotive business of this country. He went into the employ of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in 1883, as a mechanical engineer. He was then twenty-seven. Now he's sixty, vice-president of the Baldwins, and unchallenged arbiter in the locomotive world. And he's busier, happier, driving harder and with a better head of steam on than at any other time in his life. Vauclain is the kind of man that makes you think American industrial leadership worth while. He is a manufacturer with the zeal and the genius of the inventor. He combines with this technical mastery qualities of administrative execution, the ability to hold personal loyalty, and rare financial intelligence.

Vauclain was a wizard with blue-prints before he was thirty. The modern compound cylinder locomotive is his invention more than any other man's, and he has watched it, coddled it, and mastered it all the way up. He is its master selling agent to-day. They say that when railway presidents sketch out to him special ideas they want worked out for their own roads, this man sits opposite them at the table drawing locomotives upside down—and presto! their hazy idea charges at them, their raw theories toned down to shrewd and practical application. Vauclain is six feet three inches, and all of it lean muscle.

His grandfather, in the stormy days, threw strikers off the right of way, hanging on his own locomotive. Vauclain himself started welfare work and scientific management long before these terms came into common use. That's *his* method. Also, he's at the shop—not the "office"—at six, getting his hands and face dirty with work so often that nobody notices him. The Baldwin locomotive is known wherever rails are spiked to ballasted earth—that's fame enough for Vauclain.

ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAIT DRAWN BY MODEST STEIN

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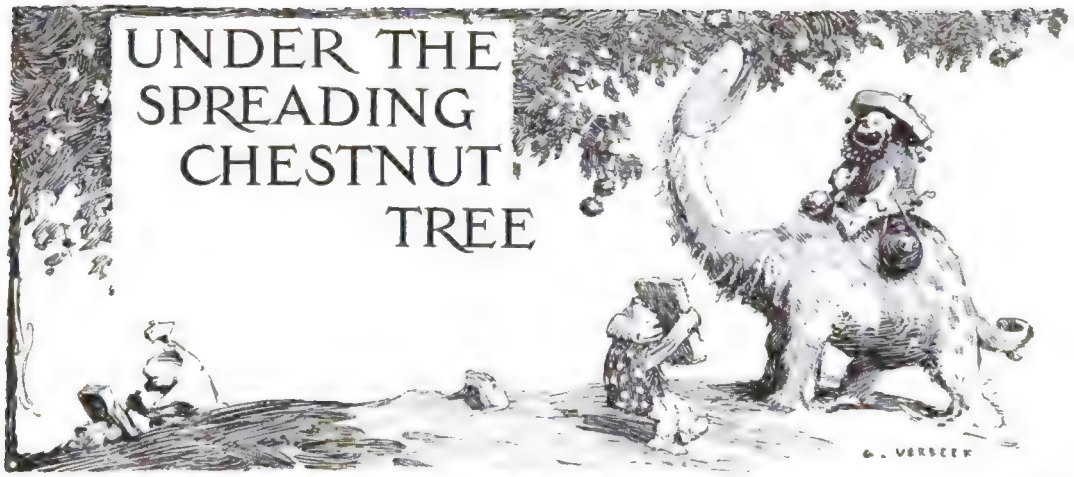
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



EDITOR'S NOTE—*Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

"Next case!" snapped the magistrate.

Into the dock was thrust a battered and weary-looking individual, with bleared eyes and scarlet nose.

"You are charged," said the magistrate severely, "with being in a state of beastly intoxication, aren't you? What is your name?"

"Ma name, yer honourrrr," replied the abject object, in a voice laden with spirits and accent, "is Angus Allan McPherson Fergus MacLean!"

"And who bought you the whisky?" demanded the magistrate sternly.

"Waiter," called the angry man at the corner table, "have you ever been to the Zoo?"

"Why, sir, do you ask?" returned the astonished servitor.

"I repeat," demanded the angry one, "have you ever visited the Zoo?"

"Well, no, sir."

"You ought to go," growled the peevish one. "You'd enjoy seeing the tortoises whiz past!"

A prominent Texan in Washington recently expressed doubt that the United States army should have been sent into Mexico to capture Villa, suggesting that a company of Texas Rangers would have been better. Which brought out the story of a certain well-known Ranger captain and a riot at Fort Worth, Texas.

Excited citizens wired to the governor for a company of Rangers to be sent without delay. Aid was promised. A large delegation of citizens met the train on which relief was supposed to come. A quiet little man with a broad felt hat on the back of his head alighted and was recognized as the captain of a company of Rangers.

"Captain," a half-dozen excited citizens exclaimed at once, "what does this mean? Where in the world is your company?"

"Company hell!" the Ranger captain made answer. "They ain't but one riot heah, is they?"

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The budding authoress had purchased a typewriter and one morning the agent called and asked:

"How do you like your new typewriter, madam?"

"It's wonderful!" was the enthusiastic reply. "I wonder how I ever done my writing without it!"

"Would you mind," asked the agent, "giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not," she responded. "I'll do it gladly."

Seating herself at the machine, she pounded out the following:

Aafteb Using thee Automatid Back-actiom atype write, er for thre emonth %an d Over. I unhesittattingly pronoun ce it tobe al ad more than th e Manufacturss claim! for it. Durinb the tim e been in myy possessio n $i thre month it had more th an paid paid for itse#f in thee saVing off tim e anD laborr?

A Georgia negro last summer left the plantation and spent three or four days in the city. When he returned he was envied by every one of his old friends, for he was the possessor of a diamond of unusual size and luster.

The boss said to him one day: "Sam, is it a real diamond?"

And Sam replied: "Now look heah, boss, if it ain't, I've been skun out of foah bits!"

Mrs. Nora Mulvaney met her old friend, Mrs. Bridget Carr, carrying in her arms her twelfth child.

"Arrah now, Bridget," said Nora, "an' there ye are wid another little Carr in yer arms."

"Another it is, Mrs. Mulvaney," replied her friend, "an' it's me that's hopin' 'tis the caboose."

"The byes say ye licked poor Clancy, Mike. Shure, an' he niver hurt iny man's feelin's."

"He's a shnake in the grass!" averred Mike. "The blackguard referred to me as his contimperary, an' I'll be the contimperary to no man livin'!"

"I have often stood in a slaughter-house," observed the man from Chicago, "while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the tender-hearted girl. "Weren't you dreadfully afraid?"

The young man sat at the lunch-counter, dawdling over his food. He took out his watch and looked admiringly at a photograph pasted in the case. It was the picture of a baby at the just-beginning-to-talk age. He put the watch away and sat looking far into space unseeingly. The waitress's inquiry, "Can I get you anything else?" reached him, but didn't jar him out of his dream.

"Dimme a jinky water, p'ease," he prattled.

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Everybody's Magazine
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, PRESIDENT — HOWARD WHEELER, MNG. EDITOR
GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY & TREAS. — RUTHERFORD BOYD, ART DIRECTOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

KEEP POSTED

OUR GREATEST NATIONAL ESTATE RAIDED!

HEADING BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB AND CARTOONS BY G. M. RICHARDS

WE HAD not supposed it possible that in the year 1916 the water-power interests of the United States would dare to go to the Congress of the United States and once more, in the good old way of days gone by, try to get something for nothing from the United States Government—try to walk off with public property-rights worth millions, gratis—try to steal. We had thought that the fight for water-power conservations in the public interest was won.

It wasn't. It is on the very edge of being lost at this minute. The work of half a generation on behalf of making the nation's heritage serve the nation is within a hair's-breadth of going for naught. This is shown conclusively by the so-called Shields Bill, which has passed the Senate and which is now in the House.

The Shields Bill deals with the granting of permits for the construction of dams for water-power purposes in the navigable rivers of the United States. The amount of power in prospect on those rivers is said by the friends of the bill to be 60,000,000 horse-power. This is twice as much as all the power of all sorts now in use in the industries of the United States. The property-rights at stake, public property-rights, are prodigious. What does the Shields Bill do with them?

In the first place, it does not require any compensation for them. Here is a government which needs money. It needs money so badly that it has to lay "war-taxes" on perfumery and a host of other petty articles, and has to make you put a penny in the slot every time you indulge in a long-distance telephone-call and then has to collect that penny from the telephone company and carry it to the public treasury at Washington.

This same government, so anxious for money, has a legal hold on the waters in all navigable streams. You can not interrupt those waters without its permission. A control of those waters is part of the nation's heritage—legal and financial. Private persons want to make money for themselves by building dams in those waters with power-houses alongside. They can not do it unless the government gives them a permit. And the Shields Bill, already passed by the Senate, actually empowers the

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government to give them that permit without any compensation whatsoever!

But, in such circumstances, surely the permit would be only temporary. Surely, if the man who built the dam and ran the power-house made money, there would be a time when, under a new permit, a new arrangement with him or with somebody else could be made. Not at all. The Shields Bill pretends that such a time is provided for; but the pretense is so transparent as to be insulting.

The Shields Bill says that the permit shall expire at the end of fifty years. Yes. But it also says that it shall then be continued and shall keep on being valid and binding unless a certain thing happens. And what is that thing? *That all the property then operated under that permit shall be bought by a state government or by the United States Government!*

And what does "property" mean, under the bill, in such cases? It means not only the physical property, but the "good will" and the local franchises and contracts which the water-power company may have acquired and which may then be of enormous though "intangible" value. In order to terminate the permit and so "recapture" the public rights in the premises, a state government or the United States Government would have to take over that whole business itself, including turbines and dynamos and transmission lines and perhaps distant factories, paying its good money for the whole "going" value of a "going" concern which could never have got "going" at all without the original permit which it got for nothing.

This damning fact about the bill can be proved out of the mouth of one of its own advocates. Senator Jones of Washington said in the Senate: "It is clear to my mind that this is practically a perpetual permit." The Shields Bill takes public rights of incalculable present and future value and gives them away for nothing and forever.

There are other conservation bills in the Senate and in the House. The whole subject is once more at issue. The whole idea of public-minded instead of merely private-minded water-power development is in peril. The White House was implored to take a hand against the Shields Bill, but did not feel it could do so. Under cover of the war in Europe, while the eyes of the public are fixed on such problems as submarines and Preparedness, the water-power interests are making their final and most daring raid on the United States Government's most valuable legal estate. We are disappointed. We had hoped and believed that American business had made up its mind that the merely private-minded era was over.

Preparedness should bring us several things besides Preparedness. For instance, the national popular control over the diplomatic proceedings which may lead to war should be greatly broadened and strengthened. No one man in England or in France has such power to cause wars as is enjoyed by the President of the United States. In foreign affairs, at least, we should oblige the President, by custom or by law, to act in harmony with the leaders of the National Legislature. Otherwise our President is, in fact, the world's greatest war-lord outside Russia.

THE TWO MOST POPULAR WOMEN IN AMERICA

PEOPLE seem to have taken very little interest in the presidential preference primaries; but that was because of the subject. Now if the people could vote on a referendum, "Is Mary Pickford the greatest movie-actress, or is Marguerite Clark?" we should see some voting. We venture to say that the intelligence of the country is several times as well informed on that subject as on "Would Burton make

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a better President than Borah?" and we are certain that the biggest popular movement now extant is the one that is taking millions of people every week to see Marguerite Clark, while those same millions still also go every week to see Mary Pickford; and the two most popular women of American history are running just about reel-and-reel, with Mary Pickford perhaps still ahead by just a film or two.

Of course, Marguerite Clark has had great luck. There she was, pegging away in the "legitimate" with the Aborn Opera Company and then with De Wolf Hopper as leading lady in "Pickwick," and so on; and then with Jefferson de Angelis as co-star in "The Beauty Spot;" and then, after many other rôles, as a star on her own account in "Prunella"; and there she was! That was all! Not more than several hundred thousand people had ever seen her. Hers was an obscure life, as obscure as Burton's or Borah's.

THEN, on a fateful day, there was an accident in the palatial offices of the Famous Players' Film Company. Its president, Mr. Zukor, happened to look up from his desk and somebody had happened to set a photograph of Marguerite Clark, as *Prunella*, in the line of his vision. History was made. Mr. Zukor exclaimed, "There she is!" or "Good heavens! Why didn't somebody ever tell me that she existed?" and started off for the theatre where "Prunella" was playing, to tell Marguerite Clark that she would do on the screen.

She did. And that is how she got out of private into public life.

Mary Pickford, on the other hand, was never in private life at all. That is, she did work in the "legitimate" for a while; but, in spite of what her press-agents may say, she was never really a great speaking actress. Marguerite Clark was. Mary Pickford was not grabbed out of the "legitimate" by Mr. Zukor or anybody else. She humbly climbed the stairs and asked for a "movie" job and was refused by many managers in one day (those managers all having probably committed suicide by now), and was at last, when very weary, delighted to take advantage of a careless and gruff "Come back to-morrow." She came, registered, and conquered.

Both women are young, both are small, both have an appalling capacity for "girlish innocence," and both are devoted (by themselves or their managers) to parts in which innocence and virtue and honesty and kindness and self-sacrifice are carried through inflexibly to the sweet end. We call the attention of haughty despisers of movie morals to the fact that nobody gets really very far in the movies playing parts bearing any resemblance to "Zaza" or "Sappho" or "Iris" or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mary Pickford's recent film, "The Eternal Grind," is typical. She works in a sweat-shop. How poor she is! And how sweaty is that shop! But how bravely she bears it! And with what cheerfulness she cooks her scanty meals in her squalid rooms! Then comes villainy. She looks into his eyes. And, really, she is a magnificent actress, and that is the sort of moment when she is at her best. Her face can change from happy innocence to suspicion, to dread, to flaming hate, while still retaining all its innocence and still letting you feel that the girl never did, after all, understand really what the man meant, but only understood that somehow it was vile. So when heroism arrives she is there, clean and lovely, and he is a millionaire—an honest, marrying millionaire—who loves her.

"SHE'S THE GREATEST MOVIE ACTRESS!"

For ourselves, we have often thought that one of the

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truest criticisms of the morals of the movies would be that most of the most successful films are likely to give young girls excessive notions of virtue's rewards.

Marguerite Clark is more "roguish" than Mary Pickford. Male movie-fans less than sixteen years of age are perhaps likely to prefer her, while females of that same age are perhaps likely to prefer her rival. An experienced critic of our acquaintance, a boy of twelve, informs us that in his opinion Miss Clark is more of a "sport." He means it profoundly respectfully. He means that in "Mice and Men," for instance, she can start on a wild romping run across a lawn, in and out among the trees, and make that run a joy that defies all young-ladyish fatigue and all young-ladyish primness. He means that in "Molly Make-Believe" she can wickedly tease and perplex her lover, where Mary Pickford would lean a bit more toward being "appealing."

They say that in the studios, when there is a spare moment, Mary Pickford is likely to play with the child-actors and Marguerite Clark is likely to read a book. For the adults in their audiences, that is perhaps the difference between them. Mary Pickford's art is rather more instinctively discerning. Marguerite Clark's is rather more reasonedly imaginative.

For fear of riots at the polls, this referendum is now closed.

Preparedness should also bring with it a complete and final settlement of the quarrel between labor and the militia. Preparedness must unite all classes. The nation's volunteer army must be made to appeal to all classes. The militia must not be used in strikes. The thing to use in strikes is a police force. Let every state have as large a police force as it pleases. Then let every boy who is willing to die defending the United States know that if he enlists in the militia he will not be called on to die defending somebody's silk-mill.

MR. (AND MRS.) WILBUR C. PHILLIPS'S BIG IDEA

WE SUGGEST to every reader of these lines that in his own locality there may be some way of taking advantage of the idea now held up before the United States by a certain new national organization of which Mr. Gifford Pinchot is president and of which Mr. Herbert Croly and Mrs. Willard Straight and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and other distinguished citizens are members. It bears the arresting name, "The National Social-Unit Organization."

What in the world is a "Social Unit"? Part of the answer can be seen in the remarkable work that was done by the present secretaries of the National Social-Unit Organization (Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Phillips) when they were associated with the Child Welfare Commission of Milwaukee.

They then and there did the first real developing of the "unit" idea. They took a certain section of the city. In it they put a "health center" for all work for babies. To that health center babies were brought by their mothers to have their food prescribed for them and to have their general physical welfare forwarded by the advice and care of doctors and nurses; and from that center the nurses went out to carry instruction to mothers in their homes.

EVERYBODY CAN BELONG.

But how was it possible to be sure that no babies were being overlooked? Only by taking the "unit" idea into each separate block of the whole section and by making that block, *through its own residents*, cooperate with the "health center" and with the Child-Welfare Commission of Milwaukee.

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So a beginning was made toward this idea. When it was perfected, there would be in each block a woman who was known as the "block-lady." She lived in the block, and among other things it was her police duty (as one might say) to let no child guilty of being born escape. As soon as it was born she reported it to the "health center," if it had not already been reported by one of the nurses or doctors. An extraordinary result followed. It was a result never before secured in any part of the United States. A whole section of a great city produced a one-hundred-per-cent. birth-registration. The indispensable statistical foundation for perfect baby-saving work was actually established.

Certain inspiring questions then suggested themselves, questions which, most of them, still await answer.

IF THE "block-lady" could report every birth, might she not report every case of scarlet fever? Might she not report every case of every contagious disease, not only for children, but also for adults? Might she not also report every case of insanitary conditions likely to produce any sort of sickness? For that matter, might she not go beyond matters of health into other matters too? Might she not report every case of wife-desertion? Might she not report every case of unemployment? Might she not report every instance of all those evils which a hundred different reform agencies are forever laboring, at long-distance, to find and cure?

This, as we understand it, was the first part of the dream: to use local "units" as the means by which the people themselves could be brought to participate in the many efforts now being made to improve the common lot. But there was another part, too, in the dream then forming.

In the "health center" there were doctors. Their work for the babies brought to them was a work in which their whole profession was interested. Therefore that work should be done in cooperation with that whole profession. The doctors of the district, all of them, as a group, through their elected representatives, should have a voice and a hand in the health center's public-health work.

But if this principle can be applied to the medical profession, why not to other professions as well? To ministers? To lawyers? To engineers?

In other words, there are just two places in which any one of us can best serve his community. One is his own immediate neighborhood and the other is his own daily business. There is a "geographical unit" and there is an "occupational unit." These are the only two units that are vital. Through arousing them to common local duty, a locality can be brought to social self-government—to the point of promoting its own social reform on its own account.

This is the most democratic, the most American, social-reform proposition ever put before the American people.

The National Social-Unit Organization is going to pick out a city where there is local public interest in it and give it a test. This will cost several hundred thousand dollars, but the organization is rapidly raising it.

Preparedness should also bring with it a sort of National Universal Compulsory Military Service for all industrial establishments capable of manufacturing war-supplies. The Bethlehem Steel Company is now willing to make armor for the United States at cost, plus a "reasonable" profit to be determined by the representatives of the United States Government itself. This principle should be applied to the purchase of all war-supplies; and, further, every establishment capable of manufacturing such supplies should be obliged to hold itself ready to serve the Government with them at any time when the Government so orders.

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E. A. FILENE, BUSINESS MAN AND DEMOCRAT

MR. E. A. FILENE, of Boston, is another case of the business man who, having been enormously successful in business, has found time to be of great service to public causes, as now, for instance, to that very practical non-Pacifist peace cause, called "The League to *Enforce* Peace."

"ENVIRONMENT"?

In business, Mr. Filene, as one of the partners in William Filene's Sons and Company, is called by the public a "Department-Store Magnate." He calls himself happily and simply a "shopkeeper." He began being an assistant shopkeeper in a very little store of his father's, when he was a very young boy, and he has been keeping shop ever since, but seldom talking it.

What he loves to talk about is "education" and "democracy" and "environment"—especially "environment." "Environment" is pretty nearly everything. Give a boy—almost any boy—the right "environment," and, according to Mr. Filene, he will come through into rightness and usefulness, and all this talk about "heredity" and "geniuses" is not only foolish, but it is wicked, because it discourages the so-called "average" boy.

This, roughly, being Mr. Filene's attitude toward "average" people, one can see that it is quite natural that he should have come to be one of our greatest small-d democrats. He makes good on his principles by applying them to his store. With his brother and his other partners he has organized his employees into that Filene Cooperative Association which, because of its quite extensive control over store conditions, has been so frequently studied and explained to an incredulous world.

The biggest thing about this method of organization, to our mind, is that it protects the employee against the biggest evil in modern capitalism—arbitrary discharge. The medieval lord at least could not "fire" his serf. The serf had a permanent right to his land—that is, to his "job." Under the Filene system, while the employee hasn't (and shouldn't have) any such right of absolute permanency in his "job," he at least has the right to appeal to a sort of arbitration board, which represents the body of the employees, and which decides finally whether he shall go or stay.

Among the many public causes that Mr. Filene has served, two of the most important are associated with the word "referendum."

He was among those who labored most influentially to establish the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and to introduce into it its present method of ascertaining the opinion of the business men of the United States on public questions by sending those questions out from headquarters in Washington to the local commercial organizations all over the country to be voted on. He said:

"It is better to get the opinion of all the business men of the country than to have our opinion determined for us by any executive committee, however wise."

So, for the first time in our history, the machinery was erected by which no committee or lobby could affect to speak for the business men of the United States until those business men had themselves spoken.

This was more democracy. And then, in 1914, when Mr. Filene persuaded the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at Paris to conduct an international referendum among the business bodies of the whole world, he was laboring not only for democracy, but for genuine democratic international peace. This referendum (interrupted by the war) was to be

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on "disloyal competition"—that is, on such evil practises as counterfeiting of trade-marks and bribery of employees in order to promote sales.

Mr. Filene believed profoundly that if the business men of the whole world could gradually be brought together in the settlement of the world's business problems, proceeding from the first easy, simple ones up and on to the ones of critical difficulty, the trade quarrels between nations would ultimately be headed off by mutual understanding and agreement.

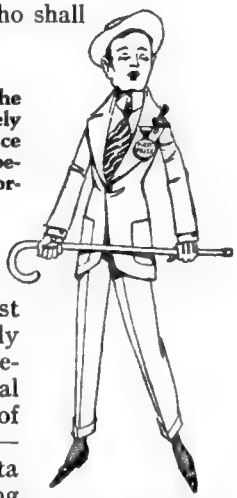
Nevertheless, not being a Pacifist of the dream-enough-and-it-will-come-true type, he turned his mind also to the League to Enforce Peace. He carried this League's propositions to the United States Chamber of Commerce in a report; and the Chamber submitted them to its members; and it is noteworthy that, while the referendum on this question did not commit the Chamber to the use of *military force* against offending nations, it did commit it to the use of *economic pressure.*

This pressure would mean the breaking off of business relations. Therefore it may be said that the organized business interests of the United States have expressed the belief that in certain conditions it would be a national duty for us to sustain great business loss in order to help to keep the world at peace. This is a momentous step in public opinion. Mr. Filene's association with it places him among the leaders of our national thinking.

We have no doubt that it is all due to Mr. Filene's "environment." It has nothing to do with birth or family. Still, we happen to know that Mr. Filene's father was this sort of man: once, when he was quite young, and was on his way to an evening party, and was highly dressed for it, he met a poor woman who was struggling with children and large bundles of washing which she was quite unsuccessfully trying to convey to her distant humble home, and the elder Filene turned aside from his party and spent till one o'clock getting the woman and the children and the bundles safely out to their fireside and wash-tub.

That is a good "environment" from which to produce a boy who shall grow up to be interested in the fate of his fellow human beings.

Preparedness should bring the banker's boy and the farmer's boy and the carpenter's boy into absolutely the same military organization at absolutely the same level. In a real people's army—in an army based on universal service—the poor boy should have exactly the same chance as the rich boy to become an officer. Preparedness should mean equal sacrifices and equal opportunities.



HUSBANDS OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE

WE HAVE learned a great many interesting facts this last winter from the *Minnesota Daily,* which is the daily undergraduate newspaper of the University of Minnesota. In fact, we make bold to say that no facts of equal interestingness have ever been wafted to our eyes on the pages of any of the periodicals produced at those historic seats of learning—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. They were dug up, these Minnesota facts, by the *Minnesota Daily* through an inquiry conducted among the young women of the University on the fundamental sociological problem:

"What kind of man would you marry?"

Through this inquiry we have learned, first, a highly interesting fact about agriculture in the Northwest. Many of the girls wished to marry

MORE GIRLS WANT TO MARRY DOCTORS THAN ANY OTHER VARIETY OF MAN.

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farmers; and the incomes which they intended to require those farmers to have before going to housekeeping were illuminating to us. One girl expected him to have $5,000 a year. A good many expected him to have $2,000 or $3,000. Such incomes, when added to eggs and carrots and one thing and another that can be gathered before breakfast, seem to us monstrous. We are convinced now that it is a slander that says that all Minnesota farmers ride in Fords.

We have also learned that doctors are the finest of human beings. More girls want to marry them than want to marry any other variety of man. Next came farmers and next came business men, and then ministers and engineers, who were tied for fourth place.

WE LEARN, again, that while girls may be very romantic, they can keep their feelings under strict control when it comes to life's final romance of matrimony. We are reasonably certain that John Barrymore and Dustin Farnum and the other irresistible heroes of the stage must be adored by girls in Minnesota as elsewhere. Yet only two girls of them all will aim at catching an actor for a husband.

However, for romance, there is one girl that will marry a poet. But the conditions she lays down are so excessive as to make one feel that perhaps she was joking. She demands that he shall earn $600 a year. When Shakespeare was a young poet of marriageable age he wrote the true line "Who steals my purse steals trash." Besides, this prospective poet must be a teetotaler. We believe ourselves in teetotalism, for humdrum persons, including writers of prose. But poets! John Milton himself said that poets —at least lyric poets—might properly take an occasional glance at liquors —at least vinous liquors. Anyway, they do.

As for that matter of income, it seems to us that most of the girls who voted in the referendum of the *Minnesota Daily* are not vampires. Half of them mentioned incomes not exceeding $1,200. A quarter of them mentioned incomes not exceeding $1,000.

THEY were asked to name the "ideal" man—the man in fiction or in history best illustrating the qualities they would like to see their husbands show. There is only one "ideal" man in American hearts. Lincoln led all other answers by so large a margin that there was really no second.

To our way of thinking, the best return made in this referendum was by a girl who was not in the University at all, but at work earning her living. She dipped in and wrote to the editor as follows:

"If he likes to smoke, all right. If he wants to dance and skate, all right. If he doesn't, all right. But he must be even-tempered. He must not be a sissy. I must *respect* him in all things." When she hit on "respect," that young lady hit on a quality which will go farther and last longer and jump more obstacles than any other quality in the matrimonial steeplechase.

Preparedness should bring with it a real national control of our school system. Our boys and girls must grow up with minds turned toward national duty. The petty local provincial spirit of untold numbers of our schools must be broken, and in its place there must come a spirit which shall teach national problems and national ideals. We must produce not citizens of Arkansas or of Maine (to whom the Government at Washington may be principally a Pork Barrel), but citizens of the whole United States. The only way to do this is to put the nation, as a nation, into the school system.

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PEARLS
PEARLS FOR NECKLACES. PEARL NECKLACES

JEWELRY
DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES IN NECKLACES COLLARS, PENDANTS, BROOCHES, BRACELETS, BAR PINS RINGS AND HAIR ORNAMENTS

WATCHES
GOLD AND PLATINUM WATCHES, PLAIN AND JEWELED WATCH BRACELETS, ENAMELED WATCHES WITH DIAMOND ORNAMENTS

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STATIONERY
INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, VISITING CARDS AND NOTE PAPER

PURCHASES MAY BE MADE BY MAIL

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NEW YORK

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THE firm that does buy the best stationery it can possibly get — how about it?
Is the man who buys stationery by the ton — who thinks of it only in bulk—apt to be an advocate of better stationery?
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There must be some pretty thorough judgment somewhere that dictates the selection of such a paper as
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What influences the judgment that buys Old Hampshire Bond?
Wouldn't you be interested to know?
We tell you in a booklet entitled "Business Stationery" which we will cheerfully send you on request.
It gives you just the line of reasoning followed by the firms who figure Old Hampshire Bond stationery a good investment.
It will be a good thing for you to read this book—if for no other purpose than to use the facts in it to combat the arguments of the man who would sell you an even cheaper paper than you now think is good enough.
A portfolio of sample sheets of Old Hampshire Bond will be included with the booklet, if you desire it.
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SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.
The Only Paper Makers in the World Making Bond Paper Exclusively
Business Stationery

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Everybody's Magazine

JUNE, 1916
No. 6. VOL. XXXIV

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COVER DESIGN BY EDWARD B. EDWARDS

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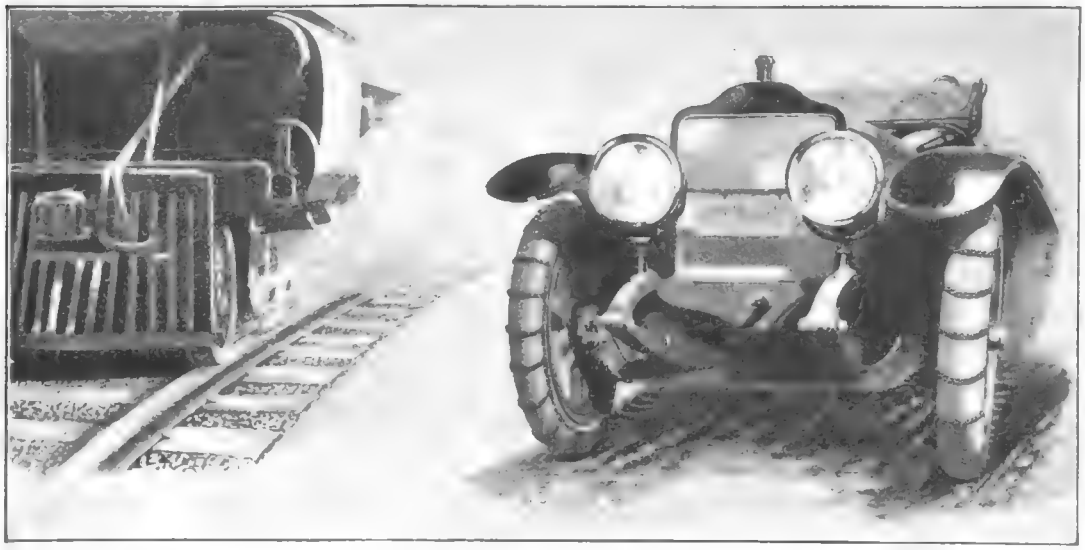

Front Wheel Control

Weed Chains on front tires of motor cars are as necessary as flanges on front wheels of locomotives

The front wheel skid is the greatest cause of the many automobile accidents which keep the newspaper columns sprinkled with harrowing accounts. Appreciating this fact *The Scientific American* in the following editorial advocates the use of Tire Chains on the front as well as rear wheels:

"The majority of automobile owners fit chains to the rear wheels only, and appear to consider this ample insurance against accidents from skidding, but this practice is a doubtful economy, for, although the rear wheels, thus armed, may hold the road fairly well, the really bad accidents too often result from the inability of the driver to control the course of his machine. Any old bicycle rider knows that he can retain the control of his machine and maintain his balance when the rear wheel skids badly as long as the front wheel holds its grip on the road, but that he becomes helpless whenever the front wheel slides. The same conditions are true in the case of an automobile, but in an exaggerated degree, for its weight and the average speed both tend to make the grip of the front wheels on the road precarious, and a skidding front wheel is not much different from a broken steering gear in the possibilities of disaster. Recognizing these facts, it is apparent that chains are fully as necessary on the front wheels as on the rear."

To use Weed Chains only on rear tires means to have your car only half protected. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

Weed Chains Are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

AMERICAN CHAIN CO. Inc., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

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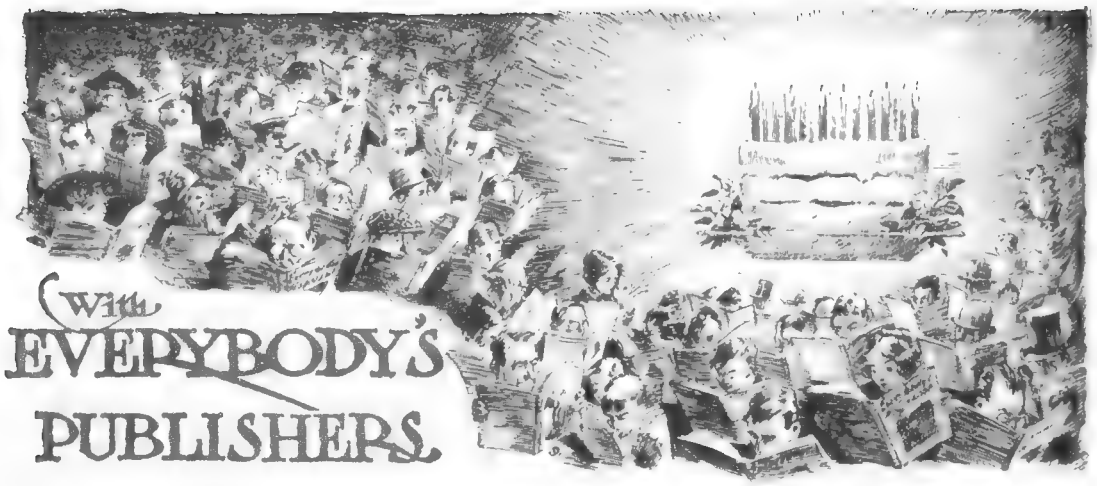

HEADING BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

THOUGHTS ON OUR BIRTHDAY

WITH this birthday number we celebrate the seventeenth year of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and the thirteenth of our management.

To our hosts of friends: Greetings and gratitude.

To those who have favored us from the first till now, and to all who have given us their confidence and support this past year, especial gratitude.

But we can not forget the friends of other years who are not now our patrons. For more than selfish reasons, we miss them. And for their favor in the past we remember them most gratefully.

We miss, too, our associates of the early years who are not now with us and who worked so hard and so effectively for the success of EVERYBODY'S.

Mortals are helpless before the changes Time compels. Time breaks up families and nations, even worlds. She seems almost jealous of permanence.

On that side, life is bitter.

And the magazine has changed in thirteen years. Men can not read and think and feel and write and work for thirteen years without changing for better or worse.

FROM the first the program of EVERYBODY'S has been very simple.

First, honesty.

Second, helpfulness.

Latterly, since some of our rivals have made it necessary, we have added: Third, decency.

We try not to take ourselves too seriously. We realize that millions of our fellows mean to be just as honest, just as helpful, as they can. We differ from the many only in this: we have a much greater opportunity and therefore a much greater responsibility.

We decide who shall write for EVERYBODY'S, and what they shall write about. We are the means of carrying messages to from one to three million people every month. Messages from leaders of thought and feeling, messages of information and inspiration.

(*Continued on page 8*)

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What Foods

—make you thin
—what foods make you stout
—what foods make you nervous

What foods cause constipation, indigestion, fermentation, rheumatism? What foods rob you of mental and physical efficiency? What foods, harmless in themselves, *actually poison your system* when eaten in combination with other harmless foods? Do you know that you can correct the evils of wrong eating—that you can literally eat your way to buoyant health without "dieting," without eating special foods, without eating what you don't enjoy? Hundreds of questions like these and the following are answered for you in Eugene Christian's Little Lessons in Correct Eating—sent free on approval.

What foods rob you of mental efficiency?
What combinations of food are not foods but poisons?
What foods cause constipation and how to avoid it?
What foods produce acid stomach?
What foods are the great cause of rheumatism, gout, lumbago?
When is grapefruit injurious?
What foods make your liver complain?
What are the two most important things to consider in the selection of food?
What effect has food on our morals?
What foods cause nervousness, irritability, insomnia?
What is the one great cause of stomach irritation?
What causes catarrh of the stomach?
What foods should be eaten together for digestive harmony?
After what age are starchy foods injurious?
What foods keep you warm in winter and cool in summer?
What foods establish health by removing causes of disease?
What foods correct stomach and intestinal disorders?
What causes fermentation?
What is the relation of various foods to age, climate, activity?
Why the appetite cannot be trusted as a guide to what to eat.
Why some foods actually explode in your stomach.
What foods build muscle?
What should your correct weight be; how to attain it?
When, is water beneficial; when is it harmful?
Twelve great rules of health for the business man.

Little Lessons in Correct Eating

No Money In Advance—Only $3 if You Keep Them

If you could look into your stomach right after any meal, you would no longer wonder why you are growing stout or thin, why you are nervous, irritable, why you are so often below par mentally and physically and why the food that is supposed to keep you well and strong is actually sapping your energies, dragging you down, shortening your very life!

23,000 Cases on Record

Eugene Christian has long been recognized as the world's greatest authority on food and its relation to the human system. In the past 20 years he has told 23,000 people what to eat, how to eat and what *not* to eat. By adopting his suggestions these men and women in all walks of life have discovered the fountain of youth, health, prosperity and happiness. Without drugs or medicines of any kind he has cured nearly every known non-organic ailment by simply and naturally removing the *cause*. Yet after all, Eugene Christian's marvelous methods are based on common sense, plus a thorough understanding of the chemistry of the body and the chemistry of foods, and he doesn't ask you to eat foods you don't enjoy—indeed, you will relish your meals as you never have before because they are perfectly balanced meals.

The True Source of Health

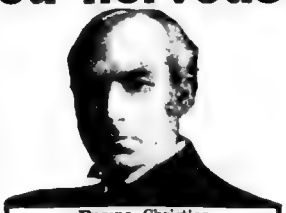
You can't do good work unless you are full of vim, vigor and vitality. The best ideas, plans and methods—the biggest business deals—are put over when you are bubbling over with health and strength. It is impossible to be really fit unless your food is chosen to supply the nutritive elements your mind and body demand, for the wrong foods you eat counteract the good in right foods—and very often two right foods in combination make a wrong food. Eugene Christian has times without number turned sluggish, slow, unsuccessful men and women into very dynamos of money-making efficiency by merely teaching them how to combine their foods.

Accept This Offer Today

We want you to see what foods are best for you and your family—according to age, occupation, physical condition, climate and season of the year. We want to show you that these are not special foods, are not sold by Eugene Christian, can be obtained at home, at your club or in any restaurant anywhere. We want you to see for yourself that results come with practically the first meal. So we send you Eugene Christian's 24 little lessons, including rules, methods, and actual menus, for free examination. Keep them—read them for five days. If you are satisfied—send us the special introductory price of $3.00. If not—merely return the books to us. Think what this offer means to you. There are over 300 pages in these lessons. If you get but one health-giving suggestion out of all these pages, it will be worth 50 times our price to you. Many people write that each page is worth the entire cost of the course.

Send No Money

If you weigh too much or too little—if you are constipated—if you are nervous—if your liver or kidneys trouble you—if you value your health—if you want to eat right—you cannot do yourself a greater favor than to send in the coupon now. Dr. Christian's methods have helped 23,000 others—we feel sure they will help you. That is why we send the 24 lessons without deposit. Mail the coupon or a letter now—before you forget.



Eugene Christian

What People Say

"I am feeling fine again, thanks to you and your course of lessons on Scientific Eating. There ought to be 100,000 men practicing Scientific Eating in America."—F. A. Fulby, Niagara Falls, South Ont., Canada.

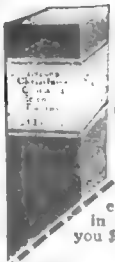
"I am delighted beyond expression with the lessons. They have proved invaluable to me and have revolutionized both my diet and my health."—Olive M. Sees, 725 East Tipton St., Huntington, Ind.

"Your work on Scientific Eating is invaluable. It is with much pleasure that I recommend your course to prospective students everywhere."—Chas. A. Ittel, 1212 Termont Avenue, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Your Course in Scientific Eating is wonderful because it has simplified both the chemistry of the body and the chemistry of the food and teaches one how to unite these two branches of science so as to make our food prevent and cure disease."—Eugene A. Ayers, Harrington Park, N. J.

"I think the Almighty sends men on the earth at different periods with independent and fearless minds to rectify the wrongs that have been taught, and reveal the truth in all its simplicity."—Edward Brook, 10 No. 10th W. Sts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

"I have read of you for years, and I have recently looked over some of your work. You are doing much for humanity. I congratulate you on your latest contribution to the health and happiness of man."—Dr. V. M. George, 2305 N. High St., Columbus, O.



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166 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
166 Hunter Avenue
Maywood, N. J.

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With Everybody's Publishers

(*Continued from page 6*)

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is one of America's greatest forums.

We try to have the messages timed to the needs of the hour. We try to have them accurate, vigorous, moving. We try in our all-round magazine to touch all phases of life for the help and encouragement and entertainment of all kinds of people.

We are not partisan in politics nor sectarian in religion.

Our attitude on public questions is determined solely by the relation of these questions to the good of all.

We are intensely American.

Just now, hating war and believing that some day it will be stopped, we are bending every energy to show our readers the imperative necessity of finding some way to present so formidable a front to any possible aggressor that he will let us alone.

We do not advocate a large standing army.

We advocate universal military training for every boy some time before he is twenty, and enough training to make sure that he knows how to fight. Then let him go on with his life-work.

With a potential army of twenty million Americans, and with munitions in the control of the Government, and with transportation and commissary plans completely worked out and ready for emergency, nobody would think of attacking us. We need fear nobody.

And with such an army all busy in civil life we should never think of attacking anybody else. Nobody need fear us.

Without this we are at 'most anybody's mercy, and our influence in the world, our protest in behalf of weaker nations, will be empty and ignored.

ANOTHER immediate problem we are trying to help solve is our foreign trade. America must be prosperous. That is the quickest way to relieve many of our troubles, like unemployment, pensions for age and disability, and health insurance.

Then we have constantly in mind the problems we have been working on for years. The horrors of Rum. The consolations of Religion. The child—his environment, his health, his education, his opportunity. The woman—her freedom, her danger, her duty.

The stock-gambler. The fake cure. The real-estate swindler. All the pests who feed on the folly and cupidity of weak men.

The poor man who does not get his share. The rich man who gets more than his share.

We have had a series of articles on the Inheritance Tax in our safe for months.

We will not tire you with the list of things we have worked on and are working on. Everything is grist for us which promises to help our fellows to a bigger, better life.

We believe in our fellows. We are genuinely fond of our fellows. Of rich folks and poor folks and all the folks between. It is a conviction with us that when folks understand each other bitterness and injustice will stop. We want to help to a better understanding.

We mean to be honest—helpful—decent.

So much for the spiritual condition of EVERYBODY'S.

Of the physical, there is this to be said. Our condition has improved greatly since a year ago. Our birthday edition last year was five hundred and fifty thousand copies. This year it is five hundred and ninety-five thousand copies. Our advertising receipts are running a trifle under last

(*Continued on page 10*)

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Safe, Easy and Sure

Mother knows that Foster Friction Plug won't let her slip.

No matter what your age, you can have the child-step, the safety, surety and buoyancy of youth.

Walking is a pleasure on

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

There are no holes in Cat's Paw Rubber Heels to track mud and dirt, and they make all slippery roads and pavements safe.

Because the Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip—makes the heels wear longer, too—therefore most economical.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—they are easy to find—all dealers sell them—50 cents attached—Black or Tan. Walk easy, safe and sure. Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street - - - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

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(Continued from page 8)

year's receipts, but by economies and through the increased circulation our financial showing is very greatly improved over last year.

The change in the "dress" has been a great success. It is almost universally approved by our readers. We believe we have the most interesting looking and inviting, and at the same time the most beautiful and dignified magazine published.

For another year we invite your confidence and your cooperation. When you read anything in EVERYBODY'S which you think does not square with our professions, jump on us hard. When you read anything in EVERYBODY'S which does not square with your idea of helpfulness, give us the benefit of your idea.

Now we realize that if we do not continue to make this great forum, EVERYBODY'S, big and vital and interesting to you, and if we do not keep it wholesome and entertaining, if we do not select the right subjects and the right speakers, we can not ask you to give us your support.

That means hard work and brains.

We do not hesitate to guarantee the hard work, but we must confess that there have been times when we have seemed to ourselves greatly lacking in gray matter.

By the signs of your continued appreciation in our great circulation—six hundred thousand is a great circulation for our kind of magazine—we are encouraged to believe that we are growing with the years and encouraged to hope that in time we shall be big enough to make EVERYBODY'S a magazine that five million thinking people will look for every month.

Finally, while our big ambition is to help our fellows to a better mutual understanding, and while we admit to a growing tolerance for human limitation, we shall not omit to hold up to public scorn any individual or organization whose purpose appears to be selfish and sordid and whose methods are a menace to humanity.

SUCH letters as the one that follows are our enheartenment, our food for courage:

Were I a rich man, one of the many things that I should do would be to see that your March issue of EVERYBODY'S reached every home in this America of ours.

Of all the magazine articles I have read in years (and I am a voluminous reader of good magazines, and good articles in particular) none of them have impressed me with so much force as Mr. Seymour Deming's "From Doomsday to Kingdom Come."

I do not know anything about Mr. Seymour Deming, but if he is like his articles he is a man with a True Vision, and I could imagine the petty material things of life as meaning very little to him. He has made the gods we worship seem worse than rotten. He has made them seem as nothing.

I pray that you may have more articles from the pen of Mr. Deming. And I congratulate you for the discrimination you show in giving us articles that will help to build us better and stronger. And as one of the public I will wager that my letter is but one of many received by you applicable to Mr. Deming's wonderful work.

It is a pity there are not more magazines of the EVERYBODY'S kind.

Yours very truly,
EDMOND C. PRESTON.

Wilson's Garden
Fallston, Maryland, 3-28-16.

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"Power of Will" Surmounts All Obstacles

Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking.
The Secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
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Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
Fifty-one Maxims for applied power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you — object, person, printed page, work.

This is only a partial list —a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

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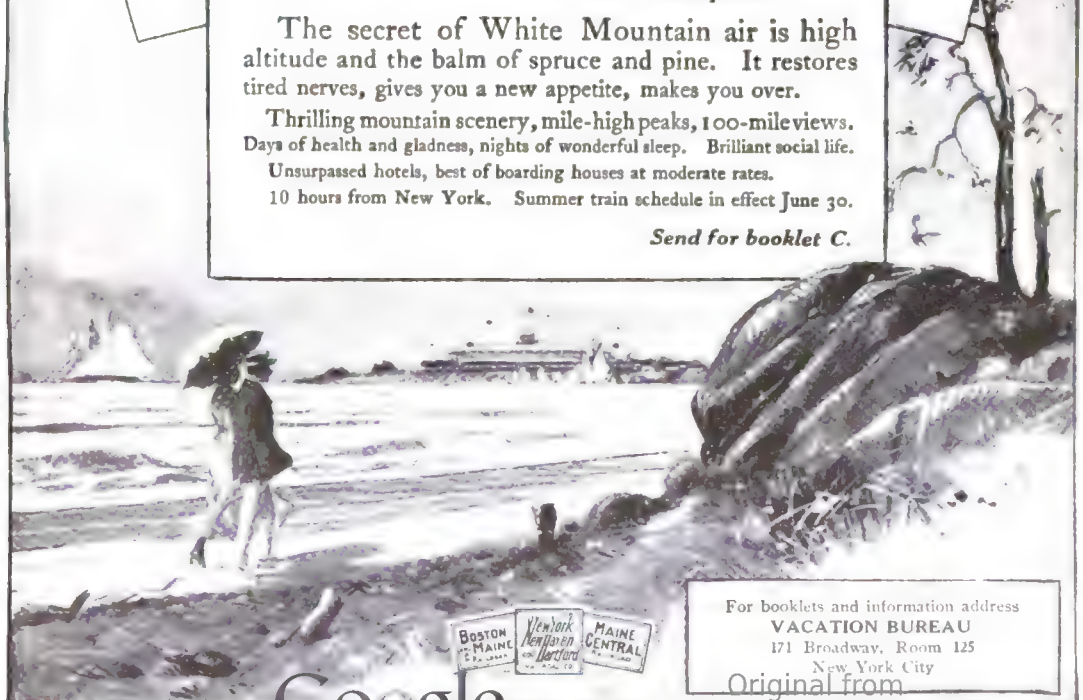

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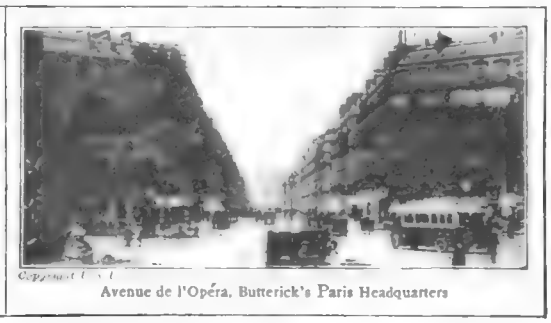

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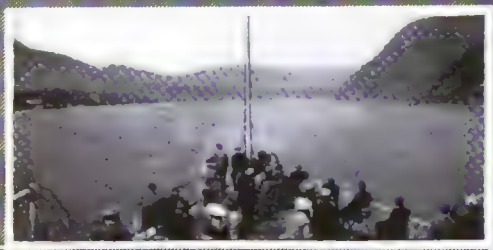

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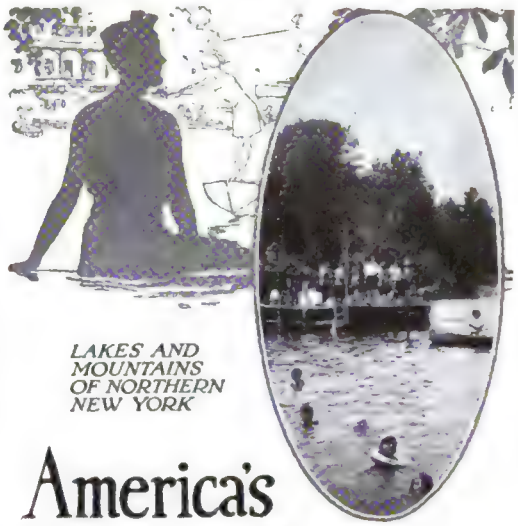

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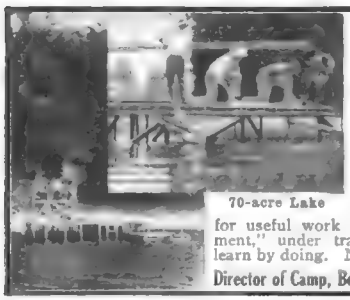
Camps and Summer Schools



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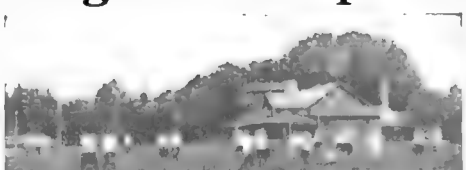

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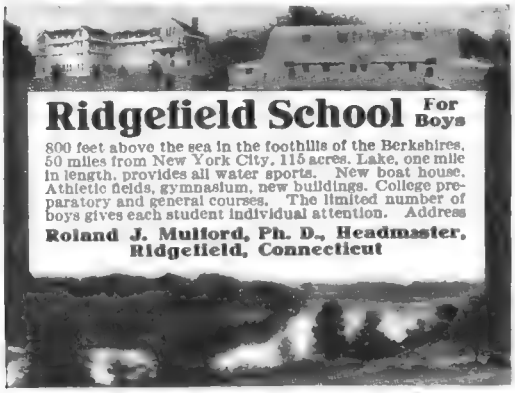

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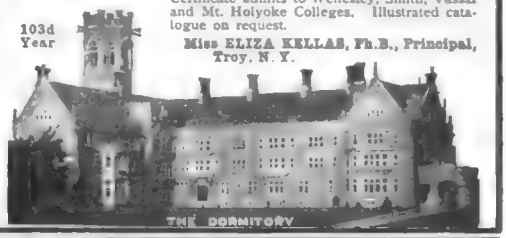

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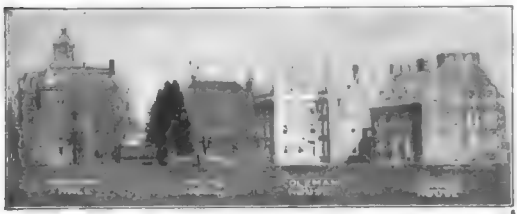

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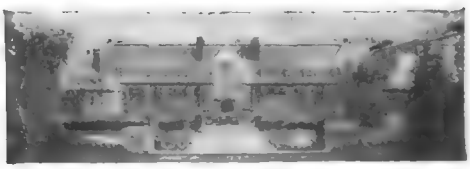

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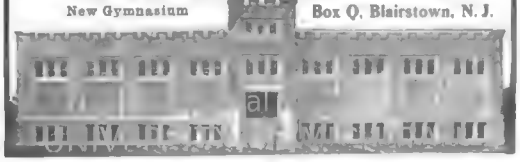

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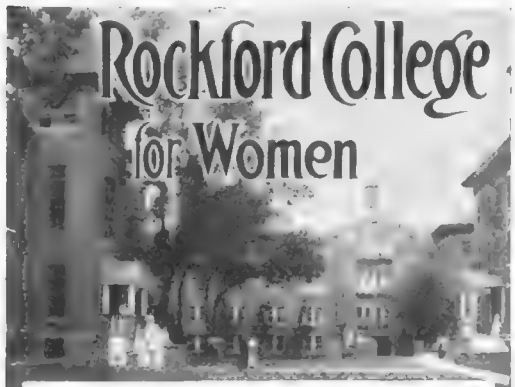

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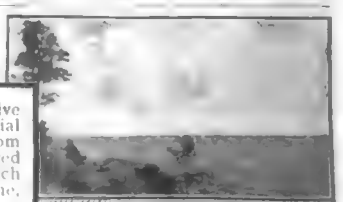

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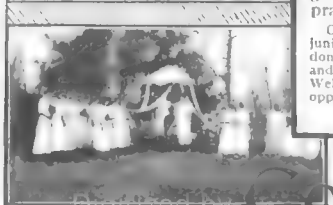

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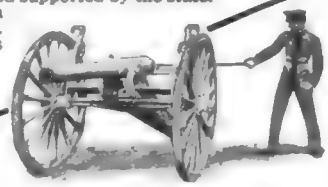

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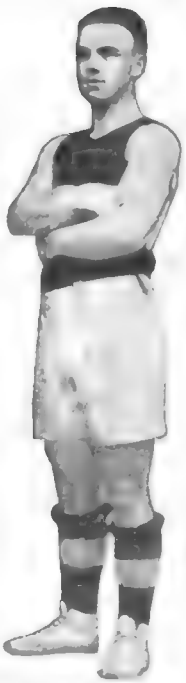

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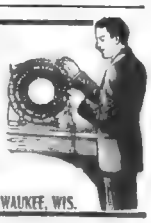

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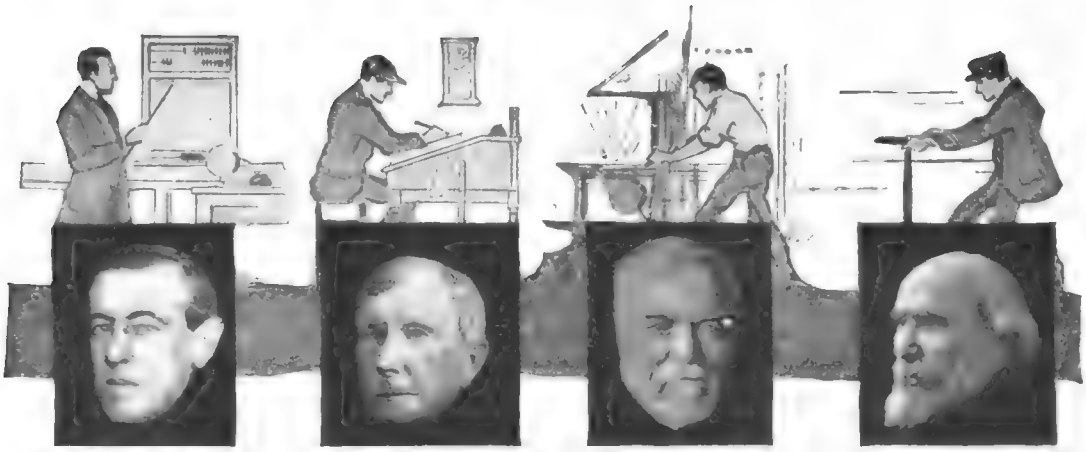

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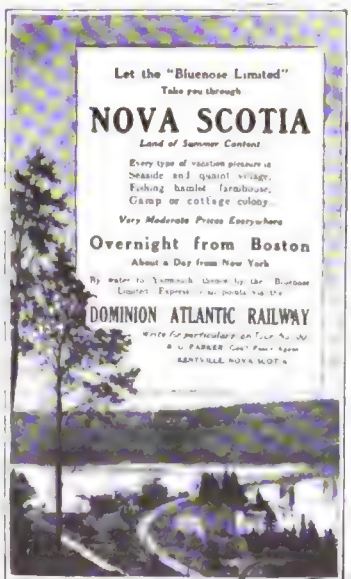
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Profusely illustrating the Famous Coast and Inland Resorts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania reached by—
New Jersey Central Lines
Complete Descriptive and Hotel and Boarding House Information. Sent on Receipt of 4 cts. postage by W. C. Hope, G.P.A. Central Bldg. New York

THE NEW HOTEL BALDWIN
Beach Haven, N. J. Six miles at sea; American and European Plans, electric lights, private baths, steam heat, enclosed porches, New Wisteria Grill and Garden, Shore Dinners, finest garage in State.

The Engleside. BEACH HAVEN, N.J. The Island Resort. The Only Resort on the New Jersey Coast that combines Perfect Bathing, Always Good Fishing, with a Modern Hotel, and gives Sure Relief from Hay Fever besides-Opens June 15-Booklet-R. F. ENGLE, Mgr.

THE JERSEY COAST MAGAZINE SEND TEN CENTS FOR A COPY Full of pictures and information about resorts. Address: Atlantic City, N.J.

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HOTEL BUTLER Largeary rooms
Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c. Rooms $1.00 up; with bath $2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

TRAVEL

Now it's *Season June 15 to October 1*
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Uncle Sam's greatest playground in Montana's Rocky Mountain land. Mountain climbing, fishing, motor tours. Modern hotels—Swiss chalets. Vacations $1.00 to $5.00 per day. Write for FREE booklets. J. E. Stone, P. T. M. Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.
See America First

HEALTH RESORTS

Get Away and Rest
The largest and most elaborately equipped health resort in the world—a Mecca for vacationists, a cool and delightful summer resting place. Out door life encouraged—swimming, golf, tennis, volley ball, motoring, and tramping. Systematized diet of simple and delicious foods—expert bath facilities—and the most efficient medical service if desired. Accommodations for 2,000 guests. Plan your vacation early.
Write for free booklet and rates now.
THE SANITARIUM
BOX 108, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

Health & Pleasure Resort with the famous Mineral Baths for the relief of Rheumatism. Hotel & Baths under one roof. Open all year-Booklet
PARK HOTEL Mt. Clemens, Mich.

CHICAGO ILL.

ENJOY THIS INLAND SEA-SHORE
400 MILES OF OPEN WATER AT THE VERY THRESHOLD OF
CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL
A Holiday Playground supreme. The restfulness of the country with the more active sports and recreations.

Frequent informal dances and orchestra concerts. A summer outing as you wish it among people of your own sort-Tasteful, efficient service gives a sense of home coming-The living and sleeping rooms are inviting-Meals skillfully prepared and deliciously served on American or European plan-10 Minutes from shopping & theatre districts-Write for rates and reservations-Chicago Beach Hotel, Hyde Park Blvd.-On the Lake Shore,-Chicago, Ill.

Next Where-To-Go Closes May 1 — We have 15,000,000 readers monthly

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WHERE-TO-GO
CONCLUDED

New England Vacations

Mount Desert
ON THE MAINE COAST

An island of mountains, cliffs, lakes, woodlands, gardens, drives and paths.

Made famous by its natural beauty, perfect situation and ideal social atmosphere

Bar Harbor

Northeast, Southwest and Seal Harbors, whose combination of mountains and sea give each its greatest charm

Attractive hotels and cottages furnish all the material comforts and luxuries necessary to the enjoyment of a vacation

Through express train service from and to New York and Boston.

Send for booklet G

White Mountains
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

A mountain country of thrilling beauty transformed into a wonderful summer playground.

Exquisite scenery, glorious air,

New Zest in Living

Golf, tennis, mountain climbing, and motoring among the clouds. Most desirable social life.

Finest of hotels, delightful boarding houses.

12 hours from New York. Through sleeping and parlor car trains.

Send for booklet C

Vacation Books

They make summer planning easy.

Rates, capacity and other dependable information concerning the best hotels, boarding houses and camps in over 1000 New England resorts.

Including White Mountains, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Narragansett Bay, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert, Bar Harbor, and the ocean coast of five states.

Send for booklet B—state region you prefer.

Address Vacation Bureau, 171 Broadway, Room 107, New York. New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.—Boston & Maine R. R.—Maine Central R. R.

The New York New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co.

Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard
Wonderful Vacation Islands

Warm Sea-bathing, Fresh and Salt-water Fishing, Sailing, Motor-boating, Golf, Tennis
Clean, White, Sandy Beaches—perfect places for children to romp and play
Write Vacation Bureau, Room 450, 171 Broadway, New York, for Booklets

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EASTERN·STEAMSHIP·LINES

Delightful "All The Way By Water" Trips 35 Steamships, 15 Routes, 80 Landings, Fares always lower than by Rail. Unsurpassed Facilities—New York City, Boston, Mass., Portland & Coast & Interior of Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick & other Maritime Provinces.—METROPOLITAN LINE direct bet. New York & Boston, Lv. either city 5 P.M.—MAINE S.S. LINE, New York & Portland—BOSTON & PORTLAND LINE, Daily service—KENNEBEC LINE, Boston & points on Kennebec River—BOSTON & BANGOR LINE, Daily service—INTERNATIONAL LINES, Direct service, Boston & St. John, N.B., also Coastwise, via. Portland, Eastport & Lubec—PORTLAND & ROCKLAND—PORTLAND & BOOTHBAY—BATH & BOOTHBAY—MT. DESERT & BLUE HILL and FRONTIER LINES—BOSTON & YARMOUTH S.S. CO. LTD:—YARMOUTH LINE—Boston and Yarmouth, N.S., connecting at Yarmouth with trains for all points in the Maritime Provinces.

For Tickets, Schedules and Hotel List, write Passenger Traffic Department, Pier 19, N.R. New York City, or India Wharf, Boston, Mass., or apply Ticket Offices generally throughout U.S.

POLAND SPRING HOUSE
41st Season—June 1st.-October 16th.
Famous as the Home of—
POLAND WATER
HIRAM RICKER & SONS, SOUTH POLAND, MAINE.

MANSION HOUSE and THE BATHS
A Complete Hydrotherapeutic and Electrical Equipment, Resident Medical Director.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR

MAINE

The Louisburg
Bar Harbor, Maine
Modern equipment throughout. Season: June 29th to Sept. 15th. A few accommodations still available. Address L. C. Prior, Hotel Lenox, Boston

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COME·WAY·UP·IN THE MAINE WOODS
FISHING-HUNTING-CANOEING SUPERB
FOR MEN & WOMEN-SEND 10¢ FOR ILLUS. BOOK. TO PASSENGER TRAFFIC MGR. BANGOR & AROOSTOOK R.R. BANGOR, ME.

SQUAW MT. INN
Moosehead Lake, Me.—Modern, restful—Fishing, Hunting, Boating, Golf, Tennis—$3.00—Special rates Families or Parties—Booklet—A. A. Crafts, Greenville Jct. Me.

Where-to-go advertisements and its Travel Club plan produce big results when [illegible]

MAINE

RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE — RANGELEY MAINE
ONE OF MAINE'S FINEST INLAND RESORT HOTELS AUTO-GOLF MUSIC-BOATING-TROUT AND SALMON-BATHING-TENNIS

Appalachee Camps
Boothbay Harbor Maine
On both Appalachee Lake and ocean. Unique. Comfortable, fishing. No hay fever. Send for circular.

RHODE ISLAND

The Hotel of Distinction

Block Island, Rhode Island
Accommodates 400 guests.
[illegible] C. C. BALL, Proprietor

INTERVALE—WHITE MTS. N.H

INTERVALE HOUSE
INTERVALE-WHITE MTS. N.H.
A Summer Home of Refinement & Rest with Amusement.—All Improvements, Grand Scenery, Carriage & Garage Liveries, Fine Roads, All Sports, Orchestra, Excellent Table—Booklet, H. S. Mudgett

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MASSACHUSETTS

TOUR NEW ENGLAND
SEND A 2c. STAMP TO THE BANCROFT, WORCESTER, MASS., FOR COMPLETE ITINERARY OF NEW ENGLAND'S HISTORICAL POINTS OF INTEREST & FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOTS.

Sconset Cottage Club
"Sconset-by-the-Sea" Nantucket, Mass.
Open June 15th. Fine location. Excellent cuisine. Surf bathing. Golf. Tennis. $3 and up. Booklet. Address Isaac Hills.

Our 10th year of world-wide service. Strictly reliable & promoting the best.

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COMING!—IN

HOLWORTHY HALL

A group of love-stories by one of the few writers who know how to tell them. "Speedy," the first, appears in JULY—a story with a real surprise.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

A study of the songs that nations fight by. "War-Songs" carries a patriotic thrill for every American. In JULY.

WILLIAM HARD

One of EVERYBODY'S regular contributors, who is among the best-known article writers in the country. His next article—in August—will describe the vast development possibilities of the great West, and point the way to the solution of a big problem.

LINCOLN STEFFENS

In a story of the Mexican border to-day, about the adventures of a young newspaper correspondent. Mr. Steffens knows Mexico and its people. In JULY.

It is not too late to begin MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S psychic mystery story, "Sight Unseen." It challenges your detective instinct every minute.

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EVERYBODY'S

BOOTH TARKINGTON

A group of short stories which are high-water mark in his work—and that means the best short stories in America.

ERNEST POOLE

Begins in the September issue "His Family," a powerful serial story which drives clear to the heart of modern city life. Mr. Poole's book, "The Harbor," was considered the big book of 1915. We believe "His Family" is even bigger and better.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

In a series of vivid articles describing the British campaign in France—under contract for exclusive American publication in EVERYBODY'S. Here you will get the first authoritative story of such great conflicts as the battles of the Marne, the Aisne, and Ypres.

EVERYBODY'S always holds its Leading Article and its "Keep Posted" until the last possible moment the presses allow—(sometimes, even, the presses are held). That means ability to present expert and independent discussions of the most vital subjects as they occupy the center of national attention.

You will miss THE adventure story of the year if you don't get into TALBOT MUNDY'S serial, "King of the Khyber Rifles." Start it in this number.

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THE youngster who is dressed up prettily, then told to go out and play without soiling dainty garments and spotless hands, is in a sad predicament. Far better is it to place no restraint on youthful exuberance of spirit and trust to Ivory Soap. It makes no difference how often delicate clothes and tender skins are washed with it. The whiteness, the purity, the mildness, the freedom from alkali—all the distinctive Ivory qualities—make it the children's friend and the mother's aid. It cleans—but cannot injure.

Free—A Jolly Tale in Rhyme for the Children

Every youngster will enjoy reading or hearing the wonderful adventures of Betty Snow, Bobby White, Gnif the Gnome, Snip the dog, and Yow the cat. Written by John Martin, the well known editor of the juvenile magazine, "John Martin's Book". Full of pictures. Send your name and address today to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 20-F, Cincinnati, O., and ask for "The Cruise of the Ivory Ship".

IVORY SOAP. . IVORY . . 99 44/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, O.; Port Ivory, N. Y.; Kansas City, Kans.; Hamilton, Can.

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"No hocus-pocus or juggling the books," says the Manager. "No, indeed. This did the trick."

No hocus-pocus— 15,000 men have done it!

PRESTO! A business miracle!

A story of how business men can change a heavy "Expense" into a fat profit earning "Investment"!

Only one way has ever been found to do it.

And it never fails to work. Not only will you make your annual statement show the improvement, but you will, of course, profit just as much as the balance-sheet shows.

Take the real case of the Rock Hill Buggy Co. at Rock Hill, S. C.

The item was fire insurance premiums—an "operating expense" amounting to several thousands a year. Nearly all of that expense item became an investment as explained below. The rate was high, $3 per hundred. This awful rate was due of course to the danger of fire in a burnable building full of varnish, paint and shavings. Now, if this expense *for fire danger* could only be applied to improving the building—making it "fireproof"—why, sure enough the expense would be transformed into "building investment."

THE TRANSFORMATION

The Rock Hill Buggy Co. installed a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System. This system became an asset as additional construction. The presence of those watchful little fireproofing sentinels along the factory ceilings reduced the insurance rate from $3.00 to 75c., saving the company $3,000 that first year. This $3,000 then and there wiped out nearly one-third the cost of the Grinnell improvement. Twice after that the $3,000 "operating expense" was changed into the above investment.

What after that? Why, simply velvet. The $3,000 had forever disappeared from the "oper-

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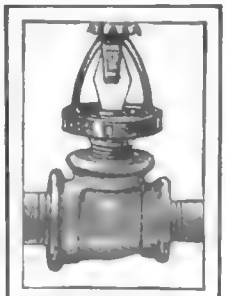
ating expense" while the "investment account" (in the list of assets) acquired a good $10,000 item that paid sure 30% dividends.

It paid dividends in other forms too. The Company wrote us some time later.

THE KIND OF LETTERS WE GET

"You will no doubt be interested to know that your sprinkler system saved our factory from destruction by fire Tuesday night. After the watchman had made his rounds at 11 o'clock a fire started in the paint shop by spontaneous combustion and was making good headway when the Grinnell System worked like a charm. The watchman did not know anything about the fire until it was out."

This is not an isolated or extreme case. Here is a composite case made up from our records of a few large laundries—43 of them. Mr. Average Laundryman paid a rate of $1.60—charged to "operating expense" on his books. He put in Grinnell Sprinklers and the rate dropped to 41c. In his asset column appeared a new item—namely, the Grinnell Sprinkler System.



This is the Grinnell sprinkler-head—the efficient little sentinel that has saved over $400,000,000 of industrial property from fire during the last thirty years.

In some cases he paid for his Grinnell System by several partial payments. Thus the Model Steam Laundry Co. of Charlotte, N. C., arranged to turn over the money saved by the Grinnell Sprinklers. In five years the system was paid for and each payment went to the asset column instead of to expense.

PAYS FOR ITSELF IN THREE YEARS

Similarly the Trojan Laundry Co. at Detroit saved enough to pay for the Grinnell equipment in three years. The Troy Laundry at Minneapolis took three years and eight months.

A Grinnell Sprinkler System will commonly squelch a fire at its inception. The heat automatically snaps the fusible strut in the nearest sprinkler head and down comes a drenching downpour over a space ten feet square. And the fire alarm bell starts to ring as soon as the water starts to flow. By the time other fire fighting forces are on hand the fire is either entirely extinguished or "under control."

The Grinnell was the first sensitive automatic sprinkler and is still the best known, protecting more property than all the other kinds put together. A $6,000,000 company backs up the performance of all these thousands of Grinnell Systems.

Write to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 299 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I., asking for a copy of the Grinnell Information Blank, which will enable us to submit estimates and proposals without cost or obligation on your part.

1. *On duty with many others, waiting for a fire—waiting perhaps for 30 years up near the ceiling—the ingenious mechanical watchman.*

2. *Here comes the fire at midnight. The column of heat rises and at 155° the fusible strut in the nearest Grinnell softens and melts.*

3. *Snap—swat—splash! A drenching downpour right on the heart of the fire. Alarm bell clanging in the distance.*

4. *Fire out before watchman arrives. Water turned off. No damage worth reporting. Next morning—business as usual.*

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The Drink for Little Folks

It is well-known that tea and coffee are harmful to children, but they crave a hot, invigorating drink at table, just like older folks, and they should have it.

Both tea and coffee contain "caffeine," a drug which physicians and food experts say retards body development and hinders mental progress.

INSTANT POSTUM

is the ideal table beverage for children.

Delicious as any mild Java coffee, Postum has a similar tang and flavour, but is absolutely free from any drug or harmful substance.

This delicious pure food-drink is made of whole wheat roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, and blended just like coffee.

Postum is wonderfully attractive to children and brings satisfaction and happiness to everyone at table, including older folks who want to keep youthful health and spirit.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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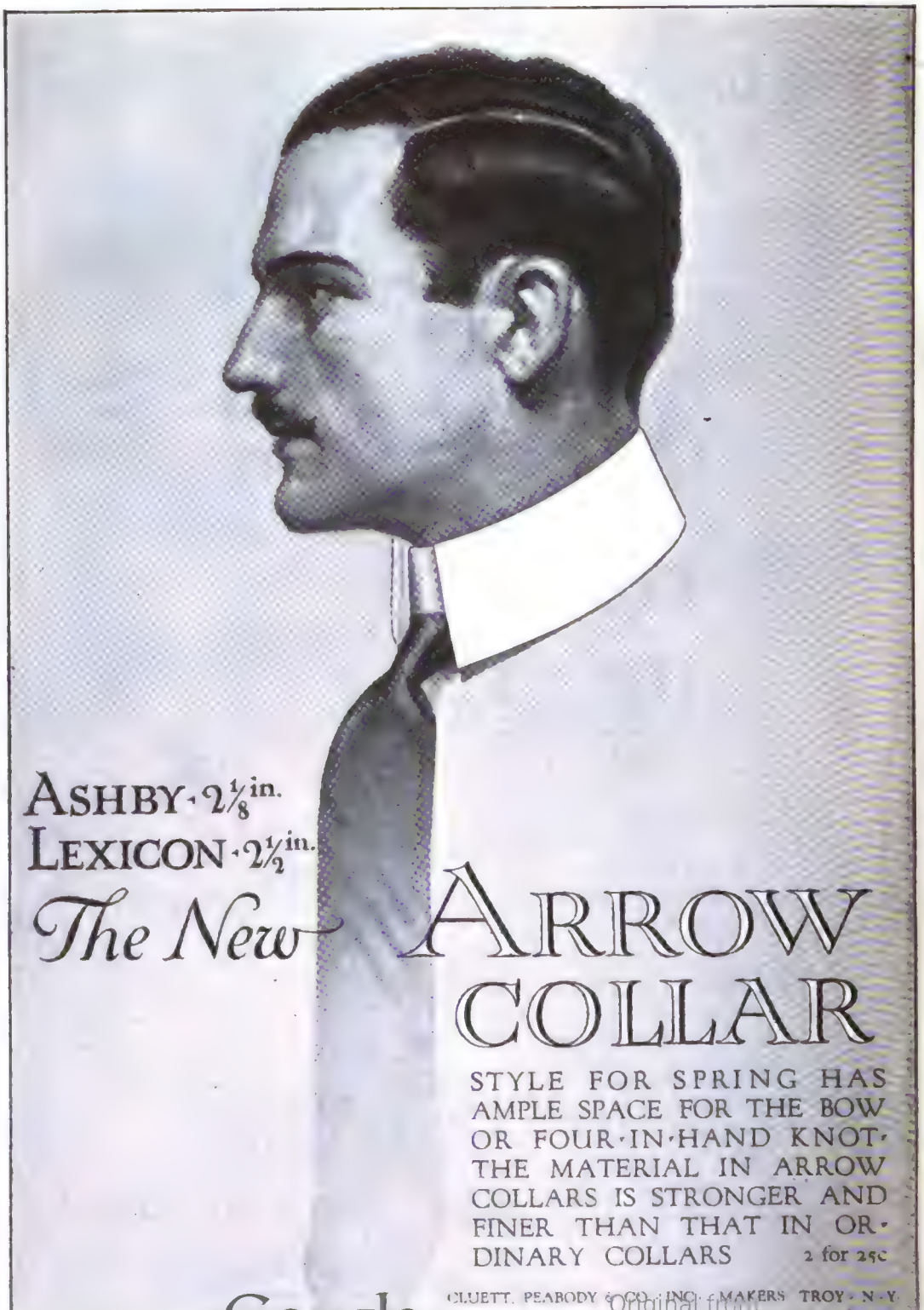
ASHBY · 2⅛ in.
LEXICON · 2½ in.
The New ARROW COLLAR
STYLE FOR SPRING HAS AMPLE SPACE FOR THE BOW OR FOUR-IN-HAND KNOT· THE MATERIAL IN ARROW COLLARS IS STRONGER AND FINER THAN THAT IN ORDINARY COLLARS 2 for 25c
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. MAKERS TROY · N·Y.

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IVER JOHNSON

Everybody Is Riding This Year

Bicycling has suddenly returned to a nation-wide popularity as a sport. Everyone rode this winter at the fashionable resorts of Florida and California.

Fortunately, you know the bicycle to buy. For thirty years the Iver Johnson has ranked in your opinion as the best made, strongest, fastest and finest bicycle. It is made of seamless steel tubing, has finest bearings ever used in a bicycle, and is finished with four coats of baked and hand-rubbed enamel.

The model above costs $30. Other models from $20 to $55. Our big, 84-page catalog describes the line and explains the mechanical superiority of the Iver Johnson. This catalog is free.

FREE BOOK

Send for our big, 84-page book on Iver Johnson Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Shot Guns in single and double barrels. This valuable book will tell you how to get full value in service and satisfaction. It is free.

True Preparedness

means that each individual is ready to defend himself, his home and his country. Learn how to use firearms. Buy a good revolver and get used to the smell of gun-powder. A safer, harder or straighter shooting revolver cannot be made than the Iver Johnson. It is so safe that you can drop it, full cocked; throw it against a wall or Hammer the Hammer without danger of accidental discharge. The regular model costs $6. With a large grip as shown below, it costs $7.00. Other models cost $6, $7 and $8. Send for free 84-page book.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco

Regular Model with Perfect Grip $7.00

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Take a

KODAK

with you.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalog free at your dealer's, or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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Corns
Spoil the Show

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

THE theatre is worse than a bore if your feet hurt. The brilliance of the stage only emphasizes the *gloom* you feel. Let Blue-jay help you to enjoy the next show. These wonderful little plasters cost but a trifle, are applied in a minute and positively *end* corns. 91 per cent of all cases yield to first treatment—the stubborn 9 per cent give way to the second or third.

Don't try to cure your corns with a knife or a razor. That is dangerous and only temporary at best. But you can positively get rid of your corns by using the safe, simple, efficient Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

15 cents and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

"FOREVER"

No other word adequately describes the everlasting qualities—the *magnificent endurance*—of Barre Granite. Forever!

And that is what we want to think of the memorials erected by the hands of men; that wind and rain and the ravages of Time cannot destroy nor mar them—that they will endure until an end comes to temporal things.

Barre Granite seems to have been designed by Nature as the material with which to perpetuate memories. Its fine grain and uniform texture; its rare beauty; quality which lends itself to polishing and the sculptor's art; its freedom from imperfections—all these points of superiority make it ideal for its appointed purpose.

BARRE GRANITE

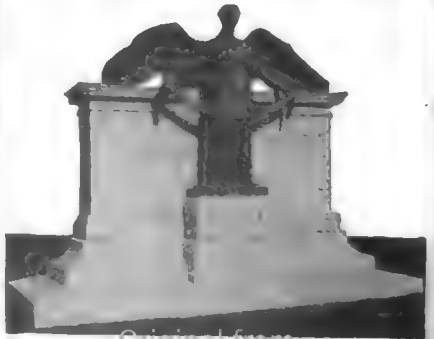
has been used in thousands of magnificent memorials throughout the country; yet it is available for those whose means require purchases of less expensive monuments.

Your dealer will be as pleased to furnish full information regarding a small marker as he will a large and expensive memorial.

All Barre Granite is quarried at Barre, Vt. To avoid substitution specify in your contract that every part of your memorial be of Barre Granite.

Barre Granite is ideal for columns and other ornamental building purposes and is sold by best dealers everywhere. Write for illustrated booklet, "Memorial Masterpieces," showing the monuments of many prominent people throughout the United States.

Barre Quarriers and Manufacturers Ass'n
Dept. 6, BARRE, VERMONT
"The Granite Center of the World"



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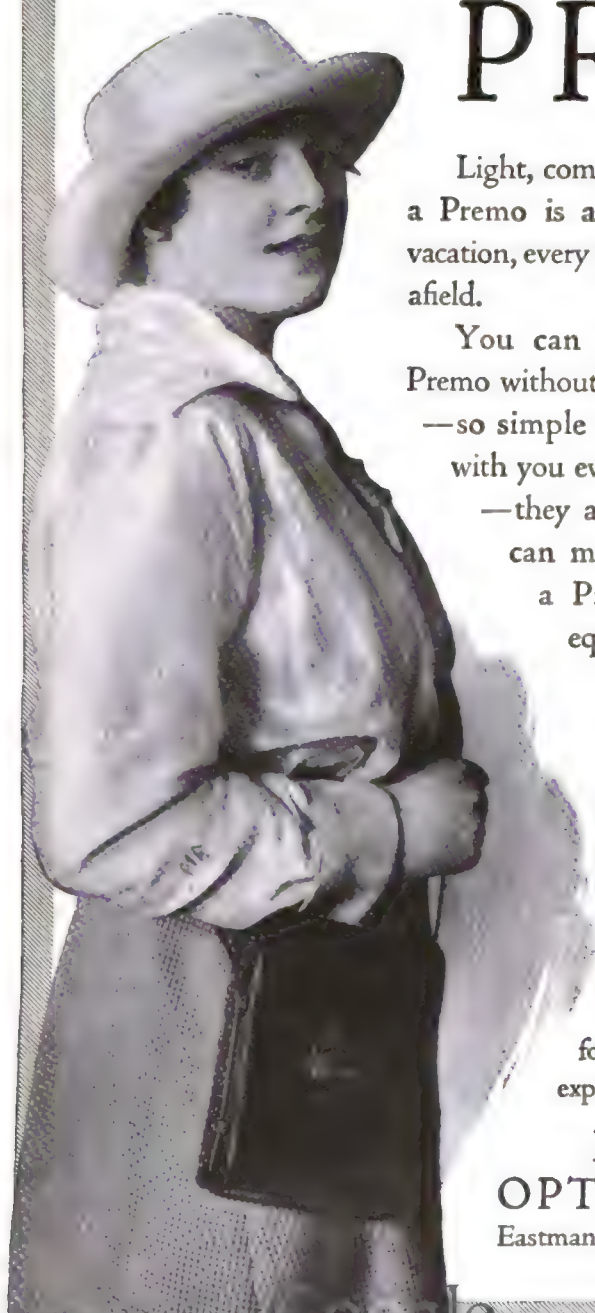
Get out in the open with a

PREMO



Light, compact, easy to load and operate, a Premo is a fitting companion for every vacation, every outdoor excursion, every ramble afield.

You can make good pictures with a Premo without the need of skill or experience —so simple are they. You can carry one with you everywhere without inconvenience —they are so light and compact. You can make the best of pictures with a Premo—they are so carefully equipped and tested.

There is a Premo to suit any requirement. They range in price from $.75 to $140.00. They are made for film packs, for plates and for Cartridge film.

Ask your dealer for a copy of the new Premo catalogue, or send us your name and we will forward a copy direct without any expense. It is sure to interest you.

ROCHESTER
OPTICAL DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

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Special low prices Dutch Bulbs

Good only until July 1st
Order Now!

FREE!
Fall Catalog Now Ready
Write Today

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, give, for a small outlay of time and money, an abundance of flowers in the house from December until Easter, and in the garden, from earliest spring until the middle of May. Bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, in enormous quantities, and sold at very low prices. Usually they cost double before reaching you.

By ordering from us now instead of waiting until Fall, you make a large saving, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival in the best possible condition.

DARWIN TULIPS—We can now supply the magnificent and high priced Darwin Tulips at a great reduction. They are sensational in their beauty and should be included in every garden. They last for many years.

If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices**, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not satisfactory. (References required from new customers.) **For prices on smaller quantities see our import price list, the most comprehensive catalog of Bulbs published, which may be had for the asking.**

A FEW PRICES	Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths	$2.90	$14.00
Fine Mixed Tulips	.80	3.75
Darwin Tulips—Fine Named	2.25	10.00
Darwin Tulips—Fine Mixed	1.35	6.00
Double Daffodils	1.90	8.75
Narcissus Empress (Monsters)	3.00	13.50
Narcissus Golden Spur	2.40	10.50
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	.55	2.00

ELLIOTT NURSERY, 379 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

THE SHOE for MEN

THE initial cost of The Florsheim Shoe may be a trifle more than the ordinary shoe but the greater satisfaction you get in style, comfort and service prove from the first to the last day's wear that Florsheims cost less in the end.

$5 to $8

Ask the Florsheim dealer for the style you prefer. Look for name in shoe.

"Styles of the Times" (Free Booklet)—and name of local dealer on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago,
U. S. A.

The Glide—Style F227

A New Style in Country Houses

Our leading architects are now designing a new and dignified type of country-house, along fine old Colonial lines. The roof is shingled, and large shingles, in single or double courses, cover the sides. The roof shingles are stained in moss-green, tile red or slate gray tones of

Cabot's Creosote Stains

and the sides finished with

Cabot's Old Virginia White

which is as cool and brilliant and soft as new whitewash, and as lasting as paint. The stains are rich and handsome, and the combination is harmonious and appropriate.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for stained wood samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Manfg. Chemists, 4 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

Wood shingles stained Cabot's Old Virginia White, Roof finished with Green Cabot's Creosote Stain.

"We are using Cabot's Stains on houses with equally satisfactory results."—Herbert Foltz, Architect, Indianapolis.

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Big, Thick Knobs—The Real Anti-Skids

You get real anti-skid protection from a car equipped with 'Nobby' Tread Tires.

The big, thick, resilient knobs take hold of the road-surface with a real grip.

Besides—no loss of traction—quick response to the clutch and accelerator—less wear on the tire through friction.

'Nobby' Treads were the first successful anti-skids—and are still the first.

'Nobby' Treads are the largest selling very high-grade anti-skids in the world.

The 'Nobby' is one of the five United States 'Balanced' Tires which meet every motoring condition of price and use.

Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet, "Judging Tires," which tells how to choose the particular tire to suit your needs.

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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The Top of Your Head

should be covered with a natural growth of hair, and it can be—if roots are not dead. ***Dandruff can be removed*** and grey hair arrested through our Physical Culture Exercises and local treatment for the scalp.

Write for Information

Grace-Mildred Culture Course
Dept. 39, 624 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago

You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—*I know* it, because I have *reduced* 32,000 women and have *built up* as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you to breathe, to stand, to walk and to correct such ailments as nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 lbs. less and I have gained wonderfully in strength." *Another says:* "Last May I weighed 100 lbs., this May I weigh 126, and oh! I feel *so well.*"

Write today for my free booklet

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 20, 624 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Author of "Beauty a Duty," for sale at all bookstores.

Garage $69.50

10 x 12 feet "Steelcote" Edwards ready-to-use garage, $69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
309-359 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

"Linene" REVERSIBLE COLLARS

TRADE MARK

Send 2 Cents
in U. S. Stamps to pay postage and we will send you FREE a starch-finished
SAMPLE COLLAR
State size and which style wanted
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 32 Boston, Mass.

WOULD YOU BUY GASOLINE AT 2½¢ A GAL.? YES! THEN BUY CARBONVOID

One spoonful of CARBONVOID dissolved in 5 gallons of gasoline makes it give the mileage that 6 gallons would give without CARBONVOID. Send **$1.00** for 40 spoonfuls of CARBONVOID (enough to treat 200 gallons of gas). Each spoonful (costing 2½c) is equal to 1 gallon of gas. Your dollar will save 40 gallons of gas costing $10.00 at 25c a gallon. We guarantee results or money back, also removal and prevention of carbon deposit. Agents wanted. Write today.

CARBONVOID CHEMICAL WORKS, Department B, BRADLEY BEACH, N. J.

WOULD YOU

show this standard, high-grade, 42-key, fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein **it excels any other $100 typewriter,** if by doing this and rendering other small assistance, you could easily have one **GIVEN YOU** to keep as your own? Then by post card or letter to us simply say, "*Mail Particulars.*"

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. E 234, Chicago, Ill.

That Next Outing

The good old days are here—days for fishing, camping, picnicking and auto tours. Happy days, these outdoor days! And that next outing will be still more enjoyable if you carry your lunch in a

Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR

It's just the thing, too, for carrying the day's catch back. Keeps contents cool and fresh for 36 hours. Lightweight, attractive, durable. $4.00 and up.

Write today for Booklet G

Burlington Basket Mfg. Co.
Burlington, S. W. Iowa

IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 1137 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for $6.00 per month. When your trees are in bearing, your profits should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Cut the Cost of Furniture in Two

Shipped in sections, knock-down—saves factory space—packing costs and freight charges. Direct from factory to you saves dealer's expenses and profits. Ten minutes assemble any piece. Over 100 designs—everything for the home, office or club.

Home Exhibitors Wanted
Exchange spare time for furniture or cash commissions. A new business for men or women. **FREE CATALOG** with full particulars

BROOKS MFG. CO.
1406 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.
Largest Plant of its Kind in the World.

$40 Value at $19.75

Extension 48x84 in.

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Forty-one Years of Telephone Progress

The faint musical sound of a plucked spring was electrically carried from one room to another and recognized on June 2, 1875. That sound was the birth-cry of the telephone.

The original instrument—the very first telephone in the world—is shown in the picture above.

From this now-historic instrument has been developed an art of profound importance in the world's civilization.

At this anniversary time, the Bell System looks back on forty-one years of scientific achievement and economic progress, and gives this account of its stewardship:

It has provided a system of communication adequate to public needs and sufficiently in advance of existing conditions to meet all private demands or national emergencies.

It has made the telephone the most economical servant of the people for social and commercial intercourse.

It has organized an operating staff loyal to public interests and ideals; and by its policy of service it has won the appreciation and good will of the people.

With these things in mind, the Bell System looks forward with confidence to a future of greater opportunity and greater achievement.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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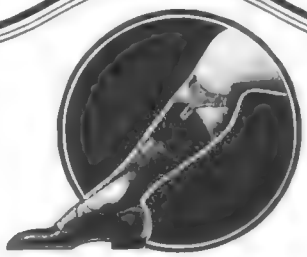


"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston! So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"

—AMBROSE PEALE

in the delightful play

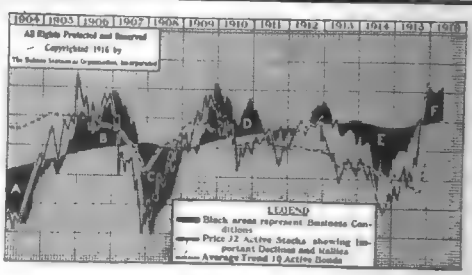
"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

By Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett now in its third successful year.

Boston Garter

SILK 50c
LISLE 25c

Velvet Grip GEO. FROST CO. MAKERS, BOSTON



Foreign Securities

Are they yet a purchase? What countries offer the most attractive opportunity for the investor?

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department E-21 of the

Babson Statistical Organization

Engineering Block Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in the World

Racine Wis

America's Finest Canoe

Speed, lightness and beautiful finish combined to the highest degree. Write for free catalog showing the many distinctive features of the *Racinewis*.

Racine Boat Company, Dept. 15, Racine, Wis.

Delivered to You Free

A sample 1916 model ***"Ranger"*** bicycle, on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL** and free riding test.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our ***low prices*** and ***remarkable terms.***

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, **Tires** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do Business *direct*** with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-43, CHICAGO

TYPEWRITERS SUMMER PRICES

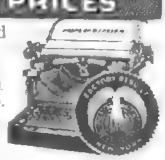
Our entire stock of latest models is offered at special prices for the summer *only*.

Factory Rebuilt Typewriters

All trademarked, and guaranteed for one year. Buy *now* and save as much as $75. Branch stores in leading cities

Write for Catalog and Summer Price-List

American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.



OLD MONEY WANTED

Will pay $3.00 to $10.00 for Flying Eagle cent dated 1856. We pay cash premiums on all rare dimes, quarters, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins and bills wanted. **Send 4c** for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. May mean large profits to you.

NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. B, Ft. Worth, Tex.

SPEEDY, POWERFUL No Vibration

Absolutely dependable. Easy to start —Easy to manage. The finest rowboat motor made.

THE GREAT 2-CYLINDER **KOBAN** ROWBOAT MOTOR

The original 2-cylinder rowboat motor. All revolving and reciprocating parts perfectly balanced, light weight, smooth running. New features include tilting device, side steering, aeroplane type magneto and many others.

DOES NOT SHAKE THE BOAT

Vibration entirely removed because opposed cylinders fire at same time. Reversed by simply pressing button. Interesting facts fully explained in illustrated 32-page catalog. Send for it. It's *Free*. Agents and Dealers wanted

KOBAN MFG. CO., 295 South Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Ask about the new Koban Outboard motor.

Your Photos Enlarged for 25c.

8x10 made from any size negative or film. Films developed 5c per roll, all sizes. Prints 3c each 2¼x3¼; 4c 3¼x4¼. Send negative and get sample prints FREE. Anti-Trust Photo Supplies.

M. A. LEESE, 614 9th ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

New Catalog Reduced Prices

Free Trial

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHESTS

Your choice of 100 styles of the famous Piedmont genuine Southern Red Cedar Chests. **15 days' free trial.** We pay the freight. A Piedmont protects furs, woolens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Distinctively beautiful. Wonderfully useful and economical. Finest wedding or birthday gift. **Write today for big new Catalog with Reduced prices. Postpaid free.**

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Dept. 60 Statesville, N. C.

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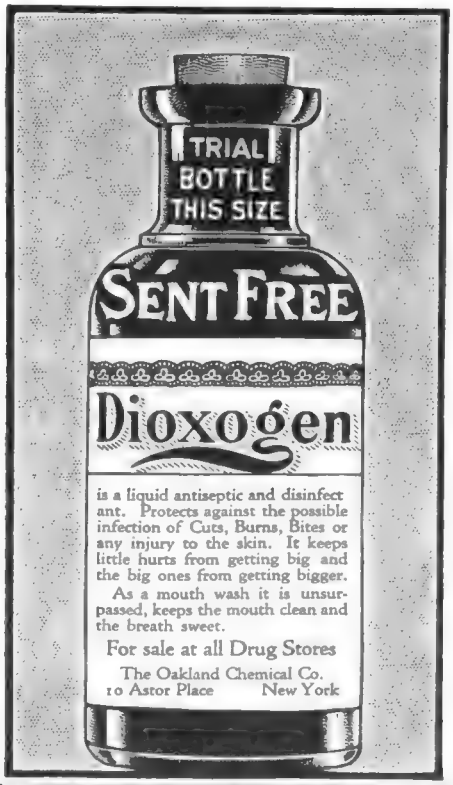


is a liquid antiseptic and disinfectant. Protects against the possible infection of Cuts, Burns, Bites or any injury to the skin. It keeps little hurts from getting big and the big ones from getting bigger.

As a mouth wash it is unsurpassed, keeps the mouth clean and the breath sweet.

For sale at all Drug Stores

The Oakland Chemical Co.
10 Astor Place New York

When is white lead not white lead?
When it's tinted green?
Wrong! It takes such a tiny portion of color to give

Dutch Boy White Lead

one of the beautiful tints that it may still be considered pure white lead.

Specify pure white lead, no matter what tint you want your paint. ***Write for Paint Tips No. 65.***

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

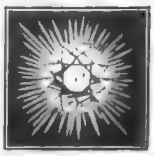
New York Boston Cincinnati Cleveland
Buffalo Chicago San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

PATENTS

WRITE FOR HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT, list of Patent Buyers, and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send Sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our **Four Books** sent free. Patents advertised **Free.** We assist inventors to sell their inventions. **FREE**

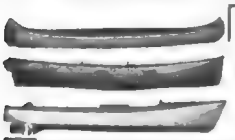
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 752 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz,** of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.



Canoes, Rowboats and Fishboats $18 and Up

Rowboats and canoes for detachable motor. Motor boats and power canoes 16 ft. to 26 ft. constantly in stock. Longer lengths made to order.

Catalog FREE. All prices based on selling direct to the user. Please mention what kind of boat you are interested in.

Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co., 37 Ellis Ave., Peshtigo, Wis.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and show a new 1916 model **"RANGER"** bicycle. Write for our *liberal terms.*

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 days' trial.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our **low prices** and *remarkable terms.*

FACTORY CLEARING SALE—a limited number of old models of various makes, $7 to $12. A few good second-hand wheels $3 to $8. Write if you want a bargain. **Tires,** lamps, wheels, sundries and repair parts for all makes of bicycles, *at half usual prices.* **Write us before buying.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-43, CHICAGO

MARK YOUR VACATION LINEN WITH

Cash's Woven Name Tapes

These Tapes prevent your linen from getting lost in the laundry. Neater and far more satisfactory than marking ink. Can be attached to the most delicate fabrics. *Ideal for hosiery and woolen clothing*

Your name can be woven on a fine linen tape, in red, blue, black, navy, green or lavender, guaranteed fast colors. **$2.00** for 12 Doz., **$1.25** for 6 Doz., **85 cents** for 3 Doz. Orders filled in one week, and may be placed through all first-class Dry Goods Stores. Samples of various styles sent free on request.

CASH, Limited
161 Chestnut Street, South Norwalk, Conn.

$2.50 A Month

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at the factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

19 Jewel Burlington

All sizes for both men and women. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at the rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

Write Today for Free Watch Book See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts.

Burlington Watch Company, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. A-103, Chicago

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The Government Wants All Americans to Visit

Yellowstone National Park

Secretary Lane thinks all Americans should see our national parks. The Department of the Interior has published a book telling all there is to see in the Yellowstone, our greatest scenic domain.

Acting as distributors, the *Union Pacific* will send you a copy *free*, together with illustrated literature which tells what the Yellowstone trip costs, time required, how you may stop in Colorado and Salt Lake City, how Yellowstone Park is easily reached en route to California and North Pacific Coast. You want this great Government book, you need our concise travel book, to help plan your vacation.

GERRIT FORT, Pass. Traffic Manager
Union Pacific System
Dept. 118, Chicago, Ill. (380)

A Summer Home of Your Own

NO, it doesn't cost too much—you'll be surprised when you see what a modern, attractive and comfortable summer home your money will buy in a

KENYON
TAKE-DOWN HOUSE

All Kenyon Houses are rain-proof and wind-proof. Equipped with hardwood floors, doors, windows, screens, awnings and chimneys. Made in a large variety of sizes, from one to five rooms—$45.00 and up. Take a Kenyon with you this summer—there's one that will suit you in size and price.

Write for handsomely illustrated catalog

THE R. L. KENYON COMPANY
531 Albert Street
Waukesha, Wis.

One to Five Rooms $45 and up

DEAF?

Read What Dr. Upham Says of the 1916 Acousticon

W. C. Upham, M. D., of Washington, D. C., writes us—"Where I could not possibly hear a word of conversation, with the ACOUSTICON I hear distinctly. No person who is hard of hearing should fail to get this Instrument if possible to obtain it."

The unstinted praise of 250,000 satisfied customers and many letters like the above from eminent physicians lead us to urge you and every deaf person, entirely at our risk, without a penny of expense, to give the 1916 ACOUSTICON a thorough trial in your own home, absolutely and entirely

No Deposit FREE No Expense

All you need to do is to write saying that you are **deaf** and will try the ACOUSTICON. The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! **There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.**

The ACOUSTICON has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the ACOUSTICON today and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1325 Candler Bldg., New York
Toronto, Ont., Office [illegible]

Have Beautiful, Soft Hair

Thoroughly shampoo your hair and scalp with **Q-Ban Hair Tonic**, and after drying your hair not even a trace of dandruff or falling hair can be found, and your scalp will not itch. If the hair is at all brittle, faded, straggly, thin or falling, the application of a little **Q-Ban Hair Tonic** will make all your hair light, fluffy, soft, wavy, thick and abundant, causing the hair to have that lustre and luxuriance which make the hair so fascinating and attractive. **Q-Ban Hair Tonic** is most satisfactory and agreeable to use and the only antiseptic hair tonic made. It should be used on the heads and hair of children as well as grown-up folks, as it keeps the hair and scalp healthy, clean and free from dust and excessive oil. Fifty cents for a big bottle at drug stores or sent prepaid. Write for illustrated lectures on Hair Culture and information about special Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer for darkening gray hair without dyes.

Q-BAN LABORATORIES, Memphis, Tenn.
(General Ellis Drug Co., Prop.)

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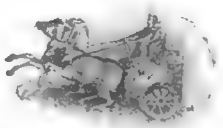
"NEW-SKIN"

—to prevent infection

An antiseptic liquid for cuts, scrapes, and little hurts. It forms a water-proof covering that protects the cut and allows it to heal. Carry it with you always.

At all druggists (10c., 25c.). Or send us 25c. in stamps for the larger size by mail. Be sure to get the genuine. Always in glass bottles; red and gold paper cartons.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK



Murphy's VARNISH

It's a "painter's varnish"—but that doesn't mean that you can't use it yourself—and MOST SATISFACTORILY—on floors, furniture or wood work, and for all other uses outdoors and in. We are now supplying it in small cans for your convenience. Send for booklet.

Murphy Varnish Company
Franklin Murphy, jr., President
NEWARK AND CHICAGO

Ends Garter Troubles

It's good-bye to tight garters and their discomforts now. Shir-Gar supports sock perfectly without binding the leg. Holds shirt down smooth. Easily adjusted, serviceable. At your dealer or by mail 50c postpaid. Address Dept. 14.

SHIRT GARTER CO. Nashville, Tenn.

SELL Chemical Fire Engines

Salesmen Wanted Everywhere

by responsible house. If you average sales of one or two machines a week, you make from $2000 to $4000 a year. No capital required. Sell Ajax Chemical Fire Engines to Factories, Mills, Stores, Fire Departments of Small Towns, Public Institutions, etc. Goods well advertised. Full detailed agent's proposition on request

AJAX Fire Engine Works 95-E. Liberty Street New York City

30 Days FREE TRIAL

and *freight prepaid* on the new 1916 "RANGER" bicycle. **Write at once and get our *big catalog* and *special offers* before buying.**

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1916 price offers. *You cannot afford to buy* without getting our *latest propositions*. WRITE TODAY.

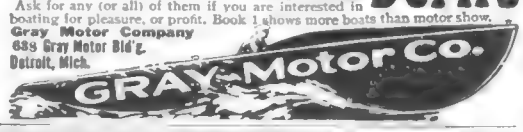
Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER." **Tires,** equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line **half usual prices.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-43, CHICAGO

FREE!-3 Books on BOATS

1—Special Boats of 140 Leading Boat Builders.
2—Gray 2 and 4 cycle Motor Engine Catalogue.
3—Book of Boat Models for work, fishing, cruising.
Ask for any (or all) of them if you are interested in boating for pleasure, or profit. Book 1 shows more boats than motor show.

Gray Motor Company
639 Gray Motor Bld'g.
Detroit, Mich.



ALADDIN Customers Save from $200 to $800

Dodge high lumber prices. Save from $200 to $800 on your new home. Aladdin Houses are sold direct—no unnecessary profits. All material is cut-to-fit, saving time in erection. No waste of lumber. Ask about the Dollar-A-Knot guarantee. Ask for names of Aladdin owners near you. Send stamps for the big Aladdin Catalog, showing over 100 bungalows, dwellings and summer cottages.

5-Room Year Round Home $298

Aladdin prices include all material cut-to-fit, lath, sash, doors, glass, plans and illustrations. Send stamps for the beautiful catalog. Send for booklet

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.
138 Aladdin Avenue, Bay City, Mich.

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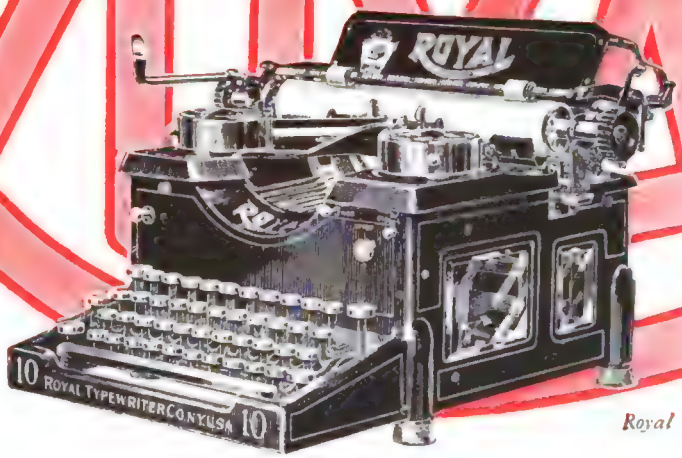
ROYAL



Royal Master Model 10
Price $100

Compare the Work

WE ask you to choose the Royal on this strict basis of comparison.

How *much* work it can do; How much *better* its work is; How much *longer* it will stand up to the most strenuous work.

Every standpoint of typewriter value is covered in these three points of comparison.

The Royal was invented and is built on the true principles of a real visible typewriter—both as to construction and operation.

For that reason it is not sold to you with the understanding that it will wear out and have to be traded out in a couple of years.

For that reason your operator can do better work and more of it with less effort with the Royal.

For that reason the Royal delivers perfect presswork and the triple service of writing, billing-and-charging, and typing cards—all without an extra attachment.

For that reason the Royal cuts the cost of typewritten letters so that it pays part of their postage for you.

Compare the work. Get the facts. Know the Royal. Telephone or write any branch or agency now for a demonstration; this places you under no obligation.

Write for "Facts About the 'Trade-Out'"

—a little book which doesn't mince words in telling the story of the typewriter. Every typewriter owner or user should have it. We want to place a copy in your hands. A postal will bring it to you free.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

903 Royal Typewriter Building, 364 Broadway, New York City

Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

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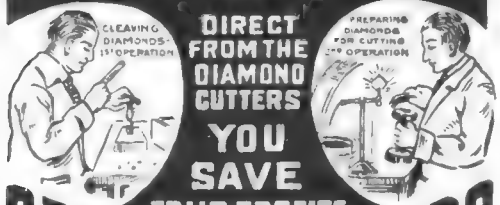
$70 PER CARAT



DIRECT FROM THE DIAMOND CUTTERS

YOU SAVE FOUR PROFITS

GENUINE DIAMONDS

MONEY BACK ANY TIME WITHIN 1 YEAR

14-Kt. Solid Gold Mountings Free

WHY can we offer you such unusual values in diamonds?—Because we are DIAMOND CUTTERS. We save the enormous duty on cut diamonds, by importing in the rough and cutting them ourselves. Our prices are positively the lowest in the United States. Our catalog will prove it.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

SELECTIONS sent subject to approval, anywhere in the United States, without slightest obligation. Dissatisfaction is impossible. Our legal written Protective Bond guarantees absolute full refund within one year of every penny you paid. Write for our big, free catalog, illustrating over 5000 wonderful Diamond, Watch and Jewelry values. It's free. Write today.

$39.00 A CARAT

1/4 Carat Rings . . $4.88
3/8 Carat Rings . . $9.75
5/8 Carat Rings . . $14.63

$50.00 A CARAT

1/2 Carat Rings . . $12.50
5/8 Carat Rings . . $25.00
3/4 Carat Rings . . $37.50

$70.00 A CARAT

1 1/4 Carat Rings . $77.00
1 1/2 Carat Rings . $87.50
1 3/4 Carat Rings . $122.00

$85.00 A CARAT

1 Carat Rings . . $85.00
1 1/2 Carat Rings . $148.75
2 1/4 Carat Rings . $212.50

WRITE FOR BIG FREE CATALOG

I. PRESS & SONS

IMPORTERS & CUTTERS OF DIAMONDS

707 CHESTNUT ST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Will $12.00 Help?

SCORES of men and women will earn $12.00 or more this June introducing THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and The Woman's Home Companion in their locality. You may as well be one of these lucky people, as you can do the work in your spare time. *For full information please address*—Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk E,

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

"Don't tell me you never had a chance!

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the International Correspondence Schools help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!' You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now over one hundred thousand men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail this coupon, and find out how.

I. C. S., Box 2606, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 2606, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ ADVERTISING MAN
☐ Electric Car Running	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telegraph Expert	☐ RAILROADER
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATOR
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ DESIGNER
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engineer	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Public Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Teacher
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Navigator ☐ Spanish
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ German
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ AUTOMOBILES ☐ French
☐ CHEMICAL ENGINEER	☐ Auto Repairing ☐ Italian

Name _____

Occupation & Employer _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

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Copyright U.S.A. 1926 by The B.V.D. Company

Night or Day, at Work or Play, B.V.D. Conserves Your Comfort

NOTHING is so typical of the American "level head," as the nation-wide popularity of B. V. D. It is the Summer Underwear of Efficiency—of the man who conserves his comfort at work or at play, just as he conserves his health—as an asset.

Loose fitting, light woven B.V.D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).

If it *hasn't* This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

It *isn't* B. V. D. Underwear

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries*)

B.V.D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) $1.00 and upward the Suit.

B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the Garment.

The B.V.D. *Company, New York*

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HAYWOOD'S

NATIONAL TIRE REPAIR SERVICE

KEEPS YOUR TIRES YOUNG

To preserve tires—to get cheaper mileage—more mileage of hard road pounding, is the meaning of Haywood service. It has become so good—so exceptional that within six years, from a one man shop, to hundreds scattered over the country has been its record—thus has it become nationalized.

The Sign of the Man and Machine

—the easily recognized mark of a Haywood Tire Repair Service. There you will find **Standardized Tire Repairing and Vulcanizing**—there is the secret for the cure of worn out tires—there you can have your tires given the same attention as the most intricate mechanical part of your car—**there you can again put them on their tread.**

In These Days of High Tire Prices

—every motorist knows it is true tire economy to give attention to the little cuts and little holes to which every tire is subjected. A tire can receive an injury in its first ten miles of travel, which if neglected, will cut down its mileage lite one half or more. Giving proper attention to these minor accidents of the road—having your tires examined by experts, is tire insurance and the premium cost is but little.

Haywood Service Means Much to Motorists

This national tire repair service is a practical relief from most tire troubles—it means real pleasure when motoring—pleasure without worry of your tires blowing out. For no matter where you go—where you travel, in your own home town or abroad touring the road, you will soon find a Haywood Station at your service—**A Man and Machine—a Haywood expert who will save you money.**

Haywood Tire Repair and Vulcanizing Plants

are the link between the auto owner and his worn out tires. Hundreds of men have opened a Haywood shop—are trained in the Haywood Method—to give Haywood service—have established themselves in permanent businesses—are making successes with their Haywood plants—practical Haywood stores which give motorists complete tire service.

Here Is a Business Opportunity

For big men—live wires with some capital to cooperate with the Haywood Organization. Motorists everywhere are demanding Haywood's Complete Tire Service. Business is waiting, permanently established when you open your doors to the motoring public.

Success Is Certain To those interested in a business proposition, a valuable catalog—a big book of facts about tires and how to repair them—about the Haywood National Standardized Service, will be sent for the asking. Just mail the coupon, letter or postal. This brings the details—do it **today.**

THE HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO.
959 N. Capitol Ave., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A Business Opportunity Coupon

Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
959 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen:— Please send me full details of your nationally advertised tire repair service and full particulars of starting a Haywood Sundry Supply Store and Tire Repair Shop in this locality.

Name .....

Address .....

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3-IN-ONE OIL MAKES

The Strop Softer— The Razor Keener— The Shave Smoother

It's your face. Why abuse it with a razor that pulls, scrapes and starts the hair to growing under your skin? What's the sense of that?

Save your face, razor and temper, and have perfect joy shaves by always doing this before and after shaving:

Draw your "safety" or "ordinary" blade between your thumb and forefinger, moistened with a little 3-in-One oil. Also put a few drops on your strop or automatic stropping device. Then strop as usual and secure keenest barber edge. Your razor will glide over your face as smoothly as silk. 3-in-One also prevents the soap from burning or itching. There's a scientific reason for all this—the "Razor Saver" bulletin, sent free, explains it to you, and shows you how to really take care of your razor.

NOW, DON'T SCOFF. Fill out the coupon and try some 3-in-One Joy Shaves, *free!* Judge for yourself. 3-in-One is sold everywhere in 3 size bottles: 1 oz., 10c.; 3 oz., 25c.; 8 oz., ½ pint, 50c. Also in new patented Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz., 25c. This is the real Handy package for shavers — always ready; patented spout; can't leak.

If your dealer hasn't Handy Oil Cans, we will send you one full of 3-in-One, by Parcel Post for 30c. in stamps.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 CYR. Broadway, New York

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY-SLIPS ONE WITH EVERY BOTTLE

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
42 CYR Broadway, New York

Send me, without one cent of cost, a generous sample of 3-in-One, "Razor Saver" Bulletin and the 3-in-One Dictionary —*all free.*

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... *State*.....

This Coupon Brings You a Generous FREE Sample Fill it Out Send Today

3-IN-ONE

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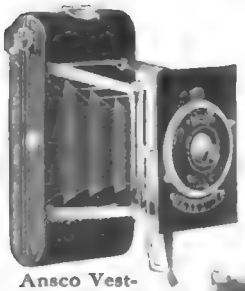
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 12.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM



Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0.
Size of picture, 1⅝ x 2½ in. Equipped with Modico Anastigmat Lens, F 7.5, $15; Ansco Anastigmat Lens, F 6.3, $25. Fixed focus model with single achromatic lens, $7.

THE only self-opening camera, and the only camera in the world for 1⅝x2½ inch pictures which, in the anastigmat series, has a device for focusing, is the Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0. Without the focusing device, an anastigmat lens would be of no greater value than a cheap lens.

Speed to get the picture where the picture is—not where the light is most favorable—is the great anastigmat advantage. In addition, the pictures are so clear and sharp that they may be enlarged to many times their size without sacrificing detail.

The Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0 is small and light enough to carry in the ordinary waist pocket all the time and, by enlarging, produces large pictures of professional quality.

Catalog and specimen picture on Cyko Paper from your dealer or from us, free upon request.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

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Why Do Most Men Insist on Cooper's-Bennington-Underwear?

COOPER'S-Bennington-Underwear gives such cool comfort that once you have felt, you will always demand it. The soft, light, "spring needle" ribbed fabric fits the body right and always retains its shape.

Here's the Reason

You can bend and stretch without fear of loose and shapeless underwear. Men who are fond of out-door sports find Cooper's-Bennington the ideal underwear.

You'll enjoy this underwear and we know it—thousands of men like you have found just the satisfaction you want.

At your dealer's in all the various weights, sizes and colors. Be sure you get *Cooper's of Bennington, Vermont.*

COOPER'S ORIGINAL Spring Needle REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. UNDERWEAR

BENNINGTON, VT.

Union Suits . . . $1 to $5
Shirts and Drawers, $1 to $3
per Garment

Remember the Trade-mark. It's on all the Genuine.

"The Stretch That Goes Back"

Manufactured by
Cooper Manufacturing Company
A. J. Cooper, *President*
Bennington Vermont
Union Suits made with Closed Crotch, Patented October 18, 1910

COOPER'S BENNINGTON UNDERWEAR FOR YOU

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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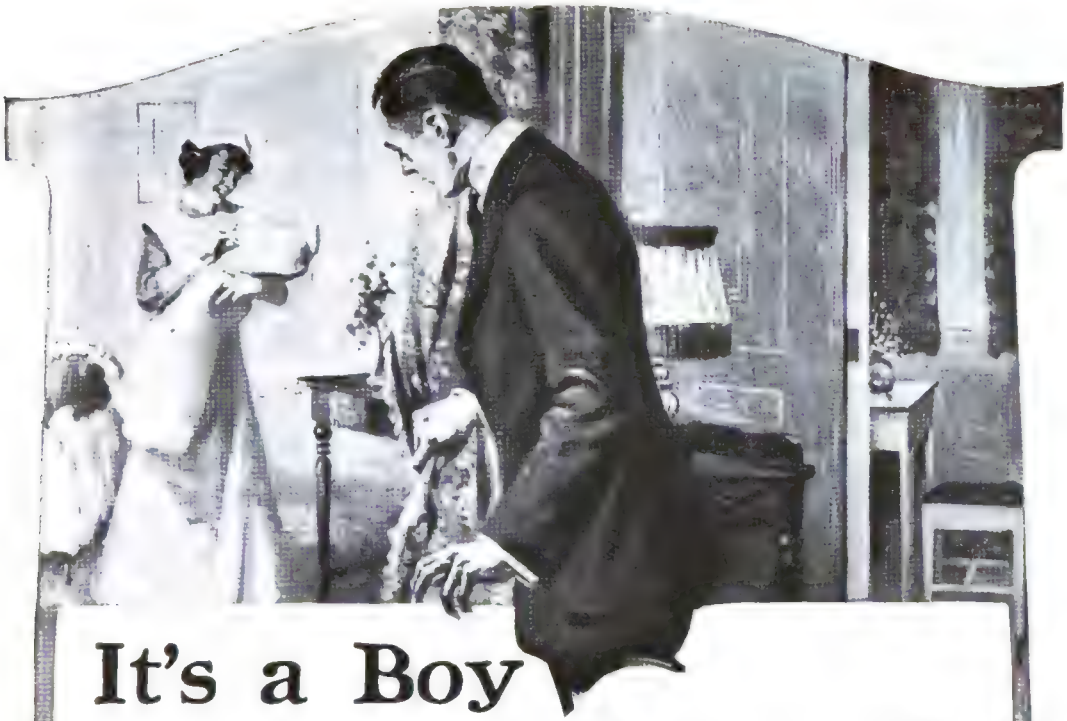
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 12.



It's a Boy

—and your wife's doing splendidly

thanks to the fine reserve strength we gave her beforehand with Malt-Nutrine. And now to build her up quickly and to help nature supply food for this little one, we will continue the same splendid liquid-food-tonic.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG.U.S.PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

is recommended for expectant mothers and for nursing mothers. Nourishing and an aid to digestion—it is a great aid in building up the convalescent, the weak and the tired. There *are* cheaper preparations calling themselves malt preparations—they are *beverages*, not tonics. Malt-Nutrine is rich in malt—that's what gives it its value to you. Insist.

All Druggists — Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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50 Men Wanted

THIS Summer we have arranged for an unusually strong selling proposition to be handled in a unique way. A special offer, special commissions, special territory. Two of the most popular magazines will be used—no others. It is a specialized plan. It is for live salesmen, men with entire time only. Previous experience in magazine salesmanship not necessary, but aggressiveness, personality, adaptability are the "keystones." If you feel that you can qualify, and can take the Summer for this work, apply at once. Unless you can make $50.00 a week, you will not measure up. The work is dignified, out-of-doors; you are your own boss. It is a real opportunity. Make your application now.

Return this Coupon at once

Summer Desk
The Ridgway Company
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

I want to know what your Summer plan is. I have the time, experience, and, I believe, the ability to make good. Enclosed are three references.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

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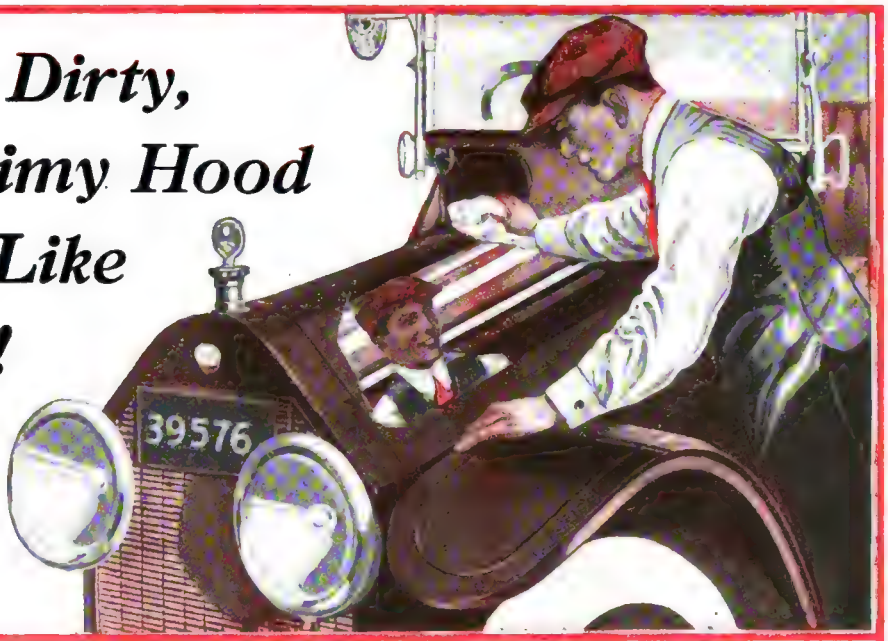
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 12.

That Dirty, Grimy Hood Just Like New!



YOU, yourself, can easily make that dirty, grimy, old hood look just like new and save the cost of revarnishing—all you need is Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

really cleans—it entirely removes all stains, discolorations, scum, road oil, tar and grease from body, hood and fenders. Even those spots that are ground in—mud freckles—and surface scratches you thought were permanent—will disappear like magic under Johnson's Cleaner. And it doesn't injure or scratch the varnish—simply cleans and prepares it for the wax polish.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is the proper polish to use on your car. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and "sheds water like a duck's back."

Old cars require both Cleaner and Wax—the Cleaner two or three times a year—and the Wax every six or eight weeks. *New cars* need only the Wax—to protect the varnish. This will keep your car like new indefinitely.

Makes a "Wash" Last for Weeks

Mud and dust do not stick to Johnson's Prepared Wax. After a dirty, dusty trip, just wipe off your car—it isn't necessary to wash it. Many people even wax the *under side* of their fenders because the mud comes off so easily.

Use Coupon and Convince Yourself

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis. Ev. 6

I enclose 10c for a trial can each of Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Prepared Wax—sufficient for cleaning and polishing a large car.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

My Accessory Dealer's .....

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Never mind what the old home was BUILT of—you can

PUT A CYPRESS SLEEPING PORCH ON IT

and by this use of "The Wood Eternal" enhance your property value by a touch of modern art, and guarantee the health and add to the joys of your family by adopting this vital doctrine of modern hygiene, without injury to the sentiment of the old place and at a cost you'd hardly notice. We have **six** special designs. Yours on request, FREE.

DO YOU LIVE HERE?
You know that style of bow window—with a tin roof and a railing—but not big enough to get out on?
GET VOL. 35. FREE

and see just what to do to fix it up like this.

OR DOES THIS FIT BETTER?
Cut two extra windows on the first floor, put in diamond panes (in Cypress sash) and you'll shortly produce *this.*
ASK FOR THAT VOL. 35

and you'll find Full Detail Plans and Specifications.

OR THIS CLASSIC LOGGIA?
How this chaste, yet rich entrance would embellish the old brick homestead (or the woodenone)! Every stick of it Cypress—of course.
IT'S IN VOL. 35

with Specifications and Complete Working Drawings.

ABOVE ARE BUT THREE OF THE SIX THAT ARE FREE

in the *internationally* famous (fact) Vol. 35 of the CYPRESS POCKET LIBRARY—the Authoritative and Indispensable Reference Work for all well-ordered Home Builders. The plans and specifications are ample for any carpenter to build from—or for *you* if you can swing a hammer and take a day or two off. Balcony designs for any style of structure. All were designed to our order by eminent architects—none is for sale in any form—all are yours with our compliments. "WRITE TONIGHT."

OUT-OF-DOOR TIME NOW—BETTER ALSO ASK FOR VOL. 28—CYPRESS TRELLISES & ARBORS—20 DESIGNS

When planning a Mansion, a Bungalow, a Farm, a Sleeping-Porch or just a Fence, remember—"*With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE.*"

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1200 HIBERNIA BANK BLDG., NEW ORLEANS, LA., and 1200 HEARD NAT'L BANK BLDG., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL LUMBER DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY*

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 12.

The light that says
"There it is!"

With that long lived TUNGSTEN *battery*

—and lets you KNOW what the dark hides

WHAT'S a vacation without an Eveready!

Wherever you go this summer, have the one light that's instant, yet safe. Put an Eveready in the traveling bag, for use on the way.

And have EVEREADY convenience and protection all summer long in the unfamiliar surroundings where the dark might trap you.

Start with a fresh battery—the Eveready TUNGSTEN—or take an extra battery along. And if you go where new TUNGSTEN Batteries are not to be had, reorder direct from us (telling us the number of your present battery), parcels post prepaid, and *insure* the service and economy of your flashlight.

Your nearest electrical, hardware, stationery, or drug dealer has a full line of Eveready lights in many styles for "going away" time; 75c and up. Also fresh TUNGSTEN Batteries, the only flashlight batteries that are long-lived, dependable and really *economical*. Booklet on request.

AMERICAN EVER-READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City **New York**

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Approved by Harvey W. Wiley Director of Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

An Ounce *of* NUJOL is Worth A Pound *of* "Cure"

Use NUJOL to PREVENT constipation

A LITTLE care about eating, a moderate amount of exercise, and the use of **Nujol** as an internal lubricant to counteract any tendency to costiveness will keep most people from constipation.

Nujol relieves constipation without upsetting the digestive processes or forming a habit. It acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant, softening the contents of the intestines and so encouraging normal, healthy bowel movements.

Most druggists carry **Nujol,** which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the **Nujol** trademark. If your druggist does not carry **Nujol,** we will send you a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75 cents—money order or stamps.

Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." Address Dept. 3.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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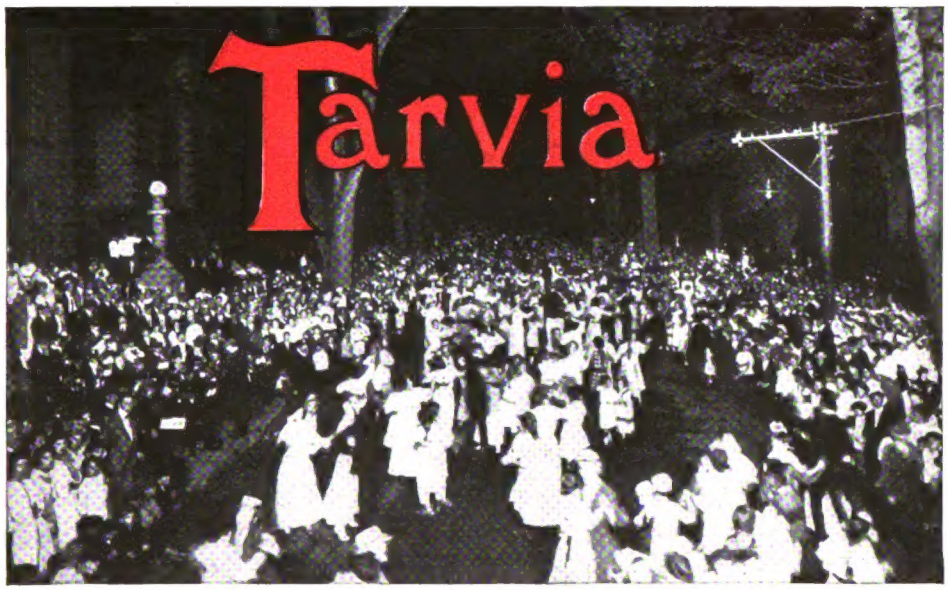

Dancing on a Tarvia Street at Clinton, Mass.

Clean enough to dance on—

When we say that Tarvia makes a macadam road dustless and mudless, we are not exaggerating. Witness this scene in Clinton, Mass., showing one of the regular Tuesday evening dancing carnivals conducted by the municipality *with a Tarvia roadway as dancing floor!*

It rained in the afternoon of the day that this picture was taken, but a Tarvia road sheds water like a duck. When the band began to play in the evening, the "dancing floor" was in perfectly good shape.

Another demonstration of the firm, clean, dustless surface of a tarviated-macadam road is the adoption by prominent parks and cemeteries of tarviated-macadam for combination roads and walks. It has been found that in dry weather or wet weather such roads are satisfactory for vehicles and yet clean enough for pedestrians.

There are three grades of Tarvia and a dozen ways of using them. Macadam can be built with Tarvia from the bottom up, or on the other hand, a light grade of Tarvia, known as "Tarvia-B" can be applied from a modified sprinkling cart to the surface of an old macadam road to preserve it and prevent the formation of dust.

It was the "Tarvia-B" treatment which furnished such a satisfactory dancing floor in Clinton.

Tarvia gives the road the new bonding power that has become necessary since the advent of the automobile.

It is not expensive. It usually saves its extra cost by savings in annual maintenance.

Booklets on request. Address our nearest office.

The Barrett Company

TRADE B MARK

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
The Paterson Mfg. Co., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

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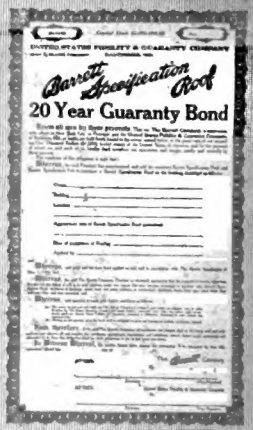
Barrett Specification Roofs



This Surety Bond guarantees 20 years of protection

WE ARE now prepared to give a twenty year Surety Bond Guaranty on every Barrett Specification Roof of fifty squares and over in all towns of the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and more, and *in smaller places where our inspection service is available.*

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us *without charge.*

Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us, and that The Barrett Specification, dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

We know that if this is done the roof will surely last twenty years and probably much longer.

Obviously, our inspectors will insist upon the proper quantity and quality of materials and the best workmanship being used because, if the roof for any reason goes wrong, *we alone are responsible.*

From the buyer's standpoint, such an arrangement is ideal. He is assured of having an inspector on his roof whose only motive is *to make it as good as possible.*

We have notified architects, engineers and roofing contractors throughout the country of this important addition to Barrett Service.

All you have to do to secure the Guaranty Bond is to give the roofing contractors copies of The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, and tell them to figure on that basis. The Specification of that date includes the twenty year Surety Bond provision.

If you wish any further information regarding this Guaranty, write to our nearest office and the matter will be given prompt attention.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham
Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto
Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 12.

Do you get the thought

—the subtle suggestion of this familiar picture?

Once you really know Pears and understand by actual use the charm of this delightful soap—it becomes as essential to your daily life as the bathing itself.

You will accept no substitute for

Pears' Soap

the *"World's Quality Standard"* for more than a century.

Because of its absolute purity, Pears is particularly fine for sensitive skin. It cleanses thoroughly, but without the slightest irritation or roughening—and without drying out the natural oils of the skin, which so often results from using ordinary soaps.

Pears is a real luxury—the very finest soap possible to produce—yet it is sold at a price so low as to be within the reach of everyone. You can buy the Unscented anywhere in the U. S. for 15c a cake.

(Note the special offer and send for a trial cake)

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER For a generous trial-size cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 427 Canal Street, New York City.

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A little insistence when you buy will always get you the "world's standard tooth brush."

Imitators may try to copy the Pro-phy-lac-tic *shape* and eight other original tooth brush improvements, but they cannot copy genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic *quality*.

Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and DeLuxe (colored transparent) handles.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
167 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

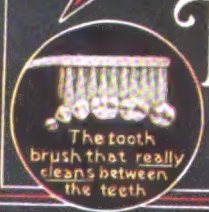
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

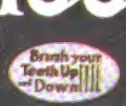
Always sold in the yellow box

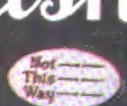
Look for the Name

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"







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